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L I F E
OF THE
CARDINAL DE CHEVERUS,

ARCHBISHOP OF BORDEAUX.

BY

THE REV. J. HUEN DOUBOURG,
EX-PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY ROBERT M. WALSH.

C
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TO THE REV. J. J. CHANCHE,

PRESIDENT OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

BALTIMORE,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE PUPIL AND FRIEND.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this volume to the public, the translator would flatter himself with the belief that he is conferring upon them no inconsiderable benefit. "What is the most useful study?" was the question once asked of a sage—"The life of a good man," he replied:—"What is the next?"—The life of a bad man." This is the life of a *good* man in the purest and loftiest sense of the word—in whom the sterner and nobler qualities which dignify our nature, were blended in the most exquisite harmony with the gentler virtues, as you may have seen the ~~the~~ glow of setting day commingling with the delicate light of the newly risen moon, giving and taking beauty—the one deepened and strengthened, the other softened and refined in its hue. To "see how a Christian can die," is indeed a beautiful spectacle, and an admirable lesson; but the spectacle presented by this book, the lesson inculcated on its every page, are of still greater beauty and moment. "See how a Christian should live," is its sublime sermon. The Christian death may be exhibited by one whose life has been a scandal and a reproach. The thief on the cross breathed his spirit into paradise; but it was the immaculate life of the Man-God expiring near him, that taught the path which leads to eternal bliss. It is in presenting religion with such an aspect as she wears in the character and career of a Cheverus, that her attractiveness and real influence are perceived.

In a man whose views were bounded by the horizon of this world, whose deeds were all performed to win honours and applause from his fellow worms, the high qualities displayed by M. de Cheverus in his unobtrusive career, would have commanded the epithet of great; for where shall we find the warrior who exerted more vigour, and courage, and fortitude, than he possessed; the statesman who evinced more power of self-control, more skill in gaining the affections of others, and directing their actions, and even their thoughts? But it is the poor slave, who, for the gratification of the passions ~~by~~ which he is swayed, obtains a certain mastery over his fellows, and not the being who has the grandeur of soul to employ equal or *superior faculties* for the loftiest and most durable ends, despising all

"the feculence and froth of things terrestrial," whom the world salutes with the title of great. Thus, while a Richelieu or a Cromwell will go down the stream of time in a gilded, flaunting bark, the little vessel which carries the reputation of a Cheverus, will be scarce an object of notice save to the few who can "see into the life of things." No one, however, can read this volume without being convinced that although the memory of those the world calls great may be the most emblazoned, there is something in the actual presence of virtue, which exerts a more powerful influence upon those within its sphere than any supremacy which is of the earth, earthy. Peruse the account of the departure of M. de Cheverus from Boston—of his reception in France, and say whether the history of any "hero," can furnish a parallel to either. Louder huzzas, more thunders of artillery may have welcomed the successful warrior, but what mere victor was ever detained for hours on the steps of his triumphal car, while multitudes were thronging around him to snatch a kiss of heart-felt love and veneration from his hands? There is a pathos and sublimity combined in some of the scenes recorded in the following pages, which must cause every sensitive breast to swell with emotions, such as few other biographies are fitted to excite.

It is delightful to contemplate an exception like that afforded by the career of M. de Cheverus, to the truth wrung from the lips of bitter experience, and confirmed by universal assent, that "slow rises worth by poverty depress'd;" that virtue, to command the homage of the world, must be plated with gold, or emblazoned by the lustre of rank. It inspires the cheering conviction that there is still a redeeming power in human nature, which must sooner or later obtain the predominance, and render honesty not only the best policy in its ultimate results, but the sole means of securing the admiration of men. Compare the manner in which the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux was elevated from the humblest station in the priesthood, by the mere force of worth, to the loftiest dignities and influence, with the career, for instance, of a Cardinal de Retz. What a life, in the one case, of tumultuous effort, of mind and body wasting toil, to earn but disappointment, ignominy, and an unhonoured grave! In the other, how easy, constant the ascent, impeded only by the unwillingness of the individual to rise! How serene and beautiful its termination at the highest point! How glori-

ous the mausoleum erected on the pinnacle, from which the stainless spirit was exhaled to heaven! Never, indeed, could it have been said of any one more truly, that “goodness and he fill up one moment;” that “orphans’ tears have wept a tomb upon him!” It is after contemplating such an exemplar, that we can appreciate the full force of Milton’s exquisite homily—

Love Virtue, she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spbry chime:
Or, if Virtus feeble were,
Heav’n itself would stoop to her.

There is only one portion of this most beautiful “drama of life,” at which a feeling of regret may perhaps be awakened—the catastrophe. It might be wished that this had not been so sudden—that a death-bed scene, in harmony with the existence which it terminated, had been granted to the eye of pious veneration and love—that the setting of the sun had not been so instantaneous, but accompanied by all the mellow effulgence which loves to linger about his couch at the close of an unsullied day. The last words and thoughts of such a man when he beheld himself on the confines of eternity, would have been a treasure of great price;—and what felicity, triumphing over all bodily pain, would then have been his as he cast his eyes back upon a life filled with endeavours to give glory to God on high and peace on earth to men! How inspiringly would the retrospect have enkindled that celestial light which illumines “the dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb,”—how truly then would his mind have been a “mansion for all lovely forms, his memory a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies.” But whatever might have been the manner of his death, well may we all, whether Catholic or Protestant, make it our daily prayer, that we may be prepared as he was, to meet our fate—that our last moments may be like unto his.

The writer of the biography states that he had the most ample and authentic materials for its preparation. “From every mouth,” he says, “at Mayenne, I learnt all that appertained to the early youth of M. de Cheverus; and concerning the rest of his life, I was furnished with the most precious and abundant details from Bordeaux, besides being supplied with various letters and public prints both of that city and of Montauban and Boston, and having all the papers of his Eminence placed in my

hands." It was the wish of the translator to increase the value of the work by copious additions relating to the sojourn of the sainted Bishop in this country, particularly such as were fitted to show forth

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremember'd acts
Of kindness and of love;"

but he was disappointed in his efforts to obtain them. He has thought it well, however, to append various documents and extracts from journals which seemed calculated to interest the reader, and confirm the narrative. It has been his endeavour also to modify somewhat the style of the original, which is too much that of an unqualified panegyric, although it would be difficult to write about such a being as M. de Cheverus without a constant glow of enthusiasm; and he has taken the liberty at times of making curtailments where redundancy and repetition were indulged in to excess. "Perhaps some readers, says the author, "may find the style too strongly tinged with a religious hue, not in harmony with their usual studies; but I pray them to consider that every subject has a style appropriate to it. It is one thing to write the life of a warrior or a statesman, and another to write the life of a Bishop. The latter demands a style essentially grave and religious. The biographer must exhibit in the Prelate the man of God and of religion, preparing himself by study and piety, for the most sublime of ministries; doing, when he has attained to it, all the good in his power, under the inspiration of faith, and charity, and zeal; prosecuting, with a holy fervor, labours which may appear little to the eyes of the world, but which are great, noble, and celestial in those of religion; otherwise, the biographer would be faithless to his character, placing the glory of a Bishop there where it does not exist, and preventing his merits from being seen where they are really to be found. To accomplish his task, he must invest his language with a colour that is completely ecclesiastical; religion herself must hold the pen, and trace the history of her hero."

It only remains for the translator to tender his best thanks to the Right Rev. Dr. Fenwick, Catholic Bishop of Boston, the Rev. Dr. Harris, and William Sullivan, Esq., of that city, for their kindness in furnishing him with the various articles which compose the additions.

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A R C H B I S H O P O F B O R D E A U X.

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JOHN, LOUIS, ANNE, MAGDALEN, L E F E B V R E D E C H E V E R U S was born at Mayenne, the capital of the ancient province of Lower Maine, on the 28th of January, 1768. His family was one possessing universal esteem and confidence, and for a long period had enjoyed the honours of the magistracy. At the time of his birth it consisted of three brothers, who united in themselves all the powers of the city of Mayenne. One, Louis René de Cheverus, wielded the spiritual authority as curate of the principal parish; another, M. de Champorain, the civil authority as mayor; and the third, John Vincent Marie Lefebvre de Cheverus, father of the cardinal, the judicial power, under the title of judge general and lieutenant of police of the city and dutchy of Mayenne. The mother of the cardinal, Anne Le-marchand des Noyers, was one of those rare women who thoroughly understood the education of children. She had no confidence in the employment of a particular system; the best, in her opinion, being the sim-

plest and most Christian. Sedulous in inspiring her offspring by example as well as by precept with the fear of God, the habit of prayer, the love of their neighbours, the practice of charity, and the admiration of all that is good, and generous, and virtuous, she equally well knew how to make herself feared and beloved. She never indulged in those severe reprimands which sour the disposition instead of correcting it; still less in those corporeal chastisements which compel outward obedience without changing the heart. What was well worthy of a Christian mother, she had taught her children to dread as the greatest of punishments, an exclusion from the family prayers, which, according to the patriarchal custom, were said every evening—the culprit being condemned to pray alone, as unworthy of uniting in the prayer of the family; and this fear preserved them all in the path of duty. M. de Cheverus, the father, joined his paternal care to the solicitude of his virtuous spouse, and like her, contributed by word and deed to the right education of their children.

So much affection was not thrown away. Without speaking of the admirable and eminent virtues which were its fruit,* the gratitude and love of their offspring were a delightful recompense to the parents. The remembrance of so good a mother in particular, remained fresh in the hearts of her excellent children as that of virtue itself. To the latest years of his life the cardinal spoke of her with veneration and tenderness; and when from the pulpit he

* Two sisters of the cardinal, Madame George and Madame Le Jarriel, who died before him, left memories that will be long precious in the sight of men, and will be ever so in that of God, from the perfect holiness of their lives.

explained the duties of mothers towards their children, it was the example and the conduct of his own mother that he loved to cite. Whenever pronouncing the panegyric of St. Louis, he related the exemplary education which Queen Blanche gave to her son, and repeated those beautiful words she was in the habit of saying to him, "My son, God is my witness how much I love you; but rather would I see you dead before me than that you should commit a single mortal sin:"—he would bless heaven for having bestowed upon him a similar mother; his filial heart would overflow with tenderness and gratitude, and one was involuntarily prompted to exclaim, Happy the mother, whose name is so cherished by such a son! Well, also, might one have cried, Happy the son, whose first steps in life were directed by such a mother!

Attentive to his lessons, the young de Cheverus exhibited from his earliest years that sweetness of temper and amenity of character by which he was subsequently distinguished. At the same period he was remarked for that abstinence from all frivolity, that love of study, that devotion to his duties, that penetration of mind and all those happy qualities which seemed to presage what he was to become in the church. His mother, who knew that the innocence of a child is like a tender flower, which too soon transplanted into a strange soil withers and dies, wished to keep him under her own eyes during his primary studies, and in consequence, it was decided that he should remain under the paternal roof, and go every day to the college of the city for instruction in the elements of knowledge. The young student devoted himself with ardor to his books, and this

application, joined to his natural quickness, obtained for him from the outset the most brilliant success. Amongst his companions, he encountered but one rival, the young De Chapedelaine, who often disputed the first place with him, and was oftener vanquished, because, though equally gifted, he was less industrious. This superiority did not render him vain. Modest and unpretending, he was the friend of all, as well as an excellent companion, fond of playing with every one and at every thing. On beholding him during the moments of recreation, one would have taken him for the merriest lad at school, in the same way as in the hour of study he would have been considered the most assiduous.

At the age of eleven he was judged worthy to make his first communion, for which his parents had long been preparing him, impressing it upon his mind as the height of happiness, the end of all his efforts, the most powerful motive of doing all things well. Accordingly, the reception of the sacrament produced the deepest impression upon his soul. Influenced by the love of God, he renounced all the hopes of the world; all his inclinations were directed towards a life of charity and of prayer; all his desire was for the ecclesiastical state. He opened his heart to his mother, from whom he concealed nothing, and she joyfully encouraged his holy dispositions. The following year, he received the tonsure at Mayenne, in the Church of Calvary, from the hands of Monseigneur de Hercé, Bishop of Dol, together with the friend of his childhood and the rival of his studies, young De Chapedelaine, who promised to be one day an honor and a glory to the priesthood, but whom death a few years afterwards snatched from

the church, whilst he was finishing his theological studies in the Seminary of Saint Sulpice at Paris.

The new ecclesiastic did honor to the habit with which he had been invested. Old inhabitants of Mayenne still remember with what devotion he assisted at the offices of the church, with what propriety and exactness he went through all the ceremonies confided to him. His piety, far from injuring his studies, only accelerated their progress, by inspiring his soul with greater ardor to do well, and giving his mind more consistency and strength for seizing and mastering the mysteries of knowledge. Monseigneur de Gonsans, Bishop of Mans, having visited Mayenne about this time, the young Abbé was presented to him by his father. The Bishop examined him with care and interest, and was so delighted with his piety, amiability, frankness, and talents, that he offered his father for him one of the scholarships of the college of Louis le Grand at Paris, of which the diocese of Mans had the disposal. M. de Cheverus, who was anxious that his son should pursue studies of a severer character than those of the College² at Mayenne, and more adapted to his distinguished faculties, accepted the offer with gratitude, and promised to send him to Paris at the opening of the next session.

A short time afterwards Mayenne was visited by the famous advocate Gerbier, a member of the Council of *Monsieur*, subsequently Louis XVIII., who, struck with the character of the young Abbé, and eager to please a family so respectable and so worthy of the favor of its princes, promised M. de Cheverus to obtain for his son one of the benefices in the nomination of his royal highness. He kept his word, and

the young Abbé was named by the Prince Prior of Torbechet, with the title of his almoner extraordinary. This priory, situated at some leagues from Mayenne, was of small importance, and not worth more than 800 livres of revenue; nevertheless it gave rise to a suit which was protracted for several years. The Abbé, then, as always, a friend of peace, and opposed to every species of contention, suffered much from this difference, and wished to arrange it in any way; but his lawyer feeling confident of success, warmly resisted all idea of a compromise, and triumphed beforehand in the honor of victory. Wearied, however, with the delay, the young Prior deprived him of that pleasure, by a voluntary sacrifice of his rights at the moment almost when the affair seemed on the point of termination. To an inquiry why he had not prosecuted a cause which he was so sure of gaining, he made this beautiful answer—"Because, in winning it, I should have ruined the adverse party." This reply was far from satisfying his lawyer, who was so much incensed at his proceeding that he scarcely forgot it after the lapse of forty years. The Cardinal used to relate with great glee the fresh reproaches which the old advocate bestowed upon him at his return from America to his native land.

However insignificant was the priory of Torbechet, it was sufficient for the moderation of the Abbé's desires, as well as for his support during the whole period of his studies; and he was ever faithful in the performance of the particular obligation attached to it, which consisted in reciting every day the office of the Blessed Virgin—a duty that he regarded as a sort of preparation for the grand ministry of

public prayer, with which he was one day to be entrusted.

He finished his studies in the month of August, 1781, and as usual carried off a number of prizes. After some weeks of repose and recreation, his father set out with him for Paris to place him at the College of Louis le Grand, a theatre more worthy of his talents. They passed through Mans, where he was again presented to its bishop, who saw him with renewed pleasure, conceived a still stronger interest for him and still more gratifying hopes for the church, repeated the promise he had made him many months before of a scholarship, and added that of going to see him at the college whenever his affairs called him to Paris. On reaching that city, one of the first steps of M. de Cheverus was to thank the advocate Gerbier, who had procured for his son the priory of Torbechet; and who now presented the Abbé to *Monsieur* as his almoner extraordinary. This dignity in the person of a child of thirteen years, who from his size did not appear more than ten, seemed to amuse the prince a good deal; but the lively and intelligent looks of the boy, joined to his frankness and sweetness of manner, pleased him more, and he dismissed him with various testimonials of interest.

Having entered the College of Louis le Grand, the Abbé de Cheverus was from the outset subjected to the most difficult trial that can be encountered by a young man who for the first time has left the paternal mansion. This college, once the school of so many virtues and the resort of so much talent, was no longer what it had been. Its directors, imbued with all the new ideas which were a few years afterwards to heap upon France such a load of crime,

and misery, and ruin, wished to make the youthful collegians participate in that wide liberty of thought, of speech, and of action which was every where rife; and in consequence they suppressed the rule of silence, and cut off many exercises of piety as useless in the education of men of the world, however good for the formation of monks. These innovations were not long in producing their fruits, and the reformers were thus speedily enabled to enjoy the result of their works. Without the restraint of silence, the students soon became heedless and idle; from inattention they easily passed to more serious irregularities, and the exercises of piety no longer recurring at stated moments of the day to call back the wandering heart to duty, the college ceased to be that well ordered institution which had furnished so many good citizens to the state, and so many good Christians to the church.

In this delicate position young de Cheverus succeeded in guarding against the contagion of example, and remaining what he had always been before, and what he always continued to be—pious, modest, regular, studious—zealous, in a word, in the performance of all his duties. He approached the communion table every week, was ever devout in his prayers, and preserved in all religious exercises a deportment at once modest without constraint, and serious without affectation, which was strongly contrasted with the levity and distraction of his companions; but this conduct was accompanied with so much amenity and kindness towards them, with such distinguished talent and success, that he extorted the esteem, the friendship, the admiration of all. As amiable and indulgent towards others as he was

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severe to himself, he won all hearts, and made every one his friend. His innocence and candor were especially striking. The purity of his morals were such that he had scarcely a suspicion of evil, and could not comprehend the cause of the strict watch which was practised in the dormitories during the night.

Nevertheless this virtuous young man felt that in the new position in which he was placed, he had need of a safe and enlightened guide to whom he could unreservedly open his heart, and from whom he might receive the lessons which would supply his want of experience, the counsels which would sustain his weakness, the encouragements which would enliven his zeal. Accordingly he made choice of the Abbé Augé, (still director of the Stanislaus College at Paris,) in whose wisdom, example, and affectionate piety, he found all that he sought. To the benefits of a sage director he resolved to join the assistance of a virtuous friend, by whose course and example he might be upheld in the slippery path in which he was to walk, and he turned his eyes upon a young student whom every one already admired and loved, the Abbé Legris Duval, whose name recalls so much sweetness and devotion, and who was, subsequently, during a long series of years, in the heart of the capital, the very soul as it were, of every good work. At the first interview these two excellent persons understood, esteemed, and loved one another.* Two

* In 1824, M. de Cheverus when preaching at Paris, in behalf of the missions of France, in the institution of which the Abbé Legris-Duval was one of the founders, thus alluded to his ancient relations with his excellent friend: "He honoured me with all his friendship, and deigned in his youth to associate me with him in his labours of zeal and of piety. Sainted friend, could I be your

natures so similar were soon linked in the strongest bonds of a friendship, which, however, had nothing exclusive in its character, founded as it was, upon virtue, or rather formed by virtue itself. Whilst loving one another for their mutual encouragement, they endeavoured to secure the regard of their fellow students; and as if to prove to them how amiable is true virtue, how ingenious in causing the happiness of all around her, they engaged in all their games and modes of amusement, and were often even the soul of them;* so that there was no one in the college who was not attached to them, and with a friendship so strong and so genuine, that every occasion of giving proofs of it was always, after the lapse even of many years, seized upon with eagerness. When in 1793, at the height of the revolutionary tempest, the Abbé Legris Duval asked of the sanguinary judges of all that was good and virtuous, permission to offer his ministry to Louis XVI., at the time under sentence of death, he was enabled to escape the consequences of his temerity, which would have been fatal to another, because the judges were old pupils of Louis le Grand, and could not divest themselves of the attachment and veneration which echo at this moment, all hearts would be touched, and your work would be perpetuated."

* Cardinal de Cheverus was fond of relating, even in the last years of his life, how he had contributed with his friend to the amusements of the college. Amongst other anecdotes he used to tell the following:—Upon Ash-Wednesday of one year, the Abbé Legris pronounced a funeral discourse upon the carnival, taking for his text the line of Horace, “*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit*: He is dead, and lamented by many good men.” A wag turning towards one of his comrades who was renowned for his appetite, immediately added the continuation of the passage: “*Nulli flebilius quam tibi*: By none more lamented than by thee.”

his virtues had inspired; and when in 1823, M. de Cheverus returned to France, he was welcomed with transport by his old college companions, who pressed around him to testify their affection, so deep was the feeling he had engraven upon their hearts.

Attractive as the Abbé de Cheverus rendered virtue by his amiable deportment, he did equal honour to her by the talents of which each of his classes, so to speak, revealed the evidence. Gifted with a prodigious memory, he was always perfect in his lessons, forgetting nothing that he had learnt. An acuteness of intellect not less remarkable enabled him to seize the point of a difficulty, unravel the true sense of an obscure passage, and find the right thought and the proper word to express it; whilst an exquisite delicacy of taste taught him to appreciate literary beauties, to transfer them when required to his own compositions, and fix them permanently in his recollection. These qualities, seconded by unflagging application, secured for him the highest places in his classes, and at the end of each year the most honorable rewards. The Principal of the College deemed himself happy in having such a pupil, openly declared that he was the best scholar in the establishment, and thought no one worthy of comparison with him except the Abbé Legris Duval, who was perhaps his equal in talent as well as in virtue. This was the testimony he uniformly rendered to all who spoke to him concerning the Abbé de Cheverus, and particularly to the Bishop of Mans, when, faithful to his promise, that dignitary came to see the young collegian. Delighted with this eulogium, the good Bishop carried it to Mans, and expressed to those about him, of whom several are still living, his gratification and

his hopes. "My little Abbé de Cheverus," he was wont to say, "will one day be the first subject of my diocese."

Thus passed all the period of study which the Abbé spent at the College of Louis le Grand—unvaried in virtue and literary success, except that every year he seemed to give increased satisfaction to his masters. Having reached the class of philosophy, he distinguished himself in it no less than in belles lettres, and exhibited a solidity of judgment equal to the graces of his intellect. When the Professor was prevented by other occupations or by sickness from giving his lessons, it was young de Cheverus who supplied his place, and acquitted himself so well that the pupil seemed little inferior to the master. ♦

At that time a custom prevailed by which all the licentiates in theology who wished to obtain the grade of doctor, were obliged to bring forward a young man whom they were understood to have instructed, and cause him to sustain a public thesis upon a given subject, in order to prove by the answers of the scholar the learning and merit of the teacher. Although this usage, which in former days had certainly a useful end, was then supported by a mere fiction, as it was notorious that no candidate had formed the pupil whom he presented, the University was not the less tenacious of it, and compelled every aspirant to the doctorate to comply with its requisitions. M. Augé having become a candidate, requested the Abbé de Cheverus to sustain the customary thesis. His feelings of gratitude to that gentleman did not permit him to hesitate an instant, and on the 21st of July, 1786, after due preparation, he appeared in public, sustained his thesis, developed

his proofs, and answered objections with wonderful facility of elocution and justness of thought, so that the task which had given so much pleasure to his heart, did still more honor to his talents.

But the love of human glory was not what inspired him; his thoughts were set on higher objects. Intent upon his vocation and the means of fulfilling it, he deemed it better to enter a theological seminary than to remain at college—thinking that in the former a severer discipline, exercises of piety more frequent and more consonant to his views, and a life of greater seriousness and study, would better fit him for the holy state to which he aspired. Whilst occupied with these thoughts he learnt that an examination was to be held for the vacant places in the seminary of Saint Magloire at Paris. He offered himself as a candidate, and obtained at once the first place. It was a happy day for him, that of his admission into that establishment. He entered into it as into a sanctuary, where he was to prepare himself for the reception of the sacerdotal spirit; carrying with him a still stronger love of duty, a still more lively desire of perfection. He was already known in the seminary by reputation before his arrival; but when so much merit was found allied with so much simplicity and goodness, all, masters and pupils, were agreeably surprised, and conceived for him an esteem, an affection, a tenderness even, it might be said, of which he alone did not then suspect, and never afterwards perhaps suspected, the real cause. His unaffected modesty, hiding from him his own merits, made him attribute all the marks of predilection which he received to the kindness of the good Fathers of the Oratory, who

directed the establishment, and to the amiability of the students who were its inmates. Accordingly during his whole life he always spoke of them with affection and gratitude, praised and exalted them on every occasion, and loved to mention their kindness to him, and the happiness he had enjoyed among them. "Fortunate years of my seminary existence," he was wont to exclaim, "the happiest of my life! when my duties were so easy, my days so serene, my soul so tranquil, and every one so good, so indulgent towards me!" In this delightful asylum he devoted himself exclusively to ecclesiastical studies. Among his companions was the son of the illustrious Lord MacCarthy—who, driven from Ireland by religious persecution, had taken refuge in France, where he had collected, at great expense, one of the most curious libraries in the world—the celebrated Abbé de MacCarthy, afterwards the most distinguished preacher of his time, who died a few years ago. This young man became intimately attached to the Abbé de Cheverus, and often begged permission to teach him the English language, of which he was fond of explaining to him the merit and the beauties. But this the other invariably refused, alleging that the good of the church and not a vain gratification of curiosity should be the aim of all his labors; that the language in question would be of no use to him in the ecclesiastical state; and that his time would be better employed in learning the sciences which had a direct and immediate relation to his duties.

He dedicated himself consequently to sacred studies alone. The Holy Scriptures now became the chief nourishment of his soul, constituting his delight,

his most delicious recreation. He was never tired of admiring their sublime and touching beauties, and often watered the pages with his tears. From the Bible he passed to ecclesiastical history, following in the pages of Fleury the progress of religion, the wanderings of heresy, the virtues of the saints, and the developement of discipline. He preserved the knowledge which he possessed of Greek, by perusing every day the fathers of the church who wrote in that language, and soon added to it an acquaintance with Hebrew, in order to read the Scriptures in the pure sources of their original idiom; but what chiefly occupied him was the study of theology, comprehending, as he did, its supreme importance both for initiation into all other ecclesiastical sciences, of which it is the key, and for preaching, proving and defending the truths of religion.

At that period all the seminaries were obliged to send their pupils to the Sorbonne, to attend the lectures there given; it being, however, understood that it was not there that theology was to be learnt; that the particular instructions afforded in each seminary were quite sufficient for its acquisition; even the best of the students made no scruple of talking and making a noise during the time of class, looking upon the exercise as a mere form, or rather as a period of recreation. The professor spoke and no one listened; dictated his lessons, and was often inaudible amidst the disorder occasioned by the multitude of pupils collected from the different establishments. But the Abbé de Cheverus would not permit himself to imitate the example of the great majority. He endeavoured to learn all that he could in this tumultuous assembly, and to give some satis-

faction to his masters, who derived so little from the rest of their pupils; keeping near them for the better hearing of what they said, doing whatever was agreeable to them, and composing upon the various subjects which they gave him to treat, dissertations full of interest and ability. When he was invited to any discussion either at the Sorbonne or at any of the seminaries, he always acquitted himself with a grace and facility of elocution which delighted every one present. The remembrance of his success is still preserved by his old fellow students. To give greater elegance and purity to his style, he made himself thoroughly master of that of the theologian whose latinity is most admirable, Melchior Canus in his treatise *de locis theologicis*. He even improved upon it, as in addition, he rendered himself so familiar with the philosophical works of Cicero that he was wont to strew his discourses with all the beauties of the Roman orator, and draw from his writings the most felicitous applications, and terms the most analogous to the genius of the Latin language. At a subsequent period he was often heard to reproach himself for having employed upon this perfection of style so much time, which he thought might have been devoted to more useful attainments.

Thus did M. de Cheverus pursue his theological course, to the satisfaction and edification of his masters. About this time, M. Emery, the superior general of St. Sulpice, having had occasion to make his acquaintance, soon discerned and appreciated his remarkable merit, and offered him a gratuitous place in his seminary; but M. de Cheverus was too much attached to the directors of St. Magloire to leave

them. Gratitude prevented him from accepting the honourable offer.

He had begun the second year of his course, and was already raised to the deaconship, in the month of October, 1790, when the bishop of Mans, foreseeing the storm which was about to burst upon the church, and perhaps disperse its bishops so as to render ordinations impossible, or at least very difficult, and knowing moreover how useful a priest of the merit of M. de Cheverus might be in such critical times, obtained from Rome, without his knowledge, a dispensation for his want of age, which he sent to him with the expression of a wish that he would receive the priesthood at the next ordination. Considerable courage was requisite for the acceptance of such a proposal at an epoch so menacing and dangerous. The property of the clergy had been invaded, the civil constitution decreed, and the oath prescribed for all in holy orders under pain of forfeiture; consequently nothing was to be expected in becoming a priest, but poverty, persecution, and death. M. de Cheverus, however, did not hesitate a moment, and although he was only in his twenty-third year, he was ordained on the 18th of December, 1790, at the last public ordination which took place in Paris before the revolution. He immediately set out for Mayenne,^{*} where he celebrated his first mass during the night of Christmas, and again officiated at the solemn mass of the day.

On his arrival at his native place, his venerable uncle, M. Lefebre de Cheverus, curate of Mayenne, then infirm and paralytic, wrote to the bishop of Mans a letter, in which he begged him to leave his nephew with him as his assistant in the administra-

tion of the parish, under the title of vicar. The bishop could not refuse the old gentleman, who in consequence of his age and weakness, had really need of such aid; but at the same time wishing to show that he deemed the Abbé de Cheverus worthy of a more elevated post even in the outset of his career, he named him canon of his cathedral—a dignity which did not prevent him from rendering his uncle the services which the good curate expected from him, as the chapter having been dissolved by the decree of the national assembly, had no longer any functions to fulfil, or any obligatory place of residence.

The Abbé de Cheverus now commenced his ministry at Mayenne, and young as he was, displayed all the zeal, the prudence, the firmness of an ancient servant of the altar; the soundness of his judgment supplying the want of experience. Punctual in all his duties, he never permitted himself to be waited for; he catechised children with an interest which attracted even persons of more advanced years in crowds; he instructed all with a clearness, a force, an unction, that carried universal conviction, and remembrance is still preserved of the solicitude with which he listened to his numerous penitents, visited the sick, comforted the poor, and consoled the afflicted.

But the times were every day becoming more stormy and dangerous. He was called upon to take the oath to the constitution, and refusing with noble firmness, as did also his old uncle and his associates, he was ordered to resign his place to the juring curate who came to take possession of it. He obeyed in silence, and continued to exercise his ministry.

without suffering his ardor to be diminished by the nature of the circumstances in which he was placed. He catechised, preached, confessed as usual, and even consecrated altar-stones, in order to be able, in case of need, to offer up the holy sacrifice in private houses, by virtue of a special power delegated to him from the bishop of Mans, whom the supreme pontiff had authorised to that effect. On the 15th of August, 1791, the municipal power again insisted upon his taking the oath, and upon his second refusal, interdicted him, as well as his brethren, from exercising any ministerial function in the church except the celebration of mass. He again obeyed, and continued in the midst of all this confusion and difficulty, and alarm, to exercise his functions in private. A room in his father's house was converted into a chapel, in which he celebrated the holy mysteries and administered the sacraments. Things went on in this way until the beginning of January, 1792, when his excellent uncle, whom he revered as a father, died. As soon as this event was known to the bishop of Mans, who was then in attendance at the meeting of the states-general, he wrote to the Abbé Décolle, his secretary, directing him to send to M. de Cheverus without delay his appointment to the curacy of Mayenne, and at the same time conferred upon him the powers of vicar-general. Already was he in possession of all the influence of the station. He had been consulted in regard to the oath by numbers of the priesthood, who looked upon him as an oracle, notwithstanding his youth, and the confidence thus placed in him he had made use of in fortifying some, encouraging others, enlightening and directing all. The news of his pro-

motion was therefore highly disagreeable to the revolutionists, who presumed that if by the ascendancy of his merit alone, he thus wielded an influence over his brethren and parishioners as powerful as it was hostile to their views, he would impede still more, once invested with the title of curate, the course of the revolution and the success of the constitutional church. They resolved, in consequence, to get rid of him; and not being able to employ open violence without exciting the whole population of the town, who felt for him the most respectful attachment, and hopeless of making him abandon his post by discomforts and annoyances, beneath which his zeal would never succumb, they decided on trying the plan of menaces and secret persecution. Three days after the reception of his appointment, one of them went to him, and with an air of all possible kindness and respect, informed him that by a decree of the revolutionary club, his father's house would be burnt on the following night if he did not leave the town that very day, and that this proceeding would be only the prelude to other and still greater misfortunes.

Thinking that both prudence and filial piety no longer permitted him to remain, he quitted Mayenne that evening in company with his friend, the Abbé Sougé, who afterwards died curate of the place. They passed the night in a country seat at the distance of three leagues, and the next day proceeded to Laval, whither all the recusant priests of the department had been commanded to repair for the purpose of being kept there in a state of *surveillance*. M. de Cheverus was allowed to reside with some relatives whom he had in Laval, and was only obliged to present himself every day before the autho-

rities, who, by a rigorous scrutiny, took care that no priest should make his escape. He lived thus for two months and a half, groaning over the afflictions of the church. Amongst those in the same situation as himself was M. de Hercé, Bishop of Dal, who had been forced to fly from his diocese, and fix his residence in the capital of the department. He was a native of Mayenne, and with him M. de Cheverus cultivated an occasional intercourse. In the month of June of the same year (1792) both were shut up in the ancient convent of the *Cordeliers*, together with all the priests who were living at Laval. Thinking now that his life was in continual peril, and that at any moment the savages might rush upon their victims and slaughter them all, he turned his attention to the discovery of some means of escape from this land which was devouring its inhabitants. A slight indisposition afforded him a pretext for obtaining leave to pass some days with his relatives, and to them he communicated his design of getting to England as soon as possible to await there the termination of the storm. Their grief, as may be easily imagined, was great at the idea of separating from him who formed the glory and happiness of his family, without knowing what was to become of him in a foreign country, or whether they would ever behold him again. He neglected nothing, however, to calm their apprehensions and dry their tears. "If I can reach another land," he said, "fear not for me: when one is young and strong as I am, it is not difficult to live any where, for every where a subsistence can be earned by work; and I am not of a different nature from so many men who have nothing but the labor of their hands for their support."

Tearing himself from the embraces of his friends, he set out for Paris disguised as a layman and provided with the passport of a shopkeeper, which they had succeeded in procuring for him. He reached the capital on the 25th of June, but he was soon recognised there, denounced to the committees of vigilance, and obliged to change his quarters, until, at length, he succeeded in concealing himself in an obscure and retired hotel, near the Church of St. Eustache. There he remained for two months, scarcely ever going out—seeing himself every day, as it were, between life and death, and awaiting the favorable moment when he might execute his plan of going to England. On the 26th of August the law was passed which condemned all the non-juring priests to deportation; and of this M. de Cheverus determined to take advantage—desiring nothing better in the existing state of things. He had escaped by a miracle the search which had been made for his person; and he had already been discovered by the landlord of the hotel to be a priest, from the way in which he prayed in his chamber and recited his breviary. The massacres of the 2d and 3d of September took place, and happening at the moment to be near the convent where the victims were sacrificed, he was only rescued from destruction by hiding himself for several days in the room of his younger brother, then a student of law in the College of Louis le Grand. A position so trying completely wore him out, and he was eager to be released from it at every hazard. He would have welcomed martyrdom itself, and envied the fate of his brethren who had sealed with their blood their devotion to the faith. “How I could have wished,” he often said after-

wards, in speaking of those awful times, "how I could have wished a bullet to place me by the side of so many martyrs." But as this happiness was not granted to him, and he was forbidden to seek for death, he caused his brother to make every arrangement for his speedy departure. The latter had the passport *visé*, which he got at Laval, and thinking that a passport of deportation would also be useful to the Abbé, he passed himself off as the curate of Mayenne, and obtained it by virtue of the law of the 26th of August. Fortified with these two passports, M. de Cheverus immediately left Paris, disguised in lay attire, and arrived without interruption at Calais on the 11th of September, 1792. There, for the first time, he made himself known as a priest, showed his passport of deportation and embarked for England, which he safely reached—happy to be associated in this grand act of devotedness with the great body of the French clergy, who carried into exile the open confession of their faith, and a holy horror of heresy and schism.

BOOK II.

LIFE OF CARDINAL DE CHEVERUS OUT OF FRANCE.

IT was a highly painful position—one well fitted to prostrate a soul less noble and less sustained by the power of faith and the sentiment of duty—that of a young man transplanted to a foreign land without knowing any one, without an acquaintance with the language, without any other pecuniary resource than the small pittance he had brought with him, which must soon be spent. But strong in his confidence in God, M. de Cheverus was not for a moment disquieted, did not for a single day lose his serenity and peace. The English government, with a generosity that must do it eternal honour, tendered him a share in the succour it was then affording to all the unjustly persecuted and banished French. M. de Cheverus, still more generous even, thanked the government for the noble and benevolent offer, and prayed it to apply its aid to others who might have more need of it than himself. “The little I possess,” he said, (he had not more than three hundred francs, “will suffice me until I learn something of the language, and then I will be able to earn my livelihood even if it be by laboring with my hands.”

He set himself forthwith assiduously at work to study the language, and seconded by his natural facility, knew enough at the end of three months to give lessons in French and mathematics at a boarding-school, in which he became a teacher in the

month of January, 1793. The head of this school was a Protestant minister, so filled with prejudice against Catholic priests, that he watched his new assistant day and night to satisfy himself with regard to the purity of his morals and the regularity of his conduct. The result was to the honour of the Catholic religion. Never was he able to detect M. de Cheverus in the smallest impropriety; and inspired with admiration for a virtue that never wavered, which was always the same both in private and public, he yielded him his entire confidence, after frankly confessing the extreme mistrust with which he had received him, and which had been so completely removed. M. de Cheverus was there well provided with all the necessaries of life—it was all he desired; so that the salary he got in addition, enabled him to indulge his excellent heart in the delightful satisfaction of assisting his companions in misfortune. Penetrated with the evangelical maxim, "it is better to give than to receive," all that he gained was for them. He denied himself every thing that he could, in order to be as prodigal as possible to others.

Happy in this advantage which he derived from his situation, he found also another very important one in the fact of his having in his pupils the best of all masters for the acquisition of English. Hearing nothing but that language spoken by them, he learnt, by necessity, the signification of words of which he was previously ignorant, and became familiar with the idioms, phrases, and accent. Forced to speak nothing but English, he improved every day in the society of the young people, who, as is natural to scholars, did not allow a single fault either of grammar or pronunciation to pass, without giving

him immediate notice of it by a malicious smile, or a good-natured joke, at which he would laugh with perfect good humour, thank them for it, note with care, or cause to be pointed out to him in what the phrase or accent was defective, and remember it all the better that men are least apt to forget what has rendered them an object of ridicule.

Thanks to these vigilant monitors, M. de Cheverus at the end of a year was able to speak English in the most correct and intelligible manner. But he had a higher object in view than the mere acquisition of a language. His ardor in its study was impelled by his regarding it as an instrument of rendering himself useful to religion; and, accordingly, he went to the Catholic Bishop of London, and having proved both by some compositions which he submitted to him, as well as by his conversation, that he was sufficiently master of English for the useful exercise of the ministry, he asked and obtained permission to perform all ecclesiastical duties in his district. He then called upon several Catholic families who lived in the neighbourhood without church or priest, proposed to them to meet together every Sunday and festival, and offered himself as their pastor. They gladly acceded to the proposal, and on the ensuing Sunday he delivered his first sermon in English. Anxious to discover whether he had been well understood, he asked a man of the lower orders what he thought of his sermon. "Your sermon," replied the individual with great *naïvete*, "was not like other sermons, there was not a single dictionary word in it; every word could be understood without assistance." This answer satisfied M. de Cheverus, and gave him more pleasure than all the praises of culti-

vated men. To the last year of his life he loved to repeat it to his clergy, to make them understand that the principle merit of preaching is to be intelligible to all, even the humblest; that all those recondite expressions and ambiguous phrases, for the comprehension of which the poorer classes would require a dictionary, should be banished from the pulpit, and that it is better to be understood by a simple woman than lauded by an academician.

Encouraged by this first success he continued to preach and to catechise, and soon formed a flock both edifying and numerous. Finding that the small room in which he had begun his ministry was no longer adequate, he determined to open a chapel. This was a great enterprise for a poor exiled priest, but such was his zeal, such the liberality of the congregation he had assembled, that his success far surpassed his first design. Not only was a chapel procured, but a large establishment also, for the ecclesiastics who should officiate in it, as well as those whom they might please to associate with them. The Bishop of London learning the success and the apostolic zeal of M. de Cheverus, went in person to consecrate the new chapel, to show the interest which he felt in the work, and the high esteem that he entertained for its founder.

This undertaking being satisfactorily accomplished, M. de Cheverus determined to quit the institution in which he had given lessons since his arrival in England, thinking that the time which he spent there every day might be more usefully employed for the service of God and the salvation of souls. He fixed himself, accordingly, in the mansion contiguous to the chapel, and as it was too extensive for a single

individual, he invited several ecclesiastics to share it with him—glad to be able to add this to his other charities.

Scarcely had he taken this step when a rich English nobleman, struck with the encomiums that he heard of him in every quarter, made him an earnest request that he would undertake the instruction of his son in algebra and geometry. M. de Cheverus accepted the task as one that would not interfere with his ministry, and might procure him the means of doing additional good. Thus he lived for some time, labouring constantly with satisfaction and success in his chapel, and every day giving lessons to his pupil. His lordship having become familiar with his admirable qualities, did every thing to attach him to his person, lavishing upon him all sorts of kindness and benefit, and making him the most flattering offers for the remainder of his life.

The attractions of this position could not tempt M. de Cheverus. All the advantages and delights which he possessed appeared to him as dangerous for his piety, as unfit for a minister of Jesus Christ, who, like his master, should lead a life of poverty and self-denial. "I was too well for a priest," he afterwards said to his friends, "I had nothing but enjoyment." He thought, moreover, that his services might be more important elsewhere than in England, where priests were superabundant. So many other countries were destitute, so many other nations were seated in the shadow of death, that might they not one day reproach him for remaining where there was more than enough of teachers, instead of carrying his ministry to places entirely without them? He communicated these

ideas to the Bishop of London, who wished to fix him near himself, and replied, "Yes, there is, it is true, a superabundance here of priests, but at the same time there is a deficiency of priests like you, and of such I have need; remain with me." This decision did not tranquillize M. de Cheverus; his zeal still sighed after greater labours.

An occasion was soon after presented for his self-devotion. A college was about to be opened at Cayenne. All the preparations were made, and the only thing wanting was a principal, a man equally wise, firm, zealous, and learned. All these qualifications, it was thought, were found united in M. de Cheverus, and accordingly the situation was tendered to him, with representations of the great benefits which might result from it to religion. After mature reflection, he came to the conclusion that he ought not to accept the offer. He felt the want of a wider field than the precincts of a college; and, besides, much as he loved letters, it was only as a relaxation from the toils of his ministry and the severity of serious studies, and not as the business of his existence. Providence seems to have brought him to this resolve to save him from the persecutions which not long after broke out against the priests of Cayenne, and which must have cut him off in the midst of his career. This same Providence protected him not less visibly in another circumstance, and snatched him from a certain death, notwithstanding all the efforts which he made to rush upon his fate.

The Bishop of Dol had appointed him his grand-vicar, in order to secure his assistance when happy days should again shine upon afflicted France. In this nomination M. de Cheverus had seen at first

nothing but a proof of attachment on the part of the bishop whom he esteemed and revered; but shortly afterwards the emigrants having formed the unhappy project of the Quiberon expedition, and the prelate, impelled by his wish to return to his diocese, having consented to accompany it, M. de Cheverus thought that his title of vicar-general then imposed upon him a solemn duty. He, therefore, solicited the bishop's permission to go with him. "No," replied the latter, "I am old and may risk the short remnant of my days; but you are young, and I should deem myself guilty of a crime against the church, were I to expose her to be deprived of the long and useful services which you may render." M. de Cheverus, whom personal danger never intimidated, insisted, begged, entreated: "You are a father to me," he said; "the duty of a child is to be with his father in the day of peril: I must and I will follow you." The bishop was obliged to assume a more decided tone to arrest his intrepid resolution. "If you go," he at length declared, "you cease to be my grand-vicar; I withdraw the title; remain, it is my wish; and if the enterprise should succeed, I will immediately call you over to me." M. de Cheverus was forced to obey, and those only who knew his heart, can understand how much it cost him to separate thus from the venerable friend of his youth; with how much solicitude he watched the expedition; and what agony he experienced on learning its fatal issue, and the slaughter of almost all concerned in it, including the excellent bishop himself.

This escape from death rendered M. de Cheverus still more eager to consecrate entirely to God the days which his providence had saved—the promptings of

the zeal which called him to other lands became still more powerful. Whilst occupied with such thoughts, he received a letter from the Abbé Matignon, a former professor in the Sorbonne, whom he had known in Paris. This excellent clergymen, not less estimable for his piety than his talents, for his zeal than his prudence, was alone at Boston, where he had been placed by Mr. Carroll, the Bishop of Baltimore, who had then the whole United States under his ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and with the charge of the city he had that, also, of the tribes of the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Indians. Dismayed at a trust so much above the strength of a single individual, and still more at the hostility of more than thirty different religious sects, all animated with the most violent hatred against what they termed *papistry*, he was anxious to obtain an assistant to divide with him the heavy burden. The difficulty was to find a proper one; for every priest was not calculated for a country imbued with such prepossessions against the Catholic clergy. It was requisite to have a man of gentle virtue, of engaging manners, of perfect disinterestedness, and cultivated intellect, who might be able to overcome prejudice, to secure affection, and to win consideration and esteem. After the fullest and most conscientious deliberation, it seemed to M. Matignon that the man whom he wanted was M. de Cheverus, whose rare merit and delightful character he had appreciated when at the Sorbonne. He wrote to him, therefore, in 1795; depicted all the misfortunes of this neglected mission; pointed out to him a new church to be created; told him of Catholics spread over an

immense surface without spiritual succour, and exposed to the danger of losing their faith; of savage tribes, to whom the light of the gospel might be carried—in short, mentioned every species of apostolical labor to be performed. How worthy of his zeal was not this boundless field! and in what quarter of the world could his services be more useful to the church!

M. de Cheverus was greatly moved by this letter. The reasons which it contained seemed peremptory and unanswerable, and the man who gave them was both his friend and a person of exemplary holiness; but the matter was too serious a one to permit him to make a hasty decision, or follow at once the impetuous dictates of unthinking zeal. He took time, therefore, for deliberation; sought assistance in prayer; asked advice; weighed all the arguments for and against the step; and at length, after all the hesitation demanded by prudence, decided on a compliance with the Abbé Matignon's request. He then deemed it his duty to communicate his determination to the Bishop of Mans, from whom he had always received so much kindness. That excellent prelate wrote him a most affectionate reply; praised and admired his zeal, but at the same time expressed his fear that his "young friend," as he called him, was undertaking too much, and would never return to his diocese, which, he said, would be a source of deep regret to himself and an irreparable loss for his flock. M. de Cheverus, however, saw in this letter only an evidence of regard; his mind was made up; and neither the entreaties of his friends, the prayers of the good Bishop of London, nor the love of his

country, from which he was about to be separated probably for ever, could shake for an instant his resolve.

He thought now only of hastening his departure; but one difficulty was still to be removed. This was the settlement of his present and future rights upon his patrimonial estate—a matter, however, which he speedily arranged. Going to the ambassador of France in London, he made a formal and irrevocable renunciation of all his patrimony in favor of his brother and sisters, and requested the functionary to transmit the act to his family as soon as possible. Poor now as his master, Jesus Christ, possessing nothing whatever in the world, he felt his heart more free, undisturbed and content. It seemed to him that having thus imitated the apostles, who had abandoned all to follow their vocation, he was better fitted for a mission entirely apostolical; and that God, who had planted the faith throughout the world by the hands of twelve poor men, would be more pleased with the efforts of his poor minister in the other hemisphere; and besides, a sentiment as honorable to his good heart as that to which we have alluded was worthy of his piety, breathed peace and consolation into his soul. As the revolutionists of France seized upon the property of all the emigrants, he was apprehensive lest under this name the ex-patriated priests might be included, and his family might be disturbed by an attempt to deprive them of his part of the inheritance; but by the act he had executed before the ambassador, he secured their tranquillity and comfort, to his own inexpressible consolation.

He then made application for a passage in a vessel

about to sail to Boston; but his request was at first refused, probably in consequence of the prejudices against Catholic priests. Not heeding, however, the reply of a subaltern, he addressed himself to the captain, whom he so charmed with his conversation and manners, that he not only consented to receive him on board his ship, but promised him every attention in his power during the voyage.

Every thing being prepared for his departure, M. de Cheverus bade adieu to his sorrowing congregation, and his numerous friends, whose grief was universal and unfeigned. "Ah! my friend," exclaimed one of them as he embraced him with tears in his eyes, "was it then only in order to convert savages that you wrote such beautiful dissertations at the Sorbonne? Why hide your talents in the woods? In France you would have been one of our most eminent bishops." M. de Cheverus tore himself from all these hopes and from all these embraces, and embarked for Boston. The first Friday he ate nothing but bread and cheese, in compliance with the rule of abstinence—a circumstance which would have drawn upon any one else the laughter and jokes of the passengers, who were all Protestants; but he had inspired them with so much respect and interest, that no one indulged in the least unpleasant reflection, and the captain gave orders that for the future a repast *en maigre* should be prepared every Friday and Saturday for the Catholic missionary. During the whole voyage there was thus an uninterrupted exchange of kindness and friendly attentions between M. de Cheverus and those on board the ship. On the 3d of October, 1796, he arrived safely at Boston, where he was received by M. Matignon as

an angel sent from heaven to his aid. The good Abbé immediately informed Bishop Carroll of the happy event, asking him, at the same time, for the powers requisite for the new missionary, whose testimonials he sent to him—one from the Bishop of Dol and the other from the Bishop of Mans, both equally strong in their attestations to the purity of his faith, the fervor of his zeal, the warmth of his piety, his uncommon erudition, and perfect loyalty to his king and to the head of the church.* Mr. Carroll was overjoyed at the intelligence of his arrival, and lost no time in investing him with all the powers requisite for his ministry.

Strong in their mutual confidence and in their trust in God, M. Matignon and M. de Cheverus set earnestly to work upon the great task confided to their zeal. The enterprise was vast, and surrounded with a thousand difficulties. To convey an idea of them it will suffice to allude to the state of the mission, and the general feeling among the inhabitants of that region. The mission embraced all New England, of which Boston is the chief town, and the savage tribes of Penobscot and Passamaquoddy, that is to say, a territory more than a hundred leagues in extent, over which the Catholics were so dispersed, that it was impossible to collect them together for the public exercises of religion. The missionaries, there-

* *Attestamus ipsum cum zelo et prelate singulari se gessisse tanquam dignum et commendabilem Dei ministrum. Sanâ doctrinâ imbutum, scientiâ et religione commendabilem, regno regique Francorum addictissimum et devotissimum, atque propter zelum Catholicæ fidei, sanctæ sedis apostolice inviolabile studium nec non constantem verbi divini predicationem et pertinacem impiorum conatibus resistentiam à parochiâ sua violenter eruptum.*

fore, were obliged to traverse this extensive country, to visit the different families one after the other, at distances sometimes of two or three hundred miles, and to administer the sacraments and offer up the holy sacrifice in each habitation, for even if a congregation could have been assembled there was no church for their meeting. Matters were still worse with regard to the Indians. Wandering in the woods at the extreme end of the state of Maine, not less than two hundred miles from Boston, they could not be benefited unless the missionaries absented themselves for several months from the central part of their mission. These difficulties, however, were far from discouraging the holy men. Privation, labour, and fatigue are the portion and the happiness of an apostle. A much more serious obstacle was in their path.

The whole country, and Boston in particular, inhabited by English colonies who had carried thither all the prejudices of their father land, was filled, as we have already mentioned, with a multitude of sects, all disagreeing among themselves in doctrine, but all united upon one single point—hatred to the Catholic faith. The ministers of these various denominations never ceased declaiming against it, never ceased exhibiting it to the people as an impure mass of idolatries, and corrupt and despicable individuals, as the new Babylon cursed in the Apocalypse, as the enemy of God and man. Its doctrines were depicted as a hideous collection of impiety, absurdity, and error, its priests as vile impostors, to be avoided like a pestilence. These denunciations, so often repeated, had found credence and taken root among all ranks of society, so that every where the name of Catholic

was held in execration, a priest was regarded with horror, and the small number of the faithful who lived in that section, were objects of contempt or dislike, the more so that being almost all exiled Irishmen, they were poor, and in consequence destitute of consideration.

With such hostile feelings pervading the country, how establish there a Catholic church? No hope could be cherished of assistance from persons so prejudiced, still less of inducing them to open their ears to the missionaries. Nothing could be expected but contradiction and impediments. The effort had already been made without success by Mr. Thayer, a man of fervent piety; and who could seem better fitted for the work? Once a Presbyterian clergyman, he had been converted at Rome, and subsequently became a priest, and a teacher of the Catholic faith in the same place in which he had previously taught another doctrine, so that it seemed as if his example as well as his precepts ought to have produced the most salutary impressions; but he excited displeasure by some acts of excessive zeal, and a polemical challenge which he sent to the Protestant ministers so embittered the animosity against him, that Bishop Carrol deemed it requisite to transfer him to another place.

Instructed by this example, M. Matignon and M. de Cheverus saw that the greatest circumspection was necessary, and that the first thing to be accomplished was the removal of those odious prejudices, which, so long as they existed, would prove an insurmountable barrier to their endeavours. To that end nothing, they thought, would be so conducive as cha-

rity in their proceedings, mildness in their discourse, and above all, the example of a truly apostolic life—the best refutation of calumny. It was then that Boston beheld a new and touching spectacle—that of two men, models of every virtue, living together as brothers, without distinction of goods, without diversity of inclination, always anxious to yield to each other's views, to consult each other's wishes, forming in truth one heart and one soul, with the same desires, those of doing good, the same dispositions, those of virtue, the same love for all that is upright, honourable, and benevolent. There was, indeed, between these two admirable individuals the most delightful intercourse, the most affectionate friendship, which never, however, degenerated into familiarity. In their relations there was always something elevated and refined that harmonized with the nobleness of their sentiments, and the dignity of their character, and which even from a Protestant journal,* extorted the following remark: “Those who witnessed the manner in which they lived together, will never forget the refinement and elevation of their friendship; it surpassed those attachments which delighted us in classical story, and equalled the lovely union of the son of Saul and the minstrel of Israel.”

To this example of a union which religion alone could render so perfect, they joined that of a life of poverty and privation, endured with dignified patience, and devoted to prayer and ministerial avocations. They did good whenever an opportunity was afforded; they exhausted themselves in journeys and fatigue of every kind, travelling miles on foot

* Boston Monthly Magazine.

at all hours of the night and day and in all seasons, to carry consolation to the afflicted, succour to the indigent, words of reconciliation to divided families; in short, they sacrificed themselves completely for the welfare of others, and looked upon the sacrifice as nothing—clearly showing that they were prompted by no interested view, that they expected naught from the world, neither fortune nor glory, and that their whole hope was in heaven. Whoever accosted them, met with a kind and gracious reception; whoever asked a service of them, found them always willing and happy to oblige—wherever, in fine, they were encountered, they were recognised as men unlike all others, with sentiments more elevated, souls more philanthropic, hearts more generous, apostles in very truth, and men of God.

So attractive a spectacle could not fail to astonish the people of Boston, and cause them to ask themselves—“Are these then the Catholics of whom we have heard so much ill; the Papists who have been painted to us in colours so dark?” The force of prejudice, however, was too strong to be immediately overcome. Much time was requisite to undeceive persons so imbued with error; and it was only at the expiration of a year, that a Protestant sought M. de Cheverus, and held this frank and remarkable language—“Sir,” said he, “for this year past I have been studying you, following all your steps, watching all your actions; I did not believe that a minister of your religion could be a man of worth; I come to make reparation for the injustice, to declare that I esteem and venerate you as the most virtuous individual I have ever known.”

To this first testimony, others were soon added, not less remarkable. A Protestant journal* relates that a clergyman wishing to gain over to his opinions two men whose virtue and learning shed so great a lustre upon the city, called upon them one day for the purpose of convincing them of the error of their religion and the excellence of his own. Struck with the naïveté of the enterprise, they received him with great kindness, thanked him for his benevolent intentions, and after listening patiently to all that he had to say, answered him with so much clearness and force that he was completely silenced, and on his return to his friends, to whom he had communicated his design, remarked—"These men are so learned that there is no arguing with them; their lives are so pure and evangelical as to leave no room for reproach; and I am much afraid that the influence of so much virtue, joined to so much knowledge, will give us a great deal of trouble."

Some idea may be formed from this incident, of the revolution which the conduct of M. de Cheverus and M. Matignon had operated in men's minds. Contempt had been succeeded by esteem and even veneration. "In contemplating them," said the journal already cited, "who can doubt that human nature is permitted to approach perfection, "and assume a near and sweet resemblance to the **MAN DIVINE**. The pagan world was full of instances of lofty and virtuous conduct which dignified and exalted human nature. History and fable have preserved the fact. The hero, the seer, and the sage had existed before Christianity was known—but the

* Boston Monthly Magazine,

saint is a character which has been added to the catalogue since. Socrates, the wise and the good, had not, like John, a master's bosom on which to lean his head, where all was purity and love."

After so happy a change in public opinion, M. de Cheverus might well enter the pulpit and preach with confidence; for prejudices are soon lost against a religion whose ministers are revered. It was in fact precisely what happened. From the commencement of his mission, he had preached, catechised—in every thing efficiently seconded by M. Matignon; his sermons had produced the most admirable effects; the Catholics had listened with the truest edification and delight to his eloquence, ever flowing and natural because inspired by the heart, ever persuasive, because he asked nothing which he did not practice himself; but now that prejudice was in great measure superseded by an opposite sentiment, Protestants also were anxious to hear him, and once having heard him, were eager to hear him again and again. It was impossible for them not to admire so much simplicity united with so much elevation—not to love that goodness of heart which breathed through every phrase—that charity whose tenderness seemed to melt in every tone of his voice. "His eloquence," said one of their journals, "is persuasive in the extreme: one feels that all he says emanates from the purest and noblest sentiments: his sermons, which are always too short, overflow with the tenderest piety; it would seem as if a seraph had touched his lips with a burning coal from the altar of the Most High."

M. Matignon, whose soul was above every feeling of rivalship or jealousy, was overjoyed at the success

and estimation of his colleague. Whenever he heard him praised, his face would beam with delight, like that of a father rejoicing in the triumphs of a cherished son. On the other hand, M. de Cheverus beholding this pure and disinterested friendship, endeavoured in every way to show him his affection and gratitude, and reverence. Whatever superiority he possessed over him in some respects, he looked upon himself as his disciple and child, and did nothing save by his direction and advice. He consulted him even in regard to his sermons, and before he entered the pulpit, every thing was almost invariably concerted between them.

The esteem with which M. de Cheverus was regarded, naturally extended itself to his congregation. It was not to be supposed that the flock of such a pastor could be as vile and as despicable as they had been represented. Prejudice daily decreased, and the instructions of M. de Cheverus, together with the docility of the Catholics in conforming to them, soon dissipated it altogether. He often repeated to his hearers the lesson of the apostle, that those who speak ill of us should be silenced by means of charity, good works, and holy example; that the characteristic of true piety is to be ever amiable, ever promoting the happiness of all around, to preserve towards all under every circumstance, a deportment alike respectful, kind, and delicate. After their duties to their neighbours, he explained those enjoined upon them towards the state; showed them the obligation of obeying the laws even when they might be avoided without incurring their penalties; of respecting the magistrates, of contributing to the good order, peace, and prosperity of the country,

and should it be attacked, of employing force in its defence, if required, and sacrificing fortune, and life itself. The Catholics listened to his instructions, and put them in practice. Of the religious societies of Boston, they became one of the most distinguished for their justice, their charity, their devotion to every thing right; and during the last war which the United States waged against England, none were more ardent in their patriotism, none more ready to carry aid wherever it was needed, and none more active in laboring, even with their hands, in the construction of whatever was requisite for the defence of the city; so that the Protestants were compelled to acknowledge that they were excellent citizens no less than upright and honorable men. Division then ceased; mutual relations of esteem and respect were established, and M. de Cheverus was thus enabled to give the following reply to an interrogatory from the Holy See in reference to the state of his mission: "In this place where a few years ago, the Catholic church was an object of execration, the name of a priest held in horror, we are now esteemed and loved, thought of kindly, and kindly treated." "In hac nostrâ civitate et aliis locis ubi paucis ab hinc annis infandum ut itâ dicam, erat ecclesia Catholica, horrendum sacerdotis nomen, nos veneratione et amicitia prosequuntur, benignè de nobis cogitant, benignè in nos agunt."

The universal confidence inspired by M. de Cheverus soon extended his relations, and multiplied them indefinitely. Protestants and Catholics, all desired to make the acquaintance of a man so estimable; whilst, on his part, always accessible and kind, he received every one with the most winning

cordiality. If his visiter had no business with him and was only attracted by the pleasure of his society, he took no offence, but congratulated himself upon being able to render religion and virtue agreeable. The majority, however, of those who called upon him were the afflicted, who sought words of consolation from his lips, the unfortunate, who came to disclose their wants and invoke his aid, and the wavering, who were anxious to obtain his advice. It is worthy of remark, that a large number of Protestant ladies, in the highest ranks of society, were in the habit of opening their minds to him, and revealing their most secret disquietudes both of family and of conscience, and this to such an extent that one of them having observed to him that what was most revolting to her in the Catholic religion and would always prevent her from embracing it, was the practice of confession, he replied with a benevolent smile: "No, madam, you do not feel so much repugnance to confession as you imagine; on the contrary, you feel all its necessity and value, for you have been confessing to me for some time past without being aware of it. Confession is nothing else than the revelation of those troubles of conscience which you wish to confide to me in order to receive my advice." Thus was M. de Cheverus the confidant and counsellor of all; and one of the lessons that mothers were in the habit of inculcating upon their children, was that of having recourse to his instructions, and taking them for guides in all the cares and difficulties of life. A Protestant writer tells us that "he received as many confessions out of the confessional as in it, because every one knew that his heart was a safe and consoling depository of all disquietudes and all

secrets, and that his wisdom always indicated the path of prudence and the road of duty."

It was not to consultations alone that the confidence felt in M. de Cheverus was limited. Numbers entrusted to him all their temporal interests, which they were unable or incompetent to take care of themselves—widows, orphans, servants, invalids, persons ignorant of business, and who had neither parent nor friend to attend to their concerns. They placed their money in his hands, and like a good father of a family, solicitous for his beloved children, he invested it to the best advantage in his own name, nursed it carefully and wisely, and at each payment of interest carried it forthwith to the owners. At other times persons who were apprehensive of disputes among their heirs, or fearful that their intentions would not be faithfully fulfilled, constituted M. de Cheverus their universal legatee, and thus relieved themselves from all solicitude in the certainty that every thing would have at once its just and its wisest destination. To those who were capable of managing their own affairs, he gave sage advice, teaching them what was to be avoided and what was to be done, and by such instruction, more precious than alms, assisted in extricating them from distress, and enabling them to attain an honest independence.

Let it not, however, be supposed, that these charitable occupations ever distracted M. de Cheverus from his peculiar duties; they but formed his recreation after his repasts; the rest of his time was devoted to his studies and his ministry. Every day he dedicated a certain period to theological science; but not to the neglect of other intellectual pursuits. An atten-

tive and sagacious observer of society, he had remarked the high esteem entertained for human erudition, and for those who possessed it, the little regard paid to those who were devoid of it, and the general tendency towards literary attainments, even among the women; and thence he inferred that in order to remove the reproach of ignorance which was cast upon the Catholic clergy, to conciliate the esteem which it is indispensable for a preacher to enjoy, it was requisite to yield to none in that respect; that it were vain for a priest to be only versed in the knowledge appropriate to his calling, as the world, which holds such acquirements in little honour, would still brand him with the stigma of ignorance, and in consequence be little disposed to hearken and trust to his words. He, therefore, applied himself to the studies most in vogue in Boston. "So perfectly had he learnt English," says a journal of that city, "that no one was more master of its difficulties, no one more familiar with its idioms, its constructions, its etymologies." He read all its principal authors, both in prose and verse, and retained all their finest passages in a way to astonish the learned by the extent of his acquisitions, and the pertinency of his quotations, though his familiarity with English was by no means equal to that which he possessed with French, Greek, and Latin literature. He was in the constant habit of refreshing his memory by the perusal of the classics. "He seemed," says the journal just mentioned, "to pass from the business of the altar to the groves of the academy, and having drunk of the fountains of the muses, and culled the flowers of Parnassus, he returned with fresh ardour to his sacred functions." Such varied accomplishments

brought him into contact with all the literati of Boston; the learned societies of the city all enrolled him among their members, and wished him to attend their meetings, which he consented to do in the hope of rendering such relations subservient to the interests of religion, and with the idea that perhaps they were the means employed by God for the execution of his designs. In every mode in his power he favoured the propagation of science and plans for the increase of knowledge; and when Mr. Shaw undertook to found the Athenæum of Boston, he aided him with his counsels and his efforts, and made a considerable donation of books from his own library; in fact he was regarded in the city as one of the most zealous labourers in the cause of letters.

So brilliant a reputation could not long remain enclosed within the precincts of Boston. Archbishop Carroll, informed of his talents and virtues, thought that a priest of so much merit ought not to continue in a secondary place, and that he was worthy of being invested with the charge of a more important church. In consequence he wrote to him, offering him the pastorship of the church of St. Mary, at Philadelphia. Honourable as was this letter to M. de Cheverus, it yet gave him pain. He could not brook the idea of leaving his excellent friend, M. Matignon, who had called him from England, and whom he venerated as a father; and thanking Mr. Carroll for this testimonial of his confidence, he begged his permission to remain where he was—a request which could not be refused.

Not long afterwards M. de Cheverus set out on a visit to the state of Maine, which he had several times before traversed, with his heart tortured by

the condition of the Catholics residing there. More numerous than in all the other New England States, excepting Massachusetts, which counted nearly six hundred, they had neither priest nor temple. M. de Cheverus, with the co-operation of the principal persons among them, caused a church to be built at New Castle, which he dedicated to the service of Almighty God under the invocation of St. Patrick, and made M. Romagne, one of his compatriots from the neighbourhood of Mayenne, its pastor. Great was the joy of the new congregation, enthusiastic the blessings with which they ever afterwards mentioned the name of M. de Cheverus. Thence he prosecuted his journey to the country of the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Indians—savage tribes wandering through the forests without any fixed habitation, and dividing their time between fishing and the chace.

He had previously obtained some little knowledge of their language, in which he had taken lessons, for want of another teacher, from an old squaw, who possessed the merest smattering of English, but enough, fortunately, to enable her to explain her own idiom. Guided by the questions which he put to her, she declined its nouns and conjugated its verbs, doubtless for the first time in her life; he writing under her dictation, and then committing what she had told him to memory. With one circumstance he was particularly struck in the course of his studies. He observed, as he made her conjugate the verbs, that she used *affixed pronouns*,* like

* In Hebrew pronouns are so called which are joined with certain words in a way to form one and the same word, as, in French, *j'aime* for *moi aime*.

those of the Hebrew tongue. Surprised at this circumstance, he caused her to repeat what she had said, twisted his questions into a variety of shapes, and at length became convinced of the curious analogy which exists in that respect between the Hebrew and the language of the Indians.

Thus provided with the means of making himself understood, and with every thing else requisite for the exercise of his sacred functions in a region altogether destitute, he set out on foot with a guide—a trusty staff in his hand, like the first preachers of the gospel. Never before had he undertaken such an expedition, and it required all the courage of an apostle to support its sufferings and fatigues. A sombre forest, no distinguishable path, thorns and thickets through which it was necessary to open a passage, no other nourishment than the bread they had taken with them, no other bed than the branches of trees spread upon the earth, around which they were obliged to kindle a huge fire to keep off the snakes and other dangerous animals which might have destroyed them in their sleep—such were the evils to be encountered. They travelled in this way for several days, when one morning (it was the Sabbath) the sound of a number of voices singing in harmony, was heard in the distance. M. de Cheverus listened, advanced, and to his infinite surprise recognised music with which he was familiar—that of the royal mass of Dumont, with which the churches and cathedrals of France resound during the principal festivals. His delighted astonishment, the sweet emotions which took possession of his heart, may be conceived. The scene was at once touching and sublime; for what more affecting than to behold a savage

people, left without a spiritual guide for more than fifty years, still faithful in celebrating the day of the Lord; and what more sublime than those sacred songs, attuned by piety alone, resounding throughout that immense, majestic forest, repeated by every echo, and sent up to heaven from the depths of every heart!

Filled with joy at thus finding those whom he sought, M. de Cheverus hastened towards the assemblage. It was collected at Indian Old Town, in the island formed by the Penobscot river, in the midst of the forest. At the sight of that black gown which they had not seen for fifty years, they uttered cries of happiness and delight, ran towards him, called him their father, and made him sit down upon the bear-skin, their seat of honour. He then communicated to them the object and duration of his visit; caused them to admire the goodness of God who had not forgotten them, but had sent him to dispense to them his word, his graces, and his sacraments; and appointed an hour and place of meeting for the whole period of his stay. After his discourse, in which the instinct of the savage easily discerned the goodness and the charity of the man of God, they asked him to share their repast. Here was a new trial to the fortitude and self-control of M. de Cheverus. To refuse would be to afflict those who had made the request in the kindness of their hearts, or to offend them if they should suspect that the refusal proceeded from superciliousness and contempt, or scandalize them if they saw in it an evidence of epicureanism and fastidiousness, which they could not appreciate; but how accept the food? Every thing was so dirty, so disgusting, as to turn the stomach.

He determined, however, upon doing violence to himself, and drank the broth and ate the meat which were presented to him on the bark of a tree, the only plate of the savage; but after the repast he told them with that accent of mildness which he possessed in such perfection, that if he had thus indulged, it was for the purpose of giving them pleasure, and celebrating the happiness of finding himself for the first time among them, but that for the future he had need of nothing but bread.

Such was in fact the principal nourishment of M. de Cheverus during the time which he passed with the tribes. Sometimes, as he used to relate, he found a little cheese to eat with his bread, and then he made quite a feast. On one occasion, for more than two months, he was obliged to live entirely on boiled fish; and yet the labour he underwent was painful and incessant. Every day he gave instructions, catechised, confessed, or baptised; and besides, he was compelled to go from one place to another, often at considerable distances, to visit the infirm and the sick. The Passamaquoddy tribe, also, who dwelt at a certain distance from the Penobscots, and numbered almost an equal amount of proselytes, called for his care. He went from one tribe to the other, carrying to all the benefits of his ministry, and encountering privations of every sort with joy. Privations, however, were nothing compared with the necessity of close contact with the savages to hear their confessions, of breathing for hours at a time the infectious odour exhaled from their filthy bodies, and, to cap the climax of his sufferings, of being assailed by those disgusting insects with which they were covered, *the only salary*, he used to say afterwards, *that he received for his*

ministry. The first time he was subjected to this ordeal, he became very sick; and to overcome his repugnance, he was forced to summon to his aid all the energy inspired by faith.

To recompense so many sacrifices, he had the consolation of seeing his ministry blessed. The minds of the Indians were in the best possible disposition. The Jesuit missionaries who had planted the faith among them, had instructed them in so solid a manner, had so well formed them to the practice of religion and the exercises of worship, that even after fifty years of neglect, the poor people had not yet forgotten their catechism. The fathers taught it to their sons, the mothers to their daughters, and not a Sunday, or festival day was allowed to pass without the celebration of that part of the mass and the offices which it is competent for the people to perform. All were docile in the extreme, and filled with sincere desire to practise what they learnt; there were none, even to the children, who did not recite their catechism with attention and an expression of deep interest in what they were saying. So pure were their morals that a woman having committed a grave and public crime, the whole tribe was filled with indignation and dismay; and M. de Cheverus thought it necessary to subject the culprit, as in the primitive days of the church, to a public penance. Whilst he was celebrating the holy mysteries under the branches of a tree arranged in the form of a chapel, she was obliged to stand without at the entrance, confused and penitent, and imploring the prayers of the faithful; and it was not until after a certain period of probation that she was permitted to enter the sacred precincts, and assist with the others at the holy sacrifice.

To this purity of morals were united a simplicity

and a rectitude truly admirable. In the outset of his ministry among the tribes, M. de Cheverus deemed it proper to use an interpreter in confessions, in consequence of his imperfect acquaintance with the language; and painful as might be this expedient which admitted a third person into the secrets of consciences, the savages, men and women, went with the most edifying frankness and simplicity to reveal their sins to the interpreter, who transmitted them faithfully to the confessor, and explained the questions and counsels of the latter to the penitents. This interpreter was an old man remarkable for his piety and the austerity of his manners. He would have wished M. de Cheverus to treat the sinners who came to him with more severity, and sometimes he would scold him, saying, "Now, father, you are not strict enough; those persons are not devoted to prayer; you must inflict a harder penance upon them."

It is impossible to express the veneration which the Indians entertained for M. de Cheverus. Wherever he went he was received with the warmest demonstrations of joy; and it was always the wife of the chief, or the queen of the tribe, who claimed the privilege of waiting upon him. By the potency of his virtue and benevolence, he was like a sovereign among them, and had his least directions executed with the utmost eagerness. Having one day espied a boat loaded with *rum* approaching the bank of the river, and fearing that if the liquor were sold among the savages, they would get intoxicated, and there would be no longer a possibility of keeping them in order, he went to the owner, and assuming a tone of authority, said to him, "I am king here, and may make such regulations of the customs as I please;

you shall not land that liquor." The other persisting in his design, M. de Cheverus called some of the savages, and ordered them to destroy the barrels containing the rum as soon as they should touch the shore. They promised ready obedience, but the man becoming alarmed, went off and never re-appeared.

These simple people esteemed themselves happy in doing any thing agreeable to their beloved missionary. It was an honor emulously sought to guide him through the immense forests he was obliged to traverse in the exercise of his ministry. Directed by the branches of trees or certain plants whose bent indicated the points of the compass, they never failed to conduct him safely to his place of destination. One of them carried on his head the bark canoe in which the lakes and rivers they encountered were passed. In these boats there was room but for three: a savage placed himself at each end, and in the centre was the missionary, who was forced to lie down, as the least movement would have upset the frail vessel. When it was necessary to ascend some cascade or rapid current, or go through some difficult strait, the skill and celerity with which the obstacle was overcome by the savages were marvellous. On one occasion when about to ascend a rapid current where there was considerable danger to be apprehended, M. de Cheverus warned his two companions of the peril: "With thee father, we have no fear, but without thee, much:/* was their reply. It was not only over lakes and rivers that the savages took their missionary; sometimes they even ventured into the open sea.

* This is as fine an answer almost as the celebrated one "Cæsarem vehis"—and somewhat more modest withal.—Tr.

One day M. de Cheverus was met and recognised while coasting along the ocean by a captain of a ship, who rebuked him for his temerity in thus exposing himself in so fragile a bark, and offered to take him in his own vessel to his place of destination; but M. de Cheverus would not accept his kindness, for fear of paining his savage conductors, and the next morning he arrived safely at the place he wished to visit.

Thanks to religion, which inspires and preserves every lofty and delicate feeling, M. de Cheverus found among these savages an elevation of sentiment which might have put a more civilized people to the blush! He found grateful hearts, who gave him numberless proofs of affection, which he was ever fond of relating: tender mothers; children who carried even to heroism their filial piety; great and generous souls, that were filled with the truest sense of honor and of duty. He often mentioned traits of the most admirable kind; we will only repeat the following:

English travellers had spread throughout the country the news of the death of Louis XVI., brought to the scaffold by his own subjects, and sacrificed to the revolutionary delirium in the presence of sixty thousand of them, who remained motionless with arms in their hands, without daring to make a single effort in his behalf. The savages could not credit the intelligence. The French missionaries, men so mild and so good, who had been the instruments of their conversion, together with M. de Cheverus himself, in whom were revived all the virtues of the first apostles, had given them in regard to the French an idea of an honorable and generous people; and this notion they could

not reconcile with the story in question. One of their chiefs went to M. de Cheverus and said to him: "Father, we know that thou dost not lie; tell us the truth. The English say that the French have put their king to death; that is not possible: it is only to make us hate the French that they tell us this story; let us know the fact." M. de Cheverus was much discomposed by this question, and deemed it sufficient to reply that it was not the French nation who put their king to death, but a band of ruffians who had seized upon the sovereign power, and that France herself repudiated them with all the horror and execration deserved by their crime. "Ah! my father," rejoined the savage with a sorrowful countenance, "since such is the case, I no longer love the French. It was not enough for them to disavow the crime—they should have thrown themselves between the king and his assassins, and sooner died than permitted his person to be touched. See, my father," he exclaimed, "it is just as if some one should come among us to kill you, and we should suffer you to be killed. Would we not be guilty? But we are better than the French, for we would all be slain in defending you." The feelings of M. de Cheverus at this speech can scarcely be expressed—all the reply he could make was to press the hand of the noble-minded savage, and embrace him, with tears in his eyes.

After passing three months with the Indians, and promising to return every year and spend the same time among them, M. de Cheverus went back to Boston. There a fresh occasion awaited him of displaying his zeal, and showing to the world what a soul inspired by religion can effect. The yellow

er was raging in the city, and had already carried numbers of victims. All were paralysed with fear of a malady which was deemed contagious; fear overcoming the feelings of nature, as soon as any one was attacked the house was deserted, the poor wretch left alone on his bed of death, without succour and without consolation. In this remity, M. de Cheverus did not hesitate to devote himself to the care of the sick; he became their style and nurse, going from house to house with ceaseless assiduity. As soon as he heard of any 's being stricken, whether Catholic or Protestant, hastened to him like a ministering angel, and the kindest solicitude poured balm into his tormented spirit, at the same time that he lavished the most care upon his bodily wants—even making bed and rendering services not only the most mortifying to nature, but the most humiliating, so that them, did not charity ennable every act that it inspires. In vain did his friends expostulate with him on this exposure of his life; in vain did they urge him for risking an existence so useful to religion and society. Nothing could restrain him. "It is necessary," he would say, "that I should live; it is necessary the sick should be taken care of, dying attended to;" and during the whole course of the malady, he never, for a single day, omitted the performance of those painful and perilous duties of charity. Such was the generous boldness of which M. de Cheverus gave an example to New England, not only upon this occasion, at every reappearance of the fever. He was always to be seen at the post of danger—by the side of the sick and the dying—braving destruction with

a calmness and equanimity that seemed unsuspicious of peril, as well as with a modesty and humility that were scarcely conscious of a sacrifice in what every one else regarded as the most beautiful self-devotion.

Such conduct carried the attachment and veneration of the people of Boston for M. de Cheverus to the highest point. From that period they looked upon him as the apostle of charity, the hero of religion. Wherever he appeared, every one was anxious to do him honor; in every assemblage the first place was reserved for him, and assigned him with peculiar pleasure, because his modesty would always have induced him to take the last. He never seemed to be aware of his claims to such manifestations of esteem and honor, always believing himself indebted for them to the kindness of his fellow citizens. What was still more remarkable, at all the repasts at which he was present, in company often with ministers of different denominations, it was invariably he that was asked to bless the table, both by the master of the house and the ministers themselves, as the worthiest to perform the office; and, although he made the sign of the cross and said the usual prayers of the Catholic church, the respect entertained for his person overcame the strength of prejudice and caused him to be listened to with religious attention. When John Adams, the President of the United States, came to Boston, M. de Cheverus was invited to the solemn banquet given by the city to the chief of the republic, and the two first places were reserved for the president and the priest. The former, struck by this mark of respect to a Catholic clergyman in a city where a few years before the mere circumstance of being one was enough to render the individual an

object of contempt, could not help making this remark to M. de Cheverus—"What astonishes me most on the present occasion, is to see myself here and then to see you here"—alluding to the violent opposition which Boston had formerly made to his election to the chief magistracy.

M. de Cheverus received another mark of consideration from the government of the state, with which he was much more pleased, as it concerned the interests of religion and conscience. The legislature having prepared the formula of an oath to be taken by all citizens on presenting themselves to vote, were fearful that something might be found in it irksome to the consciences of Catholics, and in consequence wrote to M. de Cheverus on the subject, praying him to modify the formula himself if he saw in it any thing opposed to Catholic principles, and expressing implicit confidence in his wisdom. Flattered by a proceeding equally honourable to him and to the assembly, who proved by it how well they understood the rights of conscience, M. de Cheverus prepared his formula, and presented it himself. It was adopted and became a law.

In the midst of this universal respect, M. de Cheverus, who was ever intent upon promoting the interests of religion, thought the time had arrived for the execution of an important project which he had long been meditating. The Catholic religion as yet had no suitable church in Boston, divine worship having been celebrated in private houses converted into chapels. It was impossible any longer to accommodate both the Catholics, whose numbers were daily augmenting by the arrival of emigrants from every country, and the Protestants who were desirous of

hearing the sermons and beholding the imposing ceremonies of the church. M. de Cheverus, therefore, opened a subscription for the erection of a Catholic church in Boston. The first to put his name on the list was the president himself, John Adams, who was happy to have an opportunity of manifesting the regard which he felt for M. de Cheverus, and the interest he took in all that might give him pleasure. Such an example set by the Protestant head of a country almost wholly Protestant, could not fail to have numerous followers, and in fact the list was soon covered with the most distinguished names of almost every sect. On all sides the greatest liberality was shown in lending aid to the execution of the project. M. de Cheverus then deliberated in concert with the most eminent architects, upon the plan of a church in keeping with the sums expected. Each one communicated his views—the architects wishing to make it a grand majestic edifice; M. de Cheverus anxious to give it the grave, austere and religious aspect which would harmonize with its character. After mature consideration, the plan was fixed upon, but M. de Cheverus did not hasten its execution with that imprudent temerity which advances without reflection. He began by laying the foundations and raising the walls as far as the money actually collected would warrant, and when this was exhausted, he stopped the work and forbade a single stone to be added until he had received a further supply. It was in vain for persons to make offers to him of credit, to urge him to allow them to proceed with the building, promising to wait his convenience for payment; he would never consent to such an arrangement. "The funds," he said, "depend upon the

generosity of others, and as I cannot be certain of them, I will not suffer any one to be exposed to loss." The work in consequence remained for a while suspended; and until the completion of the edifice, he inflexibly adhered to this rule of permitting no greater progress in its construction than was authorised by the money he had in hand.

Whilst this church was building in Boston, the old cathedrals of France were again opening their portals to the Catholic faith, and religion, triumphing over the impotent efforts of the enemies who had sworn its destruction, was rising from its ruins. Pius VII. had concluded with Bonaparte the concordat of 1801; and in virtue of this treaty, the French bishops and priests who had been so long in exile, were returning to their homes, re-establishing the abolished worship, and tasting the double happiness of seeing their country once more, and exercising their ministry unmolested. The family and friends of M. de Cheverus, afflicted at not finding him hasten back with the other exiles, wrote to him to urge his return. The letter was of the most pressing kind, and the arguments employed were of almost irresistible force. Why did he delay to come? the doors of his country were opened, Mayenne was expecting its pastor, its widowed church was sighing for his arrival. Appeals were made to his heart, to his love for his family, who were inconsolable at his absence, for his friends who were impatient to behold him again, for France to whom he owed himself before all. This letter threw M. de Cheverus into a state of anxiety impossible to describe. His heart was torn, as it were, asunder. On one side, the love of his country was powerfully persuasive—he would

have so much delight in revisiting his beautiful France, in seeing his relatives, his friends! He seemed to behold all his brethren in exile returning with ecstacy to their native land, embracing with delicious tears those most dear to their affections, and why should not he partake their joy? He might render himself useful to religion there; the success which he had experienced in troublous times was an earnest of still greater success in the halcyon days of tranquillity. On the other side, how could he leave his beloved congregation who were so devoted to him, the rising church which had so much need of him, and even so many good and sincere friends of other faiths, to whom perhaps he might be useful? How abandon, above all, the Abbé Matignon, his father, his friend, the half of his soul? how desolate his breast—how overwhelm him, how destroy him, perhaps, by the grief with which he would be stricken at his departure.

Whilst M. de Cheverus was thus agitated by conflicting feelings, he received, on the 9th of April, 1803, a letter from Bishop Carroll, who having learnt how much danger there was of losing so efficient a coadjutor, wrote to beseech him not to abandon his post. The prelate, a man of superior intellect, as well as of virtue worthy of the first ages of the church, spread before him with great force all the reasons fitted to detain him, and finished by declaring his conviction that it was the will of God he should remain. M. de Cheverus, whose humility prompted him to follow the opinion of others instead of his own, to decide from obedience rather than from his own inclinations, no sooner read this letter than his uncertainty ceased. He thought he saw in it the

command of Providence, and that was sufficient for his faith. Instantaneously he offered up to God the sacrifice of his country, and of all the gushing reflections which beckoned him towards it; and on the Sunday after Easter, he announced to his flock that his resolution was taken, that he would remain among them, sharing their good and their evil fortune, and that they should fill the place of those relatives and friends whom he gave up for their sakes. The joy of the Catholics, and indeed of all the inhabitants of Boston at this intelligence, may be more easily imagined than described. The fear of losing him had thrown them into consternation; the assurance of keeping him filled them with happiness, and to give him a striking proof of their gratitude, they made new and great exertions to finish the church which had so long before been commenced. The building, in consequence, proceeded with great rapidity; and in four months M. de Cheverus had the satisfaction of seeing the edifice completed, and planting the cross upon its roof. He immediately communicated the fact to Bishop Carroll through the medium of M. Matignon, and invited him to consecrate the new temple on the 29th of September, the feast of Saint Michael. The Bishop at once promised to perform the ceremony. The consecration of the first Catholic church in a city like Boston, was too interesting a circumstance for the faith, to permit him to hesitate; and, besides, the temptation to pass some days with two ecclesiastics like M. Matignon and M. de Cheverus, was irresistible. He repaired, therefore, to Boston on the day appointed, and on the 29th of September, 1803, consecrated the edifice under the name of the Church of the Holy Cross. The cere-

mony was magnificent, the temple was decorated with draperies and garlands, the altar covered with rich ornaments, and surrounded by a clergy whose edifying deportment was still more attractive; the crowd was prodigious; Protestants and Catholics, were alike eager to see the ceremony; and M. de Cheverus put the crowning glory to the festival by the discourse which he pronounced. Inspired by the occasion, by the presence of the first pastor of the church in America, by the numerous concourse of people, he spoke with a warmth, an energy of expression and sentiment which carried the audience away. The Bishop could not restrain his emotion, and when the preacher descended from the pulpit, he threw himself upon his neck, shedding tears of joy, and blessing God for having bestowed upon the church so admirable a servant. On the evening of the ceremony, M. de Cheverus caused the exterior of the edifice to be illuminated with all possible splendour, but with all that taste which he possessed in so exquisite a degree. The inhabitants, without distinction, were all delighted with the beauty of the spectacle, congratulated M. de Cheverus, and seemed to share in his happiness. On beholding this scene, Bishop Carroll could not help contrasting what he saw with the state of the Catholic religion in Boston at the period of M. de Cheverus's arrival, and wanted words to express his astonishment and delight.

Once consecrated, this church became the theatre of the most ardent and indefatigable zeal on the part of M. de Cheverus. He had it ornamented in every part, and furnished with every thing requisite for the full performance of divine service. The manner in which this was celebrated constantly attracted crowds

as great as the building could contain, amongst them numbers of Protestants, to whom he had the consolation of addressing the words of eternal life. To these instructions he attached the utmost importance, regarding them as the most essential means of enlightening his separated brethren, and confirming the faith of his flock. Accordingly, in order that the latter might never fail to attend them, he allowed no mass to be public on Sundays and festivals of obligation, except the solemn one during which a sermon was preached. The low masses were said privately with closed doors, no one being suffered to hear them without a special permission, which could only be obtained when it was impossible for the applicant to be present at the solemn mass, or by a promise to attend at the latter also.

Whilst M. de Cheverus was engaged in these important labours, he received a letter from the prison at Northampton, which called him to the exercise of the most painful of his ecclesiastical duties. Two young Irish Catholics had just been condemned, although innocent, to death—victims of human liability to error of judgment, but chiefly of the unskilfulness of their advocate, and an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances which seemed to demonstrate their guilt. Resigned to the decree which had been pronounced against them, and thinking only of the preparation of their souls for the great voyage of eternity, they wrote to M. de Cheverus to request his presence. Their letter, which we have found among the papers of the Cardinal, although indicative of little education, is the production of Christians full of faith. “We adore,” they say, “in the fallible decrees of men, the will of God; if we are not guilty of

the crime imputed to us, we have committed other sins, and to expiate them we accept death without murmuring. Our salvation alone occupies our thoughts; it is in your hands; come to our aid." As it is the custom in the United States to take the condemned to a church to hear a sermon immediately before execution, they sent a second letter to M. de Cheverus, begging him to deliver the discourse. "It will be a painful task to you," they write, "after the fatigues of a long journey, and with the spectacle before you of two young men about to be cut off in the flower of their age; but you will not refuse us this favour, you will not reduce us to the necessity of listening, before we die, to other than a Catholic voice." Whatever suffering this double ministry might inflict upon his heart, M. de Cheverus delayed not to encounter it, but forthwith repaired to the succour of the unfortunate beings. The hatred of Catholicism was then carried to such a pitch in Northampton, that it was with great difficulty he could procure a lodging in the town. He passed several days in prison with the convicts, and by his instructions, and the sacraments which he administered, brought them to so holy a frame of mind, that they contemplated their approaching end not only without dismay, but even with a joy that seemed to anticipate the happiness of heaven. He himself, however, was filled with real grief; and those whom he had come to comfort became his comforters. When the fatal day arrived, anxious to render their exterior neat and decent for the execution, they asked for a razor to shave their beard; it was at first refused, but at the instance of M. de Cheverus, who pledged himself that they would make no attempt upon their lives,

their request was finally granted. At the appointed moment M. de Cheverus accompanied them to the church. There some Protestant ministers wished to pronounce the usual discourse, but M. de Cheverus resolutely opposed their desire: "The will of the dying," he said, "is sacred; it is I whom they demand; it is I alone who will speak to them." He accordingly ascended the pulpit, and casting his eyes upon the immense concourse around, among whom he beheld a multitude of women, he became fired with a holy anger against the curiosity which attracted so many spectators to so mournful a scene. "Orators," he exclaimed in a loud and severe tone of voice, "are generally flattered by a crowded audience, but I, I am ashamed of that which I see before my eyes. There are then men for whom the death of a fellow creature is an object of curiosity—a spectacle of delight!—But you, especially, women, what are you doing here? Is it to wipe off the cold sweat of death which is dropping from the brows of these unfortunate beings? Is it to experience the sorrowful emotions which the scene must awaken in every feeling breast? No, doubtless, no! It is to behold the anguish of the sufferers; to behold them with a dry, an eager, a greedy eye. Oh! I am ashamed of you. Your eyes are full of homicide. You boast of being humane, you say it is the first virtue of woman; but if the misery of another is a pleasure to you, if the death of a man is an amusement, it is impossible to believe in your virtue; you forget your sex; you are its reproach and its disgrace." The execution soon followed the discourse, but not a female dared to appear at it; all left the church and went their way,

blushing for the barbarous curiosity which had drawn them from their homes.

The Protestants of the place, struck with the eloquence of M. de Cheverus, desired to hear him again. He complied with their wish, and preached several times in public, conversed with them in private, and seized every opportunity of destroying their prejudices against the Catholic religion by showing them how well founded are its dogmas, how holy, pure and winning its precepts. Some of them whom the touching spectacle of the execution of the two Irishmen had greatly affected, and who could not believe that guilt could wear an aspect so modest and so tranquil in the presence of death, begged M. de Cheverus to inform them from what he had learned in the confessional, whether the young men were not really innocent. To this request he promised to give them, in his next discourse, the only answer he was at liberty to afford; and, accordingly, glad of the occasion to proclaim and to vindicate the truths of his faith before the numerous audience assembled to hear him, he developed with force and clearness the doctrine of the church with regard to confession, the divine institution of this sacrament, its precious advantages, and the inviolability of the secrecy imposed upon the confessor, who cannot disregard it even to save a kingdom. So charmed were his listeners with his discourses, so fascinated with his manners and conversation, that they would have kept him among them; and he had almost as much difficulty to get away from them as he had experienced in finding an asylum on his arrival.

Soon after his return to Boston, he was solicited to make a visit in another quarter, for the purpose of

accomplishing the conversion of a chosen soul, on which heaven seemed to have great designs.

Mrs. Seton, a Protestant lady of distinguished birth and fortune, and remarkable both for the energy of her character and the rectitude of her heart, was then at Philadelphia, seeking for that conviction and peace of mind which she had not found in the religion she professed. The great reputation of M. de Cheverus had inspired her with a wish to commune with him; but as she could not go to Boston, he was requested to pay her a visit. If he had hearkened only to the dictates of his zeal, he would have set out on the instant, but his delicacy arrested him. He thought it might appear like a want of consideration for the clergy of Philadelphia, and an ostentatious interference with their functions, to go to that city for the purpose of giving lessons in Catholicity. He therefore caused Mrs. Seton to be informed that he could not confer with her in person, but that if she would write to him he would be happy to furnish her, through the medium of letters, with all the explanations she might desire. She adopted this plan, and disclosed her doubts and difficulties in several epistles, marked by all the charms of her intellect and the uprightness of her character. M. de Cheverus was punctual in his replies, and to each objection gave so clear, so precise, and so sound an answer, that it was impossible not to be satisfied with it; but convinced that faith is a grace which it is not in the power of man to bestow either upon himself or upon others, he prayed fervently, and offered up the holy sacrifice for the success of his efforts. Mrs. Seton soon had the happiness of seeing her doubts vanish before the influence of his reasonings, and of beholding

ing the Catholic faith, as described by his pen, in all its purity and beauty. Her zeal, however, was not satisfied with merely a change of religion; she was eager to embrace every thing, the most perfect and the most sublime, which her new faith recommended. She wished to devote herself without reserve, quitting all, sacrificing all, to whatever her guide might deem most agreeable to God, and most useful for her salvation; and in consequence she wrote another letter to M. de Cheverus, in which she opened her whole soul to him, revealed her projects, and besought his advice. He replied, felicitating her upon her good resolutions, and giving her the counsels she requested; and added, that since God had inspired her with courage to dedicate herself to the highest services of religion, he would advise her to become a sister of charity to instruct the ignorant, assist the poor, and tend upon the sick; that, although this sublime order did not exist in America, it would be worthy of her to establish it, and be its first member. Mrs. Seton, immediately upon the receipt of his letter, put her temporal affairs in order, abandoned the world and the brilliant position which she occupied in it, and repaired to Emmetsburg, in Maryland, where she assumed the humble habit he had mentioned. Under the guidance of the brethren of the society of St. Sulpitius, who had there a college, she established a hospital for the sick, and a school for the poor; and, joining with her other pious women, became the founder of the first religious institution of charity in the United States. In this new position she never intermitted her correspondence with M. de Cheverus. He was her angel and her guide, and for him she entertained a veneration be-

yond the power of words to describe, though it might have been comprehended from the effect produced upon her when she met him for the first time. This was several years after her conversion. M. de Cheverus being on a visit at Emmetsburg, went to the new hospital which he had been so instrumental in erecting, and asking for the superior, told her his name. On hearing it, she fell upon her knees, seized his hands, bathed them in tears, and remained in that posture for more than five minutes, without being able to articulate a word.

Whilst M. de Cheverus was thus prosecuting his holy labours, Providence was preparing for him the honours of the prelacy. Bishop Carroll, who was incessantly occupied with the means of accelerating the progress of the Catholic religion in the United States, had conceived the idea of erecting four new sees, one of which was to be at Boston, and embrace the whole of New England. For this bishopric he had, in the first place, cast his eyes upon the venerable M. Matignon, whose age and learning, and former reputation as doctor and professor in the Sorbonne, seemed to give him a preference over his more youthful assistant; and he was on the point of sending his recommendations to Rome, when M. Matignon was informed of his intentions. Alarmed at the intelligence, the excellent old Abbé hastened to protest against the selection, gave a formal refusal, and proposed his friend M. de Cheverus in his place. The Archbishop, who was well acquainted with the merits of the vicar of Boston, had no difficulty in allowing himself to be persuaded, and wrote to Rome accordingly. His letter was favourably received. On the 8th of April, 1808, Pius VII. sent his brief, erect-

ing Baltimore into a metropolitan see, and creating four suffragan bishoprics, at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Bardstown, in Kentucky. M. de Cheverus was named for the first; Mr. Concanen, a Dominican, for the second; Mr. Egan, a Franciscan, for the third; and Mr. Flaget, a St. Sulpitian, for the last.

On the arrival of this news at Boston, M. de Cheverus was equally afflicted and surprised. His modesty dreaded the honour, and his affection for his superior, M. Matignon, revolted at the idea of being placed above him; but all his representations and complaints to the Archbishop were of no avail, and he was eventually obliged to acquiesce. M. Matignon, who rejoiced in his elevation, as a father would do in that of his son, wished at once to give him the place of honour, as Bishop of Boston, both in their dwelling and in the church, but to this M. de Cheverus would never consent. He refused all distinction, and during the two years that elapsed before the arrival of the bulles, in consequence of the troubles in which Italy was then involved, and the death of the bearer of them, Mr. Concanen, he insisted always upon remaining in the second place, as the mere vicar of M. Matignon, whom he never ceased to treat as his master and his guide.

At length, the bulles having arrived, he repaired to the seminary at Baltimore, to make preparations for his consecration, and perform the customary retreat. This he did under the directions of Mr. Nagot, the superior of the establishment, an old man of angelic virtue, of the most admirable simplicity of character, and the profoundest humility. On the 1st of November, (All Saints Day,) 1810, he was conse-

erated in the cathedral of Baltimore by Archbishop Carroll, assisted by his co-adjutor, Mr. Neal, and Mr. Egan, Bishop of Philadelphia. On the 4th of the month, the feast of St. Charles, he preached in the same cathedral at the consecration of Mr. Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown; and pronounced upon the occasion a remarkable discourse, which his modesty alone prevented from appearing in print, its publication having been universally demanded. In it he saluted Mr. Carroll as the Elias of the new law, the father of the clergy, the conductor of the car of Israel in the new world—*Pater mi, Pater mi, curruis Israël et auriga ejus*; and celebrated the praises of the Society of St. Sulpitius, to which Mr. Flaget belonged, citing the various eulogiums that had been pronounced upon it at different epochs in the assemblies of the clergy of France, and the phrase which fell from the lips of Fenelon on his bed of death, *at that moment when a man flatters no more*—“I know nothing more venerable and more apostolical than the order of St. Sulpitius.”

Before separating, the five Bishops availed themselves of the occasion to establish certain general regulations for the administration of their churches, amongst which the following are most worthy of notice:—1. Poor as they are in subjects for the ecclesiastical state, the Bishops declare that they will with pleasure permit their diocesans to enter either the regular or secular orders to which they may deem themselves called. 2. They forbid any translation of the Holy Scriptures to be inserted in prayer-books, except that of the Douay Bible. 3. They permit the prayers which precede and follow the essential form in the administration of the sacra-

ments, to be said in the common tongue, with the exception of the mass, which must always be celebrated entirely in Latin; but they forbid the use of any version of those prayers save such as shall be approved by all the Bishops of the province. 4. They are unwilling that the vow of perpetual chastity should be allowed out of regular religious associations. 5. They exhort all pastors of souls to combat incessantly, in both public and private, all attachment to diversions dangerous to morals, such as balls and plays, and forbid the perusal of books calculated to weaken faith or corrupt virtue, particularly romances. 6. They forbid all priests to admit to the sacraments those whom they know to belong to the society of free-masons, unless they have obtained from them a promise of ceasing to frequent the lodges, and of openly proclaiming that they are no longer members of the society.

These regulations having been adopted, M. de Cheverus immediately set out for Boston, as humble as before, or rather more humble; for, according to his own expressions, he was ashamed and confused at a dignity for which he felt himself so little fitted. After his return nothing was changed either in his ordinary conduct, or in his relations with M. Matignon, unless it were that being obliged to assume the first place, he endeavoured to compensate for it by redoubling his attentions to his excellent friend. He was as simple and modest as ever. One small chamber was all his mansion, and in showing it to the strangers who came to see him, he would say with a smile, "You see the episcopal palace, it is open to every one." Its furniture consisted of nothing but indispensable articles, without the slightest preten-

sion to luxury. The chairs were of the commonest material and make, and when, as it often happened, there were not enough of them to accommodate all his visitors, his bed, which was composed of some boards raised a little above the floor and covered with a light mattress, was used as a seat. To an offer of a rich and elegant set which was one day made to him, he answered, "No, it would contrast too much with the rest of the furniture; it is better that all should be in keeping." Nevertheless, simple as was every thing around him, it was always neat and clean. His table was more or less frugal, in proportion to his resources, which depended entirely upon the contributions of the faithful; but he always welcomed every one to it who came to eat with him, and this some one did every day, either attracted by the desire of enjoying his society, or of ascertaining whether he was provided with what was necessary. Every Sunday and holiday he had all the Catholics to dine with him who lived too far from the church to return home between the services; and, however numerous they might be, he entertained them all with the cordiality and satisfaction of a father among his children. To meet the expenses thus incurred, he deprived himself, not indeed of things of convenience and pleasure, for these he never thought of procuring, but of things that would seem indispensable to life, economising in every thing, except alms. He even cut his own fire-wood; and his dress was of the simplest kind, though always in unison with his dignity. His congregation insisted upon this last point. They represented to him that their honour was concerned in not allowing it to be supposed that they permitted their Bishop to want what was requi-

site, and that in consequence he ought not merely to consult the love of simplicity and poverty which filled his heart, but that from consideration for them, from reverence for the Catholic faith, he ought always to appear in a garb suited to his social position.

The life of M. de Cheverus was not less the life of a missionary in deed than in spirit. Bishop though he was, he continued as before to exercise the humblest functions—confessed, catechised, visited the poor and the sick, went on foot alone, at all hours of the day and night, and in all seasons, to carry alms or consolation to the afflicted. Every year he spent three months among the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes. This he had promised them on his first visit to do, and he had faithfully kept his word; and now that he was a Bishop, he deemed it only the more incumbent upon him to discharge this painful apostleship. In Boston he was never seen in the circles of pleasure; he was entirely absorbed in his duties, dividing his time between prayer, study, works of charity, and the functions of his ministry. He looked upon himself as the father of all his flock, and nothing was irksome to him by which he could render them service. One day a poor sailor, before setting out on a long voyage, begged his protection for his wife, whom he left alone and without friends. The Bishop took as much care of her as of a sister, and the poor woman having fallen sick, he attended her with the utmost solicitude. At the end of several months the sailor returned, and on entering his humble abode met the Bishop going up stairs with an armful of wood to make a fire in the room of his wife, and prepare the remedies which she required. Overwhelmed with admiration, the sailor fell at his

feet, bathed them in tears, and could scarce articulate his gratitude. M. de Cheverus was obliged to raise him from the ground, soothe his emotion, and comfort him with regard to the sickness of his wife.

The love of the Catholics of Boston for their Bishop rivalled all that the primitive ages of the church had exhibited of such affection. In the same way as the faithful of Antioch were wont to give their children the name of St. Meletius, their Bishop, his parishioners were in the habit of calling their sons John, after him. On one occasion this gave rise to an amusing incident. M. de Cheverus having asked the sponsors according to custom, what name the child was to bear, they replied, "John Cheverus Bishop." "Poor child," he remarked, "God preserve you from ever becoming such."

It was not only among his own congregations that the apostolic life of M. de Cheverus conciliated universal esteem and love. So great was the veneration entertained for him by the ministers of various sects, that they even sometimes asked him to preach in their churches. Recollecting that St. Paul had preached in the synagogues, as well as in the assemblies of the people, he would accept their invitations, and choose for the subject of his discourse some doctrine of the Catholic church; but he would treat it with so much tact, moderation, and appositeness, that far from offending any one, he always left his audience pleased, some, perhaps, convinced, others shaken, all at least disabused of prejudices. This, to a certain extent, we learn from a Protestant journal, giving an account of a sermon which he had preached in a Presbyterian church. "Certain it is," says the journal, "that his discourses are well adapt-

ed to destroy the prejudices which exist against the Catholics—the moderation, the affection even with which he speaks of persons differing from his belief, offer a striking contrast to the furious language and bitterness which sometimes dishonour Protestant pulpits.” Such, in truth, was the method of M. de Chéverus. Although addressing audiences of different creeds, he had only words of kindness and affection in his mouth, as he had nought but sentiments of benevolence and charity in his heart. His hearers felt from his appearance, his voice, his every word, that it was a sincere friend who was speaking to them, and a friend who was not only sincere, but tender and devoted, who wished them every possible good; and this consideration rendered his sermons acceptable, and opened for him the road to every heart. He was careful in these discourses never to allow any thing to escape him calculated to wound the feelings, never to indulge in reproach or invective against his adversaries, never to put on an air of triumph at the weakness of their logic or the futility of their systems. He praised, on the contrary, whatever he found in them that was estimable and good, eulogising in some the austere probity, the uncompromising morality which they professed, and in others the decorum of their churches, and their fidelity in observing the day of the Lord. He was attentive also to avoid the appearance of controversy or refutation, because, as he said, in every debate self-love always ranges itself on one side or the other, and its principle is never to acknowledge defeat; and on that account he always anticipated objections by refuting them under the form of proof or exposition of his subject, without even mentioning them. His mode

of proceeding was as follows. He commenced by a clear development of the nature of the question, explaining with precision the true doctrine of the church, and eliminating all the false meanings by which its enemies have travestied for the purpose of decrying it; and he then presented his proofs in a way so simple and so pertinent, with arguments so accessible to the most ordinary understandings, that little or no effort of the mind was requisite to feel their force. He was especially fond of the proofs which speak to the heart, and make manifest all the beauty, attractiveness, and elevation of the Catholic faith; and more than once he experienced the happy effects of that predilection. Some examples will furnish an idea of his style. On one occasion he had chosen for his subject the adoration of the cross; and he began by explaining that in this, Jesus Christ is the sole object of worship, that his cross is only honoured as the image which brings him before our eyes; then, reverting to his theme, "Suppose," said he, "that a generous individual seeing you about to fall beneath the weapon of an enemy, should throw himself between you and the assassin, and save your life by the sacrifice of his own; and that a painter, struck with this heroic trait, should draw the portrait of your preserver, and exhibit him to you bathed in blood and covered with wounds: what would you then do? You would throw yourself upon it in a transport of gratitude and love; you would glue your lips to it; you would deluge it with your tears, and your heart would almost sink beneath the weight of the feelings aroused. My brethren, here is the whole Catholic tenet with regard to the homage of the cross. It is not for the mind to discuss, it is for the heart to feel

all that should be inspired by the image of a God who died for the salvation of man."

On another occasion, when preaching in a Protestant church, he took for his text the words of our Lord, "This is my body, this is my blood." (Matt. xxvi. 26, 28.) Upon this he established three points: that the real presence of Jesus Christ in the eucharist is the most clearly announced dogma in Scripture, since human language has no expressions more intelligible and unequivocal than those employed in reference to it; the most worthy of God, since it is the most touching mystery of love, and nothing could be worthier of him than to carry his love for man even to the incomprehensible; and finally, the most useful, since nothing can be better fitted to make man understand the eminent holiness in which he should keep his body and his soul, which, by this mystery, become the living temple of the divinity. This truth, so presented, made a lively impression upon the Protestants, and M. de Cheverus heard some of them say on leaving the church, "We did not think the Catholics had such strong reasons in support of their belief." A minister soon after paid him a visit, and acknowledging that he was greatly struck by his sermon, said he had but one objection to make: "If," he remarked, "what you have just established be true, you should be purer than an angel; you who receive every day a God." "At this," said M. de Cheverus, when relating the anecdote, "a blush suffused my face; I lowered my eyes, and was silent."

Nevertheless, in his various preachings, M. de Cheverus remarked that the discussion of particular doctrines did little good, because the explanations given upon one point always disposed the mind to

seek difficulties upon another; the field of combat was changed, but the enemy was always erect with his arms in his hand. This was the reason why he was always anxious to establish and inculcate in every possible mode the necessity of authority to fix the faith of the learned as well as of the ignorant; that, according to him, was the pivot of the whole controversy. To convince Protestants, he often repeated to them in the discourses he delivered from their pulpits, the following simple phrase, which always produced a strong effect: "Every day, my brethren, I read, like you, the Holy Scriptures. I read it with reflection and prayer after invoking the Holy Spirit, and yet at each page I am arrested by something which I cannot understand; I have need of the authority of the church to indicate its meaning, and fix my faith upon the point." The audience could not fail to make the application: "If M. de Cheverus, who is so much more learned than we are, does not understand the whole Gospel, how is it that our ministers tell us that "it is for every one of us a rule of faith, perfectly clear and intelligible without any extrinsic aid?" Thence M. de Cheverus, having made them feel that the great majority of men cannot decide for themselves upon the details of doctrine, would show them divine wisdom coming to the assistance of human weakness by the institution of a teaching authority, which, deriving its origin from Jesus Christ and the apostles, has reached our days by an uninterrupted series of pastors, professing always and every where the same doctrine without change. These instructions produced so much effect, that a Unitarian minister one day said to him, "I agree with you, that the divinity of Christ once ad-

mitted, Catholicism is a necessary consequence; and if I believed in his divinity, I should be constrained by the rules of good logic, to believe in the Roman church." The ministers of the different sects, in disputing among themselves, could easily prove one another in the wrong, and almost always finished their debates by mutually asking, "By what right do you wish me to submit my reason to yours? If I desired to subject my reason to any authority, I should embrace the religion of M. de Cheverus; that at least has the most imposing authority which exists upon earth."

Besides these discourses addressed to the people, M. de Cheverus had often public conferences with Protestant ministers, and always came off victorious. He pressed his adversaries with irresistible vigour, but always with calmness and self-possession, answered their violence by the force of reason, their sneers by language as mild as convincing, and their arguments when opposed to good sense, by a piquant sally, or instructive raillery. One day, a Methodist minister who was arguing with him, undertook, in order to prove his position, to collect together a number of texts which had no connection with one another, and to deduce from this incoherent jumble, a conclusion which he proclaimed with an air of triumph. "What have you to reply to that?" he cried. "Have you not read in Scripture," asked M. de Cheverus, "that *Judas hung himself*?" "Yes," said the other. "Well, then," he added laughingly, "it is also said in Scripture, *Go thou, and do likewise*." This retort made the audience laugh, and exposed, better than any argument would have done, the absurdity of the minister's reasonings, and the

strange abuse of the Bible of which he had been guilty. It was a general opinion among the Protestants, that "Bishop Cheverus had more learning than their ministers; only," they added, by way of justification, "that his knowledge was human and profane, while theirs was the science of the Holy Spirit."

From these discourses and conferences, the Bishop gathered the most consoling fruit. Many Protestants were not content with merely beholding the truth which he presented so clearly to their eyes—they openly professed and embraced it. Among these conversions there were four especially remarkable: the first was that of Mr. Thomas Wally, a citizen of Boston, distinguished both for the excellence of his mind and his literary attainments, who became an honour to the Catholic religion, and presented to the world, not only in his own person but in that of his spouse and of his numerous family, the most edifying model of every Christian virtue. The second was that of Mr. Samuel Bishop, a lawyer of Newcastle, in the state of Maine. The greatest solemnity was given to the ceremony of his abjuration. It occurred on a Sunday in August, in the church of St. Patrick, at Newcastle. In the presence of a numerous assemblage he pronounced a recantation of his errors, and his profession of the Catholic faith; was baptised, either because he had not been so before at all, or because the manner of his baptism had been such as to leave room for doubt; and then received the sacraments of confirmation and of the Holy Eucharist, with a fervour and devotion that made the deepest impression upon the beholders. But the conversions which gave the greatest delight to M. de Cheverus,

were those of two Protestant divines, father and son, the former of whom was engaged in the full exercise of his functions, the latter confining himself to his duties as principal of a college. Their conversion was not only a restoration to the Catholic religion; it was a solemn profession of all her most rigid and sublime recommendations. The parent having received the minor orders and permission to preach, would not advance any farther in the ecclesiastical state, deeming himself unworthy of its holiness; the son, still more fervent; wished to abandon every thing for the purpose of following Jesus Christ in the path of religious perfection; but he was bound to the world by the ties of marriage. He sought assistance in prayer, and God was pleased to listen to him. His wife became animated with a desire similar to his own. They opened their hearts to one another, and she having entered into a convent of the Visitation, he was admitted into the Society of Jesus, and became a zealous and useful priest. The Bishop was curious to learn of men so well worthy of confidence, whether, during the many years they had lived in the Protestant faith, they had not had some doubts as to its truth and would have died tranquilly in its communion, and received an answer well worthy of note, that until the day on which he had enlightened and instructed them, their convictions had been so perfect that it had never occurred to them to doubt, and that through his means alone truth had beamed upon them for the first time. This instance and many others consoled M. de Cheverus, by giving him reason to believe that numbers of Protestants might be in that state of good faith, or invincible ignorance,

which excuses error in the sight of God;* and he came to the conclusion that it was necessary to be very indulgent towards those who are mistaken, and very cautious in condemning them: "God alone," he was wont to say, "sees the recesses of the heart; he alone is the judge of sincerity, and we must leave the secret to him."

In the midst of the solicitudes in which M. de Cheverus was involved for the increase and sanctification of his flock, he beheld it multiplied beyond his expectation by the arrival of numbers of unfortunate Frenchmen, whom the colonial insurrections had forced to wander from place to place in quest of an asylum and livelihood. Many had already taken refuge at Boston before his arrival there, and many had afterwards continued to come, attracted perhaps by the fame of his benevolence. Regarding them as men in want, as Christians, and unfortunate compa-

* This "good faith," may be understood with especial ease in a country thoroughly imbued with prejudice against the Catholic church. The idea of M. de Cheverus on the subject, is entirely conformable to the general teaching of Catholic theologians. St. Augustin inculcates it, (Lib. iv. *De Baptism. Contr. Donat.*, cap. xvi.); and the faculty of theology of Paris says, in the same sense, (*Censure d'Emile*, Proposition 32,) that "Many, of whom God alone knows the number, although reared in communions separated from the Catholic church, are excused in consequence of invincible ignorance of their schism or heresy. We do not look upon them as strangers to the church out of which there is no salvation. They may firmly believe many articles of faith contained in their religions which are absolutely sufficient for salvation." Finally, the celebrated Nicole, whose proneness to severity of doctrine is well known, says himself, (*De l'Unité de l'Eglise*, lib. 1. c. iii.) "According to all Catholic theologians, there is a large number of living members and true children of the church in the communions separated from her, since there are so many children who always form a considerable part of them, and they may exist also among adults."

riots, he welcomed them with all the cordiality which their claims upon his kindness could inspire. He succoured them, first with his own means, (for he always began by stripping himself,) then by such alms as he could collect; for he who asked nothing on his own account, never hesitated to beg for others; and in distributing his charities, his delicacy doubled the benefit by the manner in which he bestowed it. As these refugees were almost all persons of respectable rank, to whom it would have been a humiliation to solicit aid, to whom it was painful even to receive it, he exerted so much tact in his mode of assisting them, that their self-love, instead of suffering, was, on the contrary, gratified by the consideration with which they were treated. He often visited them to manifest his regard, but chiefly to ascertain that they wanted nothing. In these visits paid to misfortune he did not fail to find his reward. Besides enjoying the delight experienced by a good heart in soothing misery, he sometimes encountered a display of the loftiest virtues. Entering one day a house which had previously escaped his vigilance, he found its occupants in a state of extreme distress. Afflicted at the discovery, he reproached himself for not having known and relieved their sufferings. "You must have passed," said he, "many sorrowful days." "No, sir," replied the father of the family, a venerable old man, worthy of the times of the patriarchs by his piety and his faith, "it is true we have been in want, but we were neither sad nor unhappy; we had placed our trust in God, who never abandons those who hope in him, and we knew that his providence would come to our aid." These words, so full of pious confidence, uttered in the

calm and peaceful tone of virtue, made so lively an impression upon M. de Cheverus that he could never recall them afterwards without emotion: it was the most perfect image of the just man, he said, he had ever seen upon earth. But if amongst these victims of misfortune he met some individuals of elevated virtue, he found also faithless Christians, forgetful of their salvation, and reckless about their eternal destiny. In such cases he would join spiritual to temporal alms, endeavouring to bring back their wandering hearts to the practice of religious duties. To succeed in his efforts, he would begin by rendering virtue attractive in his own person, win the heart by dint of kindness, and so manage his counsels, both as to occasion and manner, that they wore rather the aspect of a friend's advice than the irksome lesson of a master or censor; and so mild, so persuasive were the out-pourings of his zeal, that to resist them was almost impossible. Amongst the refugees was a man of a temper so violent, of passions so strong and terrible, that every one was in dread of him, and several who had ventured to oppose him had fallen victims to his rage; otherwise he was a man of elevated sentiments, and powerful mind, whose passions only required a suitable hand to restrain and direct them. M. de Chèverus, whose perception of character was remarkable, soon discerned the mixture of good and evil which existed in this man, and determined upon gaining his affection. The efforts which he made for that purpose greatly flattered the other, who willingly corresponded to them, so that they soon became, as it were, bosom friends. The Bishop, once master of his heart, moulded it to his will, and in a short time the man of wrath was turned into a mild

and fervent Christian. In becoming the friend of M. de Cheverus he seemed to acquire a new soul, a new character, a new life; he always called him by the name of father, and behaved towards him with as much tenderness and devotion as if he had been the author of his days.

Immense as were the occupations of M. de Cheverus in his own diocese, he was yet able to minister to the wants of other sees. New York, although erected into a bishopric, had never had a bishop, in consequence of the premature death of the titular prelate; and M. de Cheverus for some time supplied his place. Whenever the Jesuits, who directed the church of New York, thought it useful for the interests of religion to call him thither, he immediately complied with their summons. One of the most solemn ceremonies at which he there officiated, was the consecration of the cathedral, a large and beautiful church of the Gothic order, on the feast of the Ascension. The edifice was crowded. He pronounced a sermon on the occasion, which, says a New York journal, was marked by fervent eloquence, and admirable pertinency. His text was the words of the Psalmist, "Lord, I have loved the beauty of thy house." *Domine, dilexi decorem domus tue.*

The zeal of the Bishop of Boston was not confined to the different portions of the United States, it embraced the whole earth; it looked to the interests of the entire church. We find a signal proof of this in a letter which he addressed a few years after his consecration, to the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland. These prelates, afflicted at the persecutions with which Bonaparte was harassing the church, particularly in the person of its chief, the illustrious

Pius VII., whom he had carried off from Rome and deprived of his estates, had written to a great number of Catholic Bishops for the purpose of coming to some general understanding with regard to the course to be pursued in such a crisis. M. de Cheverus having received a copy of their letter, sent them an answer, doubtless in concert with the other Bishops of the United States, breathing the most earnest zeal for the church and its august head. "We hold," he said, "to the Sovereign Pontiff, as the members are attached to the head; and, if all the members, according to St. Paul, compassionate the sufferings of the least one among them, how much more must the miseries of the chief who governs them, produce in all commiseration and grief. We weep with you, venerable brethren, and we are angry in the Lord; with you we pronounce execrable the deed which drives an old man from the house of his fathers, persecutes and afflicts an irreproachable Bishop, deprives the church of her patrimony, and overwhelms with outrage a Pontiff who has done nothing but good. We declare at the same time before God, that we will receive with humble respect, the counsels of our Holy Father, although held in captivity, and that his wishes as well as his commands will always find us docile. Nevertheless, we will not hold ourselves bound by the letters which may be sent to us as proceeding from him, unless it shall be manifest that he wrote them in full and perfect liberty; and should he die, which God forbid, in these great perils of the church, we will not recognise him whom violence and terror shall place in the chair of Peter; we will submit only to him whom the great majority of the Bishops of the universe, and almost the whole Catho-

lic people shall recognise as the incontestable successor of St. Peter."

The last part of this letter, whilst displaying the enlightened and prudent devotion of the Bishop of Boston to the Holy See, exhibits at the same time the dread with which the despotism of Bonaparte filled the Catholic world. Happily, that Providence which calms with a word the tempest, and points out to the unfettered billows the grain of sand where their rage must cease, arrested in time the course of the ambitious emperor, and broke the rod of his power. Europe entire rose up to overthrow the colossus which was trampling it in the dust; the armies of the north precipitated themselves upon France; Bonaparte fell; sovereigns and people were freed, and the head of the church, for so long a time captive, returned to the eternal city and resumed the exercise of his pacific and salutary sway. An event so auspicious for the peace of the world was hailed with enthusiasm by the inhabitants of Boston, and a public festival was appointed for the purpose of celebrating it; but by no one was it witnessed with more joy, by no one celebrated with more ardour, than by M. de Cheverus. His delight was equal to the grief with which he had been filled by the oppression of the church and its chief. Accordingly he performed in his church a solemn service of thanks, chanted a *Te Deum* with all possible pomp, and pronounced a discourse in which he surpassed himself. Never, said the Boston journals, had he been so eloquent, so pathetic; it is impossible to describe the transport, the song of triumph, with which he proclaimed the liberty of an enfranchised world, the disenthralment of the church, the cessation of the horrors of war,

which for so many years had been harassing the nations, the return of the Bourbons to their throne, the universal peace and charity which were about to reign and unite all countries of the earth. "These effusions," says a Boston journal, "which he poured out in the pulpit with so much eloquence, were without effort. It was evident that he only abandoned himself to the transports of a heart filled with love for mankind, and which suffered or joyed with those at a distance, as well as with those who were near." In the evening there was an illumination throughout the city; and that of the cathedral, particularly of the cross, was unrivalled. The Bishop beheld in this festival the triumph of religion and of the church, and wished to demonstrate the joy which interests so dear must excite in every Catholic heart.

Some time after this event, the American church suffered a great loss by the death of its metropolitan, Archbishop Carroll; and the loss was the more sensibly felt from his leaving as his successor an infirm old man, destitute of the physical strength requisite for the place, and who looked upon himself as already upon the brink of the tomb. This was Mr. Neal, the coadjutor of the diocese. This venerable old man, feeling keenly the embarrassment of his position, requested the Holy See to associate with him the Bishop of Boston, pointing out that prelate as the most capable of aiding him as long as he lived in the administration of the diocese, and of succeeding him after his death. The Sovereign Pontiff lent a favourable ear to the request, but first wished to know how he should replace M. de Cheverus at Boston. On receiving this answer, Mr. Neal asked M. de Cheverus to visit him, for the purpose of conferring upon mat-

ters of the greatest importance to the welfare of the American church. M. de Cheverus accordingly went to him, but was no less afflicted than surprised at seeing the letters from Rome. He protested earnestly against the proposed arrangement, representing to the Archbishop that to take him away from Boston would be to sacrifice the church which was rising there, as the only priest who knew and was known by the people of the diocese was M. Matignon, who was now so old and infirm as to be incapable of discharging episcopal duties. Mr. Neal finally acquiesced in his views, and consented that he should remain at Boston, proposing, however, another arrangement to be submitted to the Holy See, viz. that he should from time to time visit Baltimore, to give the Archbishop the advice, assistance, and consolation of which he had need; and that, at the death of the latter, he should immediately take his place, in order that the most important diocese in the country should not remain vacant. M. de Cheverus replied, that he would obey the Holy See in all things, but that he perceived great objections to this new suggestion, and he used every argument to persuade the Archbishop to choose a coadjutor who should be constantly with him; indicated several priests of the Jesuit order, and proposed M. Maréchal, of the order of St. Sulpice, who had been spoken of for the See of Philadelphia; assuring him that they would all be much fitter than himself. The Jesuits refused; M. Maréchal was unwilling; and in the midst of this discussion excited and maintained by modesty, M. de Cheverus wrote to Rome to avert the blow with which he was threatened. "The church of Boston," he said, "has become to me a well-beloved spouse,

and I have never had a thought of abandoning her.* It is the universal belief, as well as my own, that the Catholic religion would suffer great injury by my removal and the appointment of a new Bishop, who would be unacquainted with and unknown to the diocese, however superior his merits to mine. Baltimore has many priests worthier than I am, (I say it from the bottom of my soul and before God,) especially among the Jesuit fathers, whose excellent qualities, whose piety, zeal, and indefatigable labours are beyond all praise. The seminary of Baltimore also offers men of truly apostolical character, two of whom have already been raised to the episcopacy, and are the delight and glory of the church of the United States. I earnestly pray, therefore, that some one more worthy than myself may be chosen for the coadjutorship of Baltimore.”

Having sent this letter, of which we have only transcribed a part, M. de Cheverus left the Archbishop, begging him to think no more of him, and returned to Boston. After much reflection, Mr. Neal decided in favour of M. Maréchal, and asked his ap-

* *Sponsa facta est mihi dilecta ecclesia Bostoniensis, nec illud unquam in mente habui ut illam desererem. Omnibus persuasum est, nec ego dissentire possum, Catholicam religionem multum detrimenti capturam esse, si ab hac recesserit ille quem cognoscunt et a quo cognoscuntur, et episcopus illis ignotus, meritis licet major, in meum locum succedat. Inter sacerdotes diocesis Baltimoresensis plurimos meipso valde digniores (ex animo et coram Deo arbitror,) praesertim inter Patris S—I. quorum eximiae dotes, pietas in Deum, zelus et labores indefessi nunquam satis commendari possunt. Verè apostolicos habemus quoque in seminario Baltimoresensi sacerdotes S. Sulpiii; ex eorum sodalitio assumptis duobus episcopis gaudet jam et gloriatur federatae Americae ecclesia. Ut alius dignior eligatur enixa precor.*

pointment to the coadjutorship. As soon as M. de Cheverus was informed of this fact, he wrote a second time to Rome, expressing his satisfaction, and begging never to be separated from his beloved church at Boston. "My heart," he said, "suffered much from the fear that the obedience which I owe and will always pay to the Holy See, would force me to abandon my flock. But to apprehension and anxiety peace and happiness have succeeded, since I learnt the nomination of M. Maréchal to the coadjutorship of Baltimore. Now I beg, I pray, I beseech, that I may never be transferred to another see; that I may be permitted to consecrate all my cares to my small but very dear flock, to sacrifice for it all that I have and all that I am. I rejoice to see M. Maréchal performing the episcopal functions there, where he and his brethren of St. Sulpice have been the masters and models of the clergy, and have conciliated universal regard."

Free from all disquietude, living only for his beloved church, M. de Cheverus continued tranquilly to prosecute his useful and important labours. Hearing that the Archbishop was about to send two Jesuit fathers, his friends, to Rome on affairs of the diocese, he gave them a letter for the Holy See, in which his affection for them was thus warmly expressed. "I learn," he says, "that the venerable Father Grassy is about to set out for Rome; his pure lips will inform you of the true state of our church. I entertain the profoundest veneration for this father, a sentiment which I cherish in common with all the other Bishops and ecclesiastics to whom piety is dear. His companion is Father F., whom I have the happiness of counting among my most intimate

friends. We earnestly pray that these two excellent men may speedily return, accompanied by new labourers of the society to which they belong. The harvest here is abundant, the labourers few, and we need men like those which the Society of Jesus can furnish; they truly are ministers who do honour to the church, and dispense as it should be dispensed, the word of truth."

M. de Cheverus was not less fond of the priests of St. Sulpice than of the Jesuit brethren. He was intimate with all the directors of the seminary at Baltimore, but especially with the superior, Mr. Nagot, whom he loved as a father, and revered as a saint. He used in after days to take pleasure in relating how that venerable old man, who was anxious to resign his post of superior in order to devote himself entirely to his salvation, begged him to arrange the matter with the Archbishop, and come and instal his successor. He did both, and was equally touched and edified by the humility of the good old gentleman, who as soon as his successor was proclaimed, threw himself upon his knees before him to promise him obedience, and solicit his blessing. M. de Cheverus also corresponded with the Sulpitians of Montreal, in Canada; and great as was the distance, he made several journeys to do them service, and mediate between them and a powerful personage who was hostile to them. He was desirous also of having some of them with him in Boston, in order to aid in forming priests for his diocese, where there were very few. But this not being feasible, and wanting all the means of establishing a seminary for clergymen according to the wish of the council of Trent, he made choice of several intelligent and virtuous

young men who appeared fit for the ecclesiastical state, took them into his house, gave them lessons, and causing them to attend him in the performance of all the functions of his ministry, taught them at the same time both theory and practice. He instructed them in singing, in the ceremonies, in preaching; and thus, while he had the consolation of securing good priests for the future to the church, he gained also the advantage of imparting more majesty and splendour to the exercises of religion. Nothing could be more agreeable than this establishment in the episcopal house; every thing was conducted in it by rule, but at the same time by affection. The pupils feared to displease, because they loved, their preceptor; they anticipated all his wishes, from the happiness they felt in doing any thing satisfactory to so excellent a master; and this attachment did not end with the period of clerical education. More than four years afterwards, several young ecclesiastics made the voyage from Boston to Bordeaux for the sole purpose of visiting their former master; and when the time for their return arrived, it might have been supposed they were leaving a parent, from the sorrow they displayed.

Whilst thus engaged in forming co-labourers in his ministry, the Bishop embarked in an enterprise of the greatest importance. Hitherto there had not been in his diocese a single Catholic establishment for the education of youth, so that Catholic parents were obliged either to educate their children themselves, which was impossible for a great number, or to send them to Protestant schools, where they were imbued with errors and prejudices against their religion. He was eager to provide a remedy for this evil, and open

a fountain where they might at the same time imbibe holy doctrines, and drink of the waters of worldly knowledge; but the undertaking was surrounded with difficulties. It was a work of devotion which offered little inducement as far as the present life was concerned. A religious community could alone undertake it and give sufficient guarantees for its stability. But how bring nuns to Boston, and what would be said of them there? Would a place so filled with prejudice against monastic vows, permit the establishment of a cloister? Finally, how were a house and the necessary resources for the existence of the society to be procured? These difficulties, however, did not discourage the Bishop, and his perseverance overcame them all. He made application to a convent of Ursulines, celebrated for their skill in the education of children, and obtained a colony from them; he then called upon the generosity of his congregation, and procured the funds requisite for the purchase of a house and the support of the nuns. On the morning after the arrival of the Ursulines, the journals of the city were busy with the event, and manifested feelings in regard to it, if not altogether hostile in consequence of their respect for the Bishop, at least not very friendly. M. de Cheverus replied to their remarks the following day, showing that an association of twelve persons, who were pleased to live together in the same house without going out of it, was the most innocent act possible in the eyes of the law, and that to interfere with them would be a violation of private right. Not a word was afterwards uttered against the institution; it soon had a large number of pupils; and Protestants themselves, satisfied with the good education re-

ceived there, confided their children to the care of the good ladies.*

So great was the influence of M. de Cheverus, that as soon as it was known he approved of any thing, all opposition to it ceased. Some monks of the order of La Trappe, who had been driven from their country by the revolution and had heard of his exalted position, sought his protection in order to re-establish in his diocese their scattered community. He welcomed them with his wonted kindness, lodged them in his house, fed them at his table, and offered them every aid in the accomplishment of their object, annexing, however, a condition that they should modify their rules in some respects which he deemed incompatible with the rigour of the climate;† but this the good monks were unwilling to do, and they accordingly removed to another country.

Notwithstanding the universal consideration which he enjoyed, and the gratifying success he had experienced, the days of M. de Cheverus began to pass sorrowfully. For some time he had observed that his excellent friend, M. Matignon, was rapidly hastening to the tomb, and the idea of losing him was a cause of grief which increased with his sickness, and which only those could appreciate who knew M. de Cheverus, and understood the affectionate character of his heart. On the 19th of September, 1818, a day marked out for him in the designs of Providence as a day of sorrow, he was call-

* In 1834, this convent was set on fire and burnt to the ground, in the night, by a mob, and the incendiaries were acquitted by the tribunals of justice!

† He thought particularly that the office of the night could not be performed in a country where the cold is so severe.

ed upon to exert all his fortitude in administering the last sacraments to his friend, in assisting him in his agony, and closing his eyes. In the midst of his grief, his strength of mind did not abandon him. Very different from those friends, who hearkening only to the dictates of sorrow, and deaf to the inspirations of faith, fly from the funerals of those whom they love, he determined to preside at the obsequies of his beloved companion, and celebrate them with a solemnity unknown in the place. The body was carried in procession through the streets amidst hymns of wo, and he himself, with his mitre on his head, followed the coffin, attended by his congregation. The inhabitants respected the ceremony, however unusual in their eyes, honouring by their silence and the perfect order they preserved, the grief of M. de Cheverus and the memory of his friend. The ensuing day, all the journals of the city, far from saying aught against the ceremonial, tendered their thanks to M. de Cheverus for having augured so well of the good spirit of the inhabitants of Boston, and known how to appreciate the sentiments of reverence which they felt for his departed associate. It is difficult to describe the effect of this honourable conduct upon M. de Cheverus. The trait remained engraved upon his heart as one of the most touching testimonials of affection he ever received from the people of Boston.

From that day, however, M. de Cheverus seemed to bid adieu to happiness. The remembrance of M. Matignon was a constant source of grief; he felt as it were, deserted and alone, although surrounded by friends who cherished him; he was obliged to encounter a great increase of labour thrown upon him

by the death of his associate; and in addition, an asthma from which he had long suffered, began to make alarming progress. Nevertheless he would not refuse any labour that presented itself; he attended to every thing, multiplying himself, as it were, in order to answer every demand. He ordained two of his pupils, that they might supply his place at Boston whilst he was absent on his apostolical journeys; and, as in his days of perfect health, he visited, every year, the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes, and even built them a church upon the bank of their river. During the rigours of winter and the heats of summer, he was seen, as usual, hastening wherever he was needed, wherever there were sick to attend, or sufferers to console. So much labour soon produced a serious effect upon his health, and increased his asthma to a most harassing degree. The physicians at length told him that the only means of saving his life was to remove to a milder atmosphere, and that the severity of the climate of Boston would, in a few years, consign him to his grave; but in spite of their advice, in spite of the natural desire of seeing again his family and his native land, in spite of the gloom which the death of M. Matignon had spread over his residence at Boston, he would not quit his post. Religion had placed him there; religion kept him there; and he was resolved upon dying in the country of his adoption. He even designated the spot for his grave, by the side of his departed friend, and awaited tranquilly the moment when God should call him to himself.

But something worse than death for a disposition like his, occurred—a malady which disabled him from complying with the demands for his services

The evils which this event was likely to entail upon his flock, caused him at last to think of yielding his place to another more able to discharge its duties, and to retire within the bosom of his family, there to terminate an existence which he deemed near its end. He disclosed his views to some friends, who pressed him to carry his design into effect. Feeling, however, the seriousness of the step, he would not be precipitate, and for three years he allowed the thought to sleep within his bosom, until, in the beginning of 1829, he received a letter from the Prince de Croy, Grand Almoner of France, announcing his nomination to the bishopric of Montauban. M. Hyde de Neuville, minister from France to the United States, who had perceived with regret the alteration in his health, and was convinced from the opinion of his physicians, that a milder climate would restore him and preserve a life so valuable to religion, had spoken of his merits to the king on returning to Paris, for the purpose of having him recalled and restored to the country to which he belonged by birth. Louis XVIII. entering earnestly into the views of his envoy, immediately named M. de Cheverus to the bishopric of Montauban, and directed the Grand Almoner to notify him of the circumstance. The letter written by that personage was of the most urgent kind. "I have every reason to believe," he said, "that Divine Providence has ordained these events for his own glory and the good of the church. His majesty, counting upon your eagerness to respond to the confidence he reposes in your piety, upon your zeal and your devotion to his person, would see with satisfaction your immediate departure for Europe." The Prince de Croy, himself, urged him to set out

without delay, adding that the nuncio of the Pope at Paris, would attend at once to his regular release from the bishopric of Boston, and the canonical arrangements for his new see. The first sensation experienced by M. de Cheverus on the reception of so unexpected a letter was that of surprise, but this soon gave way to conflicting feelings, which threw him into a state of the most violent agitation. The thought of revisiting his family, which at first was so delightful, no longer presented itself to him under the same smiling aspect, now that he was about to pass from design to execution; the love of his country, the will of the king, the difficulty of continuing to exercise his functions in Boston, all combined to plead in favour of France; but his cherished flock whom he must abandon, the religion to which he felt that, in spite of his infirmities, he might still be useful, his disconsolate brethren who were eager to follow him wherever he went, his convent whose existence his departure would peril, the regret he would awaken, these considerations spoke still more loudly to his heart. So fierce was the struggle, that for some days he did nothing but weep and pray without being able to come to any decision. In this painful condition he consulted the Archbishop of Baltimore and the Sulpitians of Montreal, particularly their superior, M. Roux, in whom he had the greatest confidence. Their unanimous opinion was that he ought to remain. This was enough to decide him; and he forthwith wrote to the Grand Almoner to express his gratitude, and explain the reasons of his refusal, which were the same as he had formerly given to the Holy See to prevent his translation to the archbishopric of Baltimore. "For these

reasons," he said, " M. Maréchal was appointed in my stead, and the church of Baltimore was the gainer by it; another nomination, which I pray you to make, will procure the same advantage for the church of Montauban. If his majesty permits me, as I beseech him to do, to remain here longer, this establishment will be confirmed; my flock and all the inhabitants of Boston will bless the name of the king of France. They see every day in my dwelling his portrait, by the side of that of his martyred brother, and they would wish to owe to him the prolongation of my stay. They know that the kings of France have always been disposed to favour missions, as has been so well said in the ninth chapter of the fourth book of the Genius of Christianity, which I have translated and read to them from the pulpit. May I presume to hope that his majesty will pardon me for doing what I believe, before God, to be my duty."

This letter and its purport soon came to the knowledge of the people of Boston, who were all distressed at the idea of losing a pastor so beloved; and to insure its success, more than two hundred of the principal Protestant inhabitants of the city joined to it their entreaties and representations.*

Their letter, so honourable to M. de Cheverus, was sent to Paris at the same time as his own; but neither the one nor the other restored tranquillity to his breast. The sacrifice he wished to make of France was a wound that continued to bleed; and at the same time he feared that the king would reiterate his desires in a mode that would constrain him to

* See Additions.—Tr.

obey. "My heart is torn in pieces," he wrote to M. de Neuville, "but I deem myself obliged, for the good of religion and the honour of the French name, not to abandon my post. If you had witnessed the conflicts I have experienced, if you knew exactly my position, and that of my diocese, you would pardon, I am sure, my refusal. I have detailed the reasons which prompt my conduct, in my letter to the Grand Almoner; and I shall be unhappy until I learn that they have been found sufficient." The king, however, would not accept his refusal, and directed the Grand Almoner to insist upon his prompt return to France. In this epistle three considerations were enforced for his obedience: First, the express will of the king, who now called him a second time to the administration of the diocese of Montauban. Second, the reasons of health which had previously caused him to think of returning to France; and, "I am informed," the letter added, "that these reasons are still the same." Third, the existing condition of the French clergy. "Being so far from us, you can have no exact idea of our situation, of the feebleness of our resources after so long a trial, and the paucity of individuals fit for the higher stations in the church. I have consequently regarded your return as a kindness of Providence, and a consolation he deigns to bestow upon me in the midst of my anxieties." The writer finished by mentioning the great affliction his refusal had occasioned, the displeasure which the king would feel if his wishes were disregarded, and the evidence he ought to perceive of the will of heaven in the concurrence of circumstances which called for his return.

Such representations M. de Cheverus did not deem

it possible to resist. He thought he saw in them the will of God, the more especially as his physicians assured him that his health could not stand another winter in Boston. He decided, therefore, upon going, but not without the most painful emotions. To leave Boston was like tearing his soul asunder; it was a species of death, and thus, as if the day of his departure was to be a day of dissolution, he determined previously, as he expressed it, *to make his will*. He gave to the diocese, the church, the episcopal residence, and the Ursuline convent, of which he held the proprietorship; to the bishops, his successors, he left his library, which was composed of the best works, and was the object of his particular affection; and all else that belonged to him he distributed among his clergy; his friends, and the poor; and, as he had come poor to Boston, so he resolved to go from it, without any other goods than the same trunk which he had brought with him twenty-seven years before. He wanted even to leave his chalice, cruets, and cross, and only resolved upon taking them on account of their being family articles.

On beholding him thus despoil himself the inhabitants of Boston were greatly affected, and many of them manifested their feelings by the most generous acts. One amongst other remarkable traits, was that of a grocer, who, by many years of labour and economy, had amassed a little fortune of six thousand francs. This the worthy man brought to M. de Cheverus, begging him to accept it, "for," said he, "after you have stripped yourself for us, I fear that you will be in want yourself; and were I to suspect that such was the case, the idea would render me unhappy through life." M. de Cheverus had great

difficulty in causing his refusal to be accepted, whilst the tears by which it was accompanied bespoke the warmth of his thanks. Feeling the same fear as the generous individual just spoken of, the principal inhabitants of Boston, Protestants as well as Catholics, raised by subscription a considerable sum, and went in a body to M. de Cheverus to inform him that it was at his disposal, that he might at once employ it as his own, or draw upon it subsequently as he chose, and that they would never suffer it to be exhausted any more than their gratitude. A proceeding so generous touched him to the soul, but at the same time only increased his sorrow at quitting such excellent and devoted friends. From all sides poured in upon him regrets, adieu, and sentiments of regard, which were so many new wounds to his heart. "Oh ! my God," wrote the ~~Archbishop~~ of Baltimore, "what will become of the church of America ? Although placed at a great distance from me, you were, next to God, my firmest support. Will it be possible for me to govern my province after your departure?" The Protestant journals were full of the same lamentations. "This worthy prelate," they said, "has passed nearly thirty years among us, and during that whole period, has inspired all classes with the utmost confidence and respect. The amenity of his manners, as a man of the world, his talents, his goodness as a Bishop, his pure and apostolical life, have been the constant theme of eulogium ; we deplore his loss as a public calamity." All bewailed the loss of so excellent a pastor, even to the gaoler of the prison, who went to him to bid him farewell, and say that he would never forget his kindness to the prisoners under his charge. The Catholics, as may be easily

imagined, were not the last to express their grief. They gave vent to it in a touching address, to which M. de Cheverus made at once a most affectionate reply.*

The Sunday before his departure he preached his farewell sermon, to an audience as large as the church could by any possibility contain, giving his last counsels to his flock, and thanking them and the Protestants, of whom there were numbers among his hearers, for the kindness with which they had treated him during his sojourn at Boston. Nothing could be more affecting than the whole scene. The tenderest sentiments prompted the words of the orator and trembled in the tones of his voice; whilst the audience manifested every sign of the truest and deepest emotion. Tears and sobs in all parts of the church, announced that the holiest and dearest ties were about to be dissolved.

At the moment of his departure M. de Cheverus received another most flattering testimony of affection and respect. More than three hundred vehicles were collected to escort him out of the city, and accompanied him for several leagues upon the road to New York, where he was to embark. At length it became necessary to separate, and warm were the adieu, and bitter the regrets, with which the parting was marked.

Thus was effected this painful separation; but their hearts were not severed. M. de Cheverus left behind a name ever living, a reputation every glorious for the church. The reader will see with satisfaction how he was spoken of many years afterwards, by a

* For the Address and Reply see the Additions.—Tr.

Protestant minister, Dr. Channing, in a review of the life of Fenelon. "Has not the metropolis of New England witnessed a sublime example of Christian virtue in a Catholic Bishop? Who, among our religious teachers, would solicit a comparison between himself and the devoted Cheverus? This good man, whose virtues and talents have now raised him to high dignities in church and state, who now wears in his own country the joint honours of an Archbishop and a peer, lived in the midst of us, devoting his days and nights, and his whole heart, to the service of a poor and uneducated congregation. We saw him declining, in a great degree, the society of the cultivated and refined, that he might be the friend of the ignorant and friendless; leaving the circles of polished life, which he would have graced, for the meanest hovels; bearing, with a father's sympathy, the burdens and sorrows of his large spiritual family; charging himself alike with their temporal and spiritual concerns; and never discovering, by the faintest indication, that he felt his fine mind degraded by his seemingly humble office. This good man, bent on his errands of mercy, was seen in our streets under the most burning sun of summer, and the fiercest storms of winter, as if armed against the elements by the power of charity. He has left us, but not to be forgotten. He enjoys among us what to such a man must be dearer than fame. His name is cherished where the great of this world are unknown. It is pronounced with blessings, with grateful tears, with sighs for his return, in many an abode of sorrow and want."

From these magnificent eulogiums, the writer draws inferences which it is important to remark.

“And how can we shut our hearts against this proof of the power of the Catholic religion to form good and great men?”.... “It is time that greater justice were done to this ancient and wide spread community. The Catholic church has produced some of the greatest and best men that ever lived, and this is proof enough of its possessing all the means of salvation.”

Such was the reputation, glorious to religion and the church, which was left by M. de Cheverus in America, and which sufficiently explains the regrets his departure excited, and the honours with which it was attended. He embarked at New York on the first of October, accompanied by a French ecclesiastic, M. Morainville, who for a long time had been exercising the ministry in the United States, but was now forced by bad health to return to Europe. Among the passengers were men of all denominations of religion, and some of no religion at all, but M. de Cheverus charmed them all so much by the suavity and blandness of his deportment, that they besought him to preach to them; and every Sunday, throughout the passage, he said prayers and read the Bible for them, with such instructions as he thought appropriate. He was listened to with universal attention and respect; and all, accustomed as they had been to hate the Catholic religion, were surprised to hear themselves called by the epithet of *beloved brethren*, an epithet which that religion, which is a religion of love, teaches should be given to all mankind. Sometimes he even preached to them during the week, bringing ever to their minds that Creator “whose eyes were following them across the vast solitude of the seas.” Providence, indeed, gave

proof that he accompanied them. The voyage was prosperous in the extreme until they reached the English channel, when they were suddenly assailed by a tremendous storm, just as they were flattering themselves with the hope of arriving the next day at Havre. The captain, after struggling for a long time against the fury of the winds and waves, finding all his efforts useless, and the ship, which had lost her rudder, driving upon the rocks that line the coast, informed the Bishop of the danger, selecting him as the firmest hearted among the passengers, and the best fitted to animate their courage. "There are a thousand chances to one," said he, "that we will be lost." The danger soon became imminent; the vessel was abreast of two rocks between which there was a narrow passage; the captain hesitated, not knowing what to do; for fifteen hours they had been fluctuating betwixt life and death, and night was now about to wrap them in its terrors. In his despair, he determined upon attempting the passage, and running upon shore at every risk. The measure was an extreme one, but no other seemed feasible. He disclosed his intention to M. de Cheverus, who told the passengers to prepare themselves for every event, heard the confessions of the Catholics and gave them absolution, and invited all to join with him in prayer to the Sovereign Master of life and death. The vessel rushed onwards; a fearful crash was heard; it had struck upon the rock, and through its broken sides the waves were pouring in; all deemed themselves lost; but the passage was effected, there was little sea where the ship had stranded, and the danger was at an end. The captain threw himself upon the neck of the Bishop, exclaiming that his prayers

had saved their lives. Many of the passengers swooned with excess of surprise and joy at this escape from the very jaws of death. M. de Cheverus took them up in his arms, carried them to the shore, and no accident happened to any one. What is remarkable, of all the vessels that were overtaken by the tempest in the same place, this was the only one saved. All the rest were entirely lost, with both freight and crew. Having thus been rescued from destruction in a manner which he himself called miraculous,* he landed upon the shores of France, thirty-one years after he had left them.

* "God has saved us in a miraculous manner," he wrote to his family on the 3d November of this year.

BOOK III.

FROM THE RETURN OF M. DE CHEVERUS TO FRANCE IN
1823, TO THE REVOLUTION OF JULY 1830.

FRANCE at length recovered M. de Cheverus; and not less delightful to all those who knew him was the intelligence of his arrival, than lively the emotion he experienced on again beholding his native land. He forthwith repaired to Auderville, where was the nearest church, to celebrate the festival of All Saints, which occurred on the day after his arrival. Exhausted by fatigue, he could only say low mass; but the following day, Sunday, he officiated at high mass, and preached at vespers. On Monday he received the visits of the clergy of the neighbourhood, who hastened to pay their respects to a prelate so revered. On Tuesday he set out for Cherbourg. In all the parishes upon the road, he was welcomed with every honour, and obliged to stop from time to time for the gratification of the pastors and people, who were eager to obtain his blessing. Having reached Cherbourg towards evening, he went to a convocation of the clergy of the diocese, which happened to be sitting at the moment. On his introduction into the hall of conference, the assemblage in the first impulse of respect and joy, threw themselves upon their knees to receive his benediction. It would be impossible to depict the emotions he must have felt at thus finding himself for the first time for thirty years in so numerous an assemblage of French ecclesiastics, many of

whom had been his companions in exile, and seeing them all upon their knees before him! With tears in his eyes he blessed and embraced them with all the fervor of his sensitive nature.

The news of his arrival was quickly spread throughout Cherbourg, and immediately the Viscount de Conillac, the Governor, and the Marquis de Frotté, the Sub-prefect, with all the authorities and clergy of the town, hastened to visit him. The first offered him, not in his own name, but, which was much more delicate, in that of the king, Louis XVIII. every pecuniary assistance he might need in consequence of his shipwreck. Having, however, as much as he absolutely required for the expenses of his journey, he declined the offer, notwithstanding the friendly earnestness with which it was pressed. It was easier to overcome him on another point. The inhabitants of the city were very desirous to hear him preach, and begged him to comply with their wishes. The request at first embarrassed him, as with the exception of his recent sermon at Auderville, he had not preached in French for thirty years more than twice or thrice in his journeys to Canada, and the language had become so foreign, as it were, to him, that he feared to trust himself before a numerous audience. Not willing, however, to disappoint those who had shown him so much kindness, he went into the pulpit, and, save a few anglicisms which escaped him, accomplished the task with as much ease and facility of elocution as if he had never intermitted the use of his maternal tongue.

From Cherbourg he travelled directly to Paris. There having offered his homage to the king, who received him with especial favor, he found himself

overwhelmed with visits and attentions of every sort. His former companions of Louis-le-Grand, his college and seminary friends, were equally eager to celebrate his return; and various churches and religious institutions besieged him with solicitations to preach for them. At the seminary of St. Nicholas he was complimented in Latin by the pupils, and replied in the same language with that purity of style and gracefulness of thought, which thirty years before had gained him so much admiration at the Sorbonne. Being invited to preside at a religious ceremony at the Seminary of Issy, on the 21st of November, he addressed the pupils with his wonted piety and zeal; and at the association of St. Joseph for indigent labourers, he spoke to industrious poverty the words of consolation and useful advice.

The pleasure enjoyed by M. de Cheverus in again seeing so many persons and places endeared to him, was cruelly marred by an event which carried the deepest affliction to his heart. A sister to whom he was peculiarly attached (Madam George, of whom we spoke in the beginning of this work) and whom he was hoping to meet and embrace once more, was taken away from this life full of merit and good works. Severe as was the blow, he supported it with resignation and fortitude, and soon after set out for Mayenne, his native place. He delayed entering the town until evening in order to escape the honors of a reception; but he had scarcely set his foot within its precincts, when the news flew about in every direction. The ringing of a bell announced it to all the inhabitants; a spontaneous illumination burst upon his path, and a multitude crowding around him with torches in their hands and uttering exclamations of

delight, escorted him to his brother's house. The next day, the clergy wishing to make up for the privation of the previous evening, went in procession to the Bishop, and conducted him under the canopy to the church, clothed in his pontifical habiliments, and then complimented him before the principal door, applying to him the words of the Jewish people to Judith, "Thou art the glory of our nation," *Tu honoriscentia populi nostri.* A solemn *Te Deum* was sung in thanks for his happy return, and after the ceremony all the authorities of the town called to pay their respects. Various addresses were delivered to him, to which he made the most gracious and pertinent replies.

Two days afterwards he preached in the church of *Notre-Dame*. The Curate of the parish, M. Sougé, who had been his friend in childhood, and the companion of his exile some time in England, had died a few days before, and he was anxious to honor his memory by a funeral discourse. It was his lot to eulogize a priest in whom it was difficult to say which predominated, virtue or talent; and he did it with all the interest inspired by the subject, and all the sensibility of an affectionate heart, which expected to embrace a friend, and encountered only his cold remains. Such was the satisfaction his sermon afforded, that he was incessantly called upon afterwards to preach, which he did with indefatigable zeal and the most salutary effects. The churches were thronged to hear him, and many who had previously affected to despise the words of truth, appeared to delight in hearing them from his lips.

To this work of preaching, M. de Cheverus, as apostolical at Mayenne as at Boston, joined various

other labors. He re-established peace and harmony in several families, caused divisions to cease, and brought about numerous reconciliations. He was every where to be found where good was to be done. The sisters of the visitation, the sick in the hospital, the convicts in the prison, all shared in his counsels and benevolence. Being informed one day that a priest who had been faithless to his vows, was willing to receive a visit from him, he repaired to his residence, conversed with him upon his condition, and at the end of several conferences, had the happiness of seeing him open his eyes to the light, and make his peace with God and the church. This conversion was the prelude to another still more dear to his heart. There was a physician at Mayenne, an honorable man according to the world, and a believer in the truths of religion, but who was unhappily little solicitous about the performance of its duties. He fell dangerously sick; no one dared to speak to him about sending for a priest. M. de Cheverus was informed of the circumstance, and given to understand that if he would deign to visit the sufferer, although unknown to him, the attention would flatter him, and be perhaps a means of disposing him to receive the last sacraments, and die a christian death. The Bishop complied with the intimation; called upon the sick man, and spoke to him in that affectionate and winning way which no one could resist. Grateful for his kindness, and touched by his exhortations, the physician at length begged him to hear his confession, and received the sacraments with every manifestation of the truest piety. Happy influence of religion, to console and sustain the departing soul! From that moment the sick man, who had

previously appeared troubled and gloomy, became tranquil and calm; and up to the time of his death never ceased to bless Heaven for sending him an angel who had opened for him the gates of Paradise. M. de Cheverus overjoyed at so sincere a return to God, attached himself to his convert as to a friend gained upon the verge of the tomb, and always adverted to the event as the sweetest recollection which he carried with him from Mayenne.

Whilst the Bishop in the bosom of his family, was thus devoting himself to his good works, he received a letter from the Grand Almoner which called him immediately to Paris. The Bishops of the United States, dismayed at the great loss the church in that country would suffer if M. de Cheverus should remain in France, had written to Rome to supplicate the Holy See not to permit so great an evil. The Sovereign Pontiff had in consequence asked the king to make another nomination for Montauban, and also wrote to M. de Cheverus himself to request him to return to Boston. "When I think," he said, "of what advantage your labors have been to the American church, what grace the Holy Spirit has bestowed upon you, not only for the solid establishment and increase of the Catholic faith in the diocese of Boston, but also for the benefit of the church in the other dioceses of the United States, and the acquisition of the esteem of Protestants themselves, I cannot dissemble from you my fear that your translation will prove an immense detriment to the American church." This letter threw M. de Cheverus into the most painful agitation. On one side he was anxious to obey the Holy See, and Boston was ever living in his heart; but on the other, he saw a thousand difficulties in the

way of retracing his steps. These he mentioned in a respectful answer, representing that his infirm health could no longer bear the fatigues of so laborious a mission nor the severity of a climate so rigorous, and that he possessed nothing either in Boston, where he had given away all he owned before his departure, nor in France, where he had no estate, and that he was in total want of the means requisite even for the voyage. He therefore prayed His Holiness, not to name him for Montauban, which he had never desired, but to accept his resignation of the See of Boston, and permit him to finish in the bosom of his family, an existence which he deemed near its end; or if this were not expedient, to give him for coadjutor an ecclesiastic whom he designated, adding that His Holiness when better informed by experience in regard to a provisory administration, could at some future day pronounce upon the necessity of his return, and that he would always be found ready to obey. The Court of France joined its representations to his request, and the Pope insisted no farther, but despatched the bulls for Montauban.

During the whole period of these negotiations, M. de Cheverus never ceased making himself useful, and displaying his zeal wherever the occasion offered. On the second Sunday after Easter, his friend, M. de Pierre, Curate of the church of St. Sulpice, invited him to preach. The desire of hearing so celebrated a prelate, drew a large and distinguished audience, amongst whom were the Grand Almoner, and many bishops and peers. Every one expected an eloquent and elaborate sermon, but M. de Cheverus, who on all occasions considered only what was most useful, restricted himself to a simple and familiar, but touch-

ing and practical instruction upon the good example mentioned in the epistle of the day. When some one afterwards made an observation to him upon the number of great personages who were present—"I knew nothing about it," he replied, "but even if I had, I should not have put a bigger pot on the fire." To do good was his sole ambition; he even seemed to multiply himself for that purpose. Thus on the day of Pentecost, after having celebrated mass in Paris, he went to Mount Valerian to act as assistant Bishop at the consecration of M. de Janson, and thence returned to St. Sulpice, where he preached at vespers. This sermon, though extemporaneous, was very remarkable. He showed in it how from that day of Pentecost the Holy Ghost had founded the church with its four grand characteristics, making it *one* by the union of minds and hearts; *holy* by the virtues of the first christians; *catholic* by the conversion of men of all nations who were at Jerusalem as so many deputies from the different people of the earth; *apostolical* by the submission of all the faithful to the teaching and authority of the apostles.

So much labour was not without fruit, and M. de Cheverus could cherish the consoling thought, that if the Pope acceded to his request to be allowed to pass the residue of his life in retirement, he might still render himself useful. "I will go," he wrote at the time, "and throw myself at the feet of the king, protesting my devotion to his sacred person, and will then shut myself up in retirement, where I will never cease to pray for his majesty, and teach both by precept and example as efficiently as my strength will permit, the love of religion and of the best of kings. Already since my return to my country, I have had

the happiness of seeing that my efforts can contribute to the support of the altar and of the legitimate throne—sacred causes to which I have dedicated my life."

But Providence disposed of him otherwise. The bulls had already arrived from Rome and were in the hands of the council of state, and M. de Cheverus was expecting to receive them every instant, when a sudden and singular difficulty arose. It was pretended that, having been naturalized as an American and absent from France for more than thirty years, he could not be considered a Frenchman, nor, in consequence, be elevated to a see in the kingdom. Hurt at finding his citizenship a matter of dispute, he wrote to the minister that if the king of France, after recalling him as his subject, should now refuse to acknowlege him as such, he would leave Paris at once, and renounce forever the bishopric of Montauban. This settled the difficulty; the bulls were immediately registered, and sent to him the same day.

As soon as he received his bulls, M. de Cheverus seemed to live only for his diocese. The first object which he proposed to himself was the organization of his seminary, convinced, as he was, that upon that depends the perpetuity of the priesthood, and ecclesiastical piety and learning; in a word, the whole futurity of a diocese. He accordingly addressed himself to the society of St. Sulpice, which he had loved and venerated from his youth, and with which he had had the most intimate relations during his residence in America. He was very desirous of confiding to it the direction of his seminary, and M. Duclaux, the superior of the society, was not less will-

ing to undertake the charge, from consideration for the merit of the Bishop, and gratitude for his kindness towards the Sulpitians of America; but there were no members of the society to spare, and his request was reluctantly refused. He was more fortunate with the priests of St. Vincent of Paul, known by the name of *Lazarites*, from whom he obtained the directors he wished. This was a great relief to him, for it was his principle that a seminary cannot be well conducted but by members of a community vowed to a life of self-denial, stationary by profession, and without any views of advancement to ecclesiastical posts and dignities.

He next selected for his grand vicars the two priests of his new diocese who enjoyed the highest degree of public confidence, and then set out for Montauban without delay. On the 27th of July he reached Moissac, the second city of his diocese, and was there received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy and respect. Resuming his journey the next morning at six o'clock, he encountered upon the road the Prefect and the General of the department, with an immense crowd, who had come from Montauban to meet him, and at the entrance of the city, the clergy, the municipal authorities, and deputies from different religious associations, assembled under tents prepared for his reception. After being complimented by the mayor in the name of the city, and by the Abbé de Trélissac, his Grand Vicar, in the name of the clergy, he made a solemn entry into Montauban in his pontifical robes, in the midst of salvos of artillery, strains of harmonious music interspersed with hymns, a numerous collection of ecclesiastics, the various religious societies, troops in com-

plete array, and a vast multitude of people, all of whom seemed animated with one feeling of delight. On arriving before the door of the cathedral, he knelt down to invoke the Divine blessing upon his church, his flock, and the performance of his episcopal duties. After a fervent prayer, he entered the edifice, and ascending the pulpit, said, in a voice almost suffocated with emotion: "What happiness I taste, my dear children in Jesus Christ, in finding myself in the midst of the beloved flock whom Providence has deigned to entrust to me! Your eagerness to welcome me and give me testimonials of your filial love, fills me with the sweetest sensations. I see that you love me as I love you; you are my children, my friends, and I am your father, your devoted friend. I wish only to live for you, to provide for your spiritual wants, to console this diocese for its long privation of a first pastor, and joyfully would I sacrifice my existence for your welfare." After addressing the different authorities, and the whole assemblage, in the most affectionate and paternal language, he alluded to the Protestants, who are quite numerous in the diocese of Montauban, and manifested all that his heart felt in regard to them. "There is," he said, "an interesting portion of the inhabitants of this diocese who, although strangers to our communion, should not be so to our affections: to them also I wish to be a father, a friend; happy if it should one day be given me to reunite them all in one faith, as we ought to confound them in our charity."

After the performance of the *Te Deum*, and the other usual ceremonies, the Bishop received again in his palace the compliments of the different authorities, and replied to them all in the most gracious

manner. "I have a heart," he said, "extremely disposed to love, and I wish to be loved." The Protestant ministers were also received and spoken to in the kindest way. He told them that it would be his endeavour to establish between them and himself the most friendly relations. Such was the entrance of M. de Cheverus into Montauban, and it may be said that from that day he won all hearts—that all had but one voice in his praise, one sentiment of affection for his person.

He occupied himself at once with the organization of his chapter. Favour had no part in it; merit alone determined his choice. Previously, during his stay at Paris, he had appointed several canons, and now he completed the number. Reflecting afterwards how important it was both for the honour of religion and the glory of God, and for the purpose of rendering the church an object of attraction, to give to the parochial office all possible solemnity and pomp, he united the curacy with the chapter, and made the capitulary the parochial mass. He did not imagine that the dignity of a chapter consisted in being separated from the people, and celebrating its grand ceremonies in the melancholy solitude of a deserted cathedral. He thought, on the contrary, that where the faithful were congregated, there should the greatest pomp be displayed; that there is nothing more worthy of a chapter than to attract to its celebrations, by blending them with the parochial service, a numerous assemblage to give them interest and life.

In consequence of this measure, the offices of the cathedral were performed with the utmost solemnity, and attended on Sundays and festivals by overflow-

ing crowds. Another motive also drew people to the church. Since his return, M. de Cheverus had remarked the profound ignorance which existed in France of the first truths of religion, even among educated persons and those who made profession of piety to a certain extent; and he determined to do all in his power to remove it by regular instructions every Sunday at the parochial-mass. Without communicating his object to his auditors, but on the contrary, hiding it under oratorical forms so as not to wound their self-love, he explained the catechism to them in the order of the lessons contained in that elementary book; doing it with so much earnestness and fascination of manner, that all classes of society delighted to listen to him. The learned and the ignorant, Protestants and Catholics, all thronged around the pulpit, all treasured up his words, and lauded every where his eloquence and pathos. When he once found himself master of his audience, and was sure of not marring the success of his instructions, he revealed his innocent secret. "If I had announced to you in the outset," he said, "that I was about to teach you the catechism every Sunday, you would have deemed it beneath you to attend, thinking that such instruction was only fit for children; nevertheless for six months I have been doing nothing else, and you have been interested in it; learn then, that the catechism is the book of old men as well as of children, of the wise as of the ignorant; all may find in it food for meditation and improvement, and only the most absurd prejudice can look upon it with disdain." He prosecuted his course, and all continued to follow it with unabated ardour.

The fame of the preaching and virtues of M. de

Cheverus soon spread throughout the neighbouring provinces; the public prints were full of them, and their praise was in every mouth. The Cardinal de Clermont Tonnerre, Archbishop of Toulouse, desiring to make the acquaintance of so renowned a prelate, went to visit him at Montauban, and was so delighted with his modesty and the amiable simplicity of his manners, that he begged him to return his visit, and made him promise to preach in his metropolitan church. He accordingly went there, and delivered a sermon which produced a deep impression upon the audience, and so affected the Cardinal that he prayed him to give his blessing to the people. "In the presence of your Eminence," replied the humble Bishop, "it does not become me to bless your people; but since you wish it," he added, falling on his knees before the Cardinal, "give me your own blessing, and I will transmit it to your flock." The Cardinal did so with tears in his eyes, and M. de Cheverus blessed the assembly in the name of his Eminence.

Preaching was not the principal occupation of M. de Cheverus. To traverse his diocese, to make acquaintance with its pastors, to study its wants, to observe its spirit, and dispense by the sacrament of Confirmation, the graces of which the Bishop is the agent, these he regarded as the first of his duties; and these he discharged with indefatigable zeal, even, it might be said, with the sweetest satisfaction, for every where he went, he was received with the same enthusiasm, and taken leave of with the same regret. One day when about to get into his carriage to leave a parish, a poor woman having seized and kissed his hand as he extended it to give his parting

benediction, he was obliged to remain there more than an hour to bestow the same happiness upon all the inhabitants of the place, who crowded around him for the purpose of procuring it. An attempt being made to send them away, "Let them approach," he said, "let the good people testify their faith and their gratitude as they choose." The Protestants rivalled the Catholics in their manifestations of respect and regard, and seemed to form with them but a single flock. "There are no longer any Protestants at Montauban," said a deputy from that city to the king, "we are all of us *bishopites*." He took pleasure in mentioning these favourable dispositions in one of his circular letters, after his return from a visitation. "Every where, he said, as in our episcopal city, our separated brethren have shown us an affectionate respect, and we cannot but nourish the hope that it will not be difficult for them to acknowledge as their bishop, one whom they cherish as their friend." Kind towards all the world, he was especially so to the poor whom he succoured, the wretched whom he consoled, and the sinner whom he endeavoured to bring back to God. If he heard of a division in a family or a parish, he found a thousand amiable modes of effecting a reconciliation. The following is one amongst many instances. One day he was informed that the Mayor had quarrelled, and was at daggers' points with his curate. He immediately called upon him, and said, "I have a favour to ask of you, Sir; you may perhaps deem me indiscreet, but I expect every thing from your kindness." The Mayor protested there was nothing which he would not be happy to do for so excellent a prelate. "Then," said the Bishop, throwing his

arms round his neck and embracing him, "the favour I have to ask is, that you will take this kiss of peace to your curate." The Mayor promised, kept his word, and the reconciliation was accomplished.

But what carried the reputation of M. de Cheverus to the highest point, and excited in every breast a feeling of enthusiasm which only those can understand who were witnesses of it, was the charity, the generous devotion he displayed in the winter of 1826. The river Tarn having overflowed its banks, and risen with fearful rapidity to the height of thirty feet above its ordinary level, had submerged the two principal suburbs of Montauban, and placed their poor inhabitants in a situation of the greatest peril. At the first news of this disaster, the Bishop hastened to the spot, and caused boats to be sent to the assistance of those who were about to perish. A worthy successor of Fenelon, who said that bishops have also their days of battle, he superintended, encouraged, and urged on the endeavours to rescue them, and had soon the satisfaction of seeing them all deposited in a place of safety. But what was to become of them? The greater part were poor, without either house or bread. "My friends," said the Bishop, "the episcopal palace is yours; come all of you; I will share with you my last morsel." The palace was accordingly transformed into a hospital, and three hundred persons were accommodated in its different apartments. Being informed that a poor woman who was a protestant remained at the door, afraid to enter on account of her difference of faith, he ran to her, saying—"Come in, we are all brethren, especially in misfortune," and conducted her into a room where others, her companions in misery, were

already assembled. During the whole period of the inundation, the good Bishop kept the sufferers in his house, taking care of them with the tenderness of a parent; and when the river retired into its channel, and they were enabled to return to their dwellings, he opened a subscription for them, at the head of which he placed his name. His example was of irresistible influence. A considerable sum was raised, which he divided amongst the victims of the flood according to their wants. Their losses were thus repaired, and they returned to their homes, loading the Bishop with their gratitude and blessings.

So admirable a trait of charity was soon carried to every quarter of France. Charles X. having heard of it, wrote to M. de Cheverus to express his admiration of his conduct, and sent him a thousand francs to indemnify him, in part, for the expense he had incurred. The money was scarcely received before it was distributed among the sufferers, the Bishop deeming himself sufficiently remunerated by the happiness of relieving the afflicted. The glory which he obtained on this occasion had no effect upon his humility; and it is affecting to see with what modesty he spoke of the action a few days afterwards.

A former pupil of the college of Louis le Grand, hearing the name of M. de Cheverus repeated in every direction, was curious to know whether it was the young Abbé whom he had once known, and wrote to the Bishop to obtain the desired information. "I knew," he said, "at the College of Louis le Grand, a young Abbé of your name, as modest as he was religious, as studious as he was learned, mild and affable in his disposition, and the model of his comrades: permit me to ask, whether that young

Abbé was yourself?" "I am," replied the Bishop, "really the little Abbé de Cheverus of Louis le Grand. How I should delight to see you here, to thank you for your kind remembrance, and prove to you that the mitre which has been forcibly, as it were, placed upon my poor head, has neither turned it, nor made it proud. The little that I did for the poor victims of the inundation has been greatly exaggerated. I was far from supposing that it would make so much noise, and attract even the approbation of our august monarch himself."

A short time after the incident just narrated, the great epoch of the Jubilee arrived; and during the whole of that holy period, M. de Cheverus, in addition to the usual sermon on Sunday, preached every Wednesday and Friday, presided in person at all the exercises of the retreat in his cathedral, and gave an instruction there every day. Not content with these public acts of zeal, he went about visiting sinners in private, in the hope of winning their hearts to God. Among them was a priest, who, during the reign of revolutionary terror, had contracted a sacrilegious marriage in violation of his vows. M. de Cheverus went to see him frequently; and, aided by the grace which he invoked by fervent prayers, he at length awakened in the sinner's breast such lively emotions of repentance, that the poor wretch sent him a recantation couched in the most affecting terms, with a request that it should be read out in church before all the faithful there assembled. "Penetrated with grief for my sins and for the scandal which I have given, I supplicate divine mercy, through the merits of my Saviour Jesus Christ, to accept my repentance. I desire the faithful to know that I would make the am-

plest amends, prostrating myself in their presence at the foot of the altar, did my infirmities permit. Let them be informed at least, (and I humbly implore their pity and their prayers,) that I acknowledge with shame and agony of spirit, that, by a vile act of apostacy, I violated my sacred vows, and contracted an alliance which religion condemns. Pardon me, my God; pardon an unfortunate priest, an erring, but repentant mortal. Forgive me, my brethren, whom I have scandalized, and pray for a miserable sinner." This confession was placed in the hands of M. de Cheverus just as he was going to preach in the cathedral before an immense congregation, and so strongly did it move him that he could speak upon no other theme. He took for his text these words of Scripture: "*Ne despicias hominem avertentem se à peccato neque improperes ei: Memento quoniam omnes in correptione sumus.*" Despise not the man who turns away from his sin, neither reproach him: Remember that we are all worthy of chastisement;" and then, in language full of compassionate regard for the penitent, detailed the conversion which had been operated, read the confession, and drew from it some useful reflections upon the charity which should be shown to repenting sinners who may become great saints, as well as upon the humility which should be cherished by the just, who, if they watch not over themselves, may sink at last into reprobates. On leaving the pulpit, he immediately hastened to the penitent to give him every consolation and encouragement.

A more remarkable circumstance than even the foregoing, was that which occurred among the soldiers of the garrison of Montauban. Observing that

they rarely attended at church, and that the Jubilee was passing without any fruit for them, M. de Cheverus undertook to awaken them to a sense of their duty. Day after day he preached to them in the mode best calculated to inspire them with a wish to comply with the requisitions of their religion. At length, edified by his zeal, and moved by his exhortations, they asked to approach the sacraments. He immediately sent confessors to them, confessed many himself, and having brought them to the proper dispositions, conducted them in person, during several successive days, to the different churches to make their Jubilee stations. It was a spectacle which the inhabitants of Montauban will never forget, that of a body of soldiers marching behind their Bishop, with an air and deportment of the utmost seriousness, and with prayers upon their lips, attracted by their hearts alone; for M. de Cheverus had taken care that authority should have no part in the affair, but that all should be entirely spontaneous.

Whilst Montauban was rejoicing in the happiness of having such a Bishop, an event which was soon to cause him to be removed from it, occurred in a neighbouring diocese. On the 11th of July, 1826, death snatched from the love and veneration of the inhabitants of Bordeaux their Archbishop of blessed memory, M. d'Aviau du Bois de Sanzai. The city and diocese were inconsolable. How was so great a loss to be repaired? Where could a prelate be found so charitable, so devoted, so perfect? Such was the universal cry which resounded from Bordeaux, and but one reply was every where heard. It designated M. de Cheverus as the only one worthy of succeeding M. d'Aviau. Accordingly the king delayed not to obey

the public voice, and confirm the choice already made by public opinion. On the 30th of the month he signed the ordinance which elevated the Bishop of Montauban to the metropolitan see of Bordeaux; and the minister of ecclesiastical affairs, in sending it to M. de Cheverus, informed him that *the matter was irrevocably arranged, and that he must not even think of opposing it.* "I can well understand," added the minister, "your sorrow, and the affliction of the city of Montauban; but you are the man for the emergency, and the king has judged it necessary to impose the sacrifice upon you both."

On the reception of this intelligence, it would be difficult to say whose grief was the greatest, the Bishop's or that of his flock, especially as the epistle of the minister seemed to leave no hope of obtaining a revocation of the decree. Nevertheless M. de Cheverus wrote to the minister to complain of and protest against the arrangement; and the city also carried the expression of its feelings to the foot of the throne. "Although applauding," it said, "an elevation so well deserved, and a mark of homage so striking, decreed to the worthy rival of the Vincent de Pauls and the Fenelons, we are not able to restrain the utterance of our grief, to stifle our lamentations, especially as we know that the sorrow of our holy prelate at quitting us is equal to that which we feel for his loss. Has Providence, then, only granted us so precious a blessing to snatch it from us at the moment when it has become for all the inhabitants of the diocese the most intimate source of happiness?" To this supplication, of which we have cited only a passage, was joined a letter to her royal highness the dauphiness, conjuring her to lend the aid of her in-

fluence with the king to the prayers of the people of Montauban. M. de Cheverus was also besought, in an eloquent epistle, to unite his solicitations with those of his children. "It is a desolate family," they said, "which throws itself into your arms, entreating you, with hands raised to heaven, not to abandon it, not to devote it, by a separation, to ceaseless regrets." He had already anticipated their request, and hastened to inform them of it. "I wrote yesterday to the minister," he replied, "and conjured his majesty not to take me from my flock. If his answer is favourable, my gratitude and my joy will show how much I love the people of my diocese; and if his orders are peremptory, my obedience will cost me an abundance of tears; but the example of the inhabitants of Montauban would teach me, if necessary, that our king is to be obeyed and served with the sacrifice of all that is dearest, even of life itself."

All these solicitations were fruitless, and only proved that Montauban and Boston, cities so different in the customs and characters of their population, knew equally well how to appreciate M. de Cheverus, and understand the misfortune of losing him. The answers arrived from Paris, containing nothing but regrets at the impossibility of complying with the wishes which had been so warmly urged. Oppressed as he was with grief, M. de Cheverus nevertheless ceased not, up to the very moment of his departure, to labour with unabated zeal for the welfare of his diocese. Although he had done so much good in so short a time, confirmed more than forty thousand Catholics, and dispensed so often the words of truth, it seemed to him that he could never do enough. The moments which he could snatch from

his avocations, were employed in receiving the visits of his diocesans, who thronged around him to give vent to their sorrow, and seek consolation from his lips. But, alas! he himself had as much need of it as they, and every regret that was expressed, only served to aggravate his painful emotions. A touching proof of attachment was given him by his Grand Vicar, the Abbé de Trélissac. The latter had been dwelling for more than twenty years at Montauban, where he possessed property and a host of friends; but placing before every thing the happiness of living with such a Bishop, he begged as a favour to be allowed to follow him to Bordeaux. He resolved to sell all he owned, to give up all his friends, to go even to Boston, if necessary, rather than be separated from M. de Cheverus. The new Archbishop could not resist so strong a mark of affection, and accepted the offer with gratitude. His departure from Montauban took place during the night, to enable him to escape the adieus of his flock, which he could not summon resolution to encounter.

On his arrival at Paris, Charles X. received him with all his wonted affability and kindness, manifesting in the most flattering manner the esteem and affection he entertained for him; and shortly afterwards named him a peer of France, by a favour the more marked, as no one shared with him the honours of the promotion. This elevation afflicted his benevolence as much as it disturbed his humility. He was unwilling that the poor should lose the money he would be obliged to expend in his journeys to Paris and residence there during the sessions of the chamber; and he had always felt a repugnance to dignities and whatever brought him out into public

notice. It was requisite for M. de Villèle, then minister of finance, to set him at ease upon the first point, by promising him an addition to his salary sufficient to cover his expenses; and to encourage him in regard to the second, by making him behold in his elevation the wish of his country, sanctioned by the king.

Whilst he was at Paris he received a letter from the Grand Vicars of Bordeaux, in which, having expressed all the joy that his appointment afforded them, they requested him to ask from the government the ancient archeopiscopal residence—a magnificent palace, built by the Prince de Rohan Meriadec, when Archbishop of the city, and serving only, since changed from its original purpose, as a residence for the princes of Rohan when they visited Bordeaux. The humility of M. de Cheverus would not hearken to the idea. "It does not become a poor Bishop like me," he replied, "to dwell in so fine a palace; the humble asylum which sufficed my sainted predecessor will be too good for me; and moreover, I should be sorry to deprive our beloved princes of the least portion of the palace destined for them when they come to see us." Such sentiments caused the virtue of M. d'Aviau's successor to be fully understood at Bordeaux, and increased the desire which was felt there for his arrival. He was proclaimed at Rome on the 2d of October, 1826, but did not receive his bulls until nearly six weeks afterwards, when he set out for Mayenne, to pass a few days with his family before taking possession of his new see. During his short stay there he preached at the church of Notre-Dame, at the Convent of the Visitation, at the hospital, and at the prisons. His days of repose were

days of apostolic works. At Mans he received the *Pallium** from the hands of the Bishop of that city, in the chapel of the Grand Seminary, after an exhortation which he addressed to the pupils of that establishment upon the subject of apostolic zeal. On the evening of the ceremony, he was invited to preach in the cathedral at the exercises of a mission which was then going on there; but as he was suffering with a violent cold, which had changed the tones of his voice, he declined doing more than merely assisting at the service. In spite, however, of his refusal, as soon as he appeared in the church, the missionary who was in the pulpit at the time, carried away by the desire of obtaining for his audience an exhortation from those lips which had reconciled so many sinners to virtue, announced to the assemblage that the Archbishop of Bordeaux would address them, and that he hastened to yield him his place. Taken completely by surprise the Archbishop hesitated a few moments; but summoning to his aid that resolution which triumphs over the most painful maladies, he ascended the pulpit, and pronounced an extemporeaneous discourse. The impression it made was only rendered the livelier by his hoarse and altered voice, which gave greater interest to his words, and touched all hearts by exhibiting the fervor of his zeal.

He set out for Bordeaux the ensuing day, and arrived there on the 3d of December. At the entrance of the city he found the metropolitan chapter and a numerous body of clergy awaiting him, by whom he was conducted in procession to the cathedral. In

* The *Pallium* is the decoration which the Pope sends to all Archbishops, and which must be given to them by a prelate.

the time so passed he had abundant evidence of the empire which his reputation alone had obtained for him over every heart. The faces of all seemed radiant with joy; all seemed to felicitate themselves upon finding what they thought they had irretrievably lost, the goodness, the mildness, the charity of M. d'Aviau. "What a kind look he has! how amiable he appears! Long life to the Archbishop! Long life to the father of the poor!" were the exclamations that resounded on every side. At the door of the cathedral, the first Grand Vicar, M. Barrès, an ecclesiastic of remarkable talent and still greater virtue, complimented him in the name of the clergy. In an answer replete with sensibility and fervor, M. de Cheverus caused all hearts to sympathise with the emotions which filled his own, "at the sight of that church, still wet with the tears shed over his sainted predecessor;" and commented with ability on those words of the fourth council of Carthage which briefly explain the duties of a Bishop: "In the church the Bishop should be above all his priests; in his house he should be their colleague:—*Episcopus in ecclesia sublimior sedeat; intrà domum vero collegam se præsbyterorum esse cognoscat.*"—Authority and force in the ecclesiastical government, but cordiality and friendship in his private relations. "I will love you," he said, in conclusion, to his clergy, "love me also; my heart has need of you as friends." After the ceremony, he received the visits of the civil and military authorities, delighting them all with the kindness of their welcome, and the pertinency and grace of his replies. He possessed admirable ingenuity in discerning the point of contact between the clergy and the different bodies of the state. Now he des-

cried it in the resemblance of functions, as when he said to the judge: "You pronounce decrees in the name of the God of justice, and we in the name of the God of mercy; thus, we are all brethren, and should support and love one another as such: religion and justice are two sisters who ought never to be disunited." Again, he perceived it in reciprocal services, as when he said to the tribunal of commerce: "Religion owes much to commerce, because it is commerce that has transported its missionaries to distant regions; it is commerce which carried me to America and brought me back to Europe; but commerce owes still more to religion, because it is religion that watches over justice and good faith in contracts, which prevents fraud, or causes it to be repaired: thus mutual gratitude ought to make us all friends, and render us a family of brothers." The popularity of the Archbishop was fully established from that moment; his praises were in every mouth. "You see how they fête me here below," he said to a friend: "I fear that God will one day say to me, Thou hast received thy recompense in this world."

In the administration of the great diocese confided to his care, he laid down, in the outset, these three rules of conduct—to be affable and kind to every one; to change nothing that had been done by his sainted predecessor; and to establish nothing without being well acquainted with persons, circumstances, and places.

To be affable and kind to every one, it would seem that he had only to follow the bent of his disposition, so prone by nature to benevolence; nevertheless it would be a great mistake to suppose that the invariable mildness which marked his deportment, cost him

no effort. God alone can know how much violence he was obliged to do himself to stifle irritations and dislikes, so as not to allow any indication of what he felt to appear, and bear with incessant interruptions in the midst of his vast and important labours, so as always to give the same welcome, however inopportune and vexatious the visit might be. "If charity," he said, "was only to be exercised towards persons whom we like, or in moments when we feel an inclination to be kind, it would be altogether without merit." Hence it was that those even of whom he had reason to complain, and who, he knew, had censured his conduct, or expressed in regard to him the most unfriendly sentiments, were received with the same kindness which he extended to his intimate friends. His charity threw a veil over every wrong. Thence it was that he was ever found ready to oblige and give pleasure to all. Sometimes, it is true, he appeared sad, dispirited, and silent, when his excellent heart was weighed down by the load of some painful intelligence, or the fear of some disastrous event; and then, those who did not know him, might mistake his first address for coldness; but if they wished to ask any favour he could bestow, or opened their breasts to him for the purpose of obtaining his advice, they soon recognised the affectionate father, the charitable pastor, the considerate friend. All, whether priests or laymen, natives or strangers, were invited without distinction to his table, in a way that manifested the pleasure their acceptance would afford, yet left perfect freedom to those who were forced to refuse.

One circumstance, which in an especial manner endeared him to the people of Bordeaux, was his

profound respect for whatever had been done by his predecessor. Acting in a spirit very different from that of many overweening and captious individuals, who, when they are placed at the head of an administration, insist upon altering every thing, and arranging all matters according to their own egotistical notions, he observed a religious respect for whatever he found established, and studiously endeavoured to follow the path which had been previously pursued. "I succeed a saint," he was wont to say, "and respect all he did; his acts are for me a holy ark which I am not worthy to touch with the end of my finger." "Every day," he proclaimed in one of his circulars, "every day we beseech the Lord to preserve by our ministry all that was done by our admirable and sainted predecessor; and we deem ourselves happy when we feel assured that what we do would have been done by him under similar circumstances, and that we speak to you as he would have spoken. "It was from no desire of winning popularity that M. de Cheverus thus acted and spoke; but from the profoundest sentiment of humility in his estimation of himself, and the sincerest veneration for the memory of M. d'Aviau. He placed himself so far beneath his predecessor, that he could not endure to be brought into comparison with him, and looked upon every parallel of the kind as an insult. On one occasion, whilst presiding at a solemn distribution of prizes, he suddenly interrupted an orator who began his discourse with that species of praise so offensive to his ears, and uttered in an agitated voice these remarkable words: "To put me in comparison with my sainted predecessor, is to insult me, by bringing out my unworthiness into prominent relief; I will

not permit such an outrage in public, and will take care to protect my dignity." From that time it was a thing understood in the diocese, that all comparison of the sort was to be avoided in his presence. He was but too much inclined to talk to himself about him whom he succeeded; the thought of that admirable man's virtues would throw him into a state of anxiety and fear, which rendered his new See a perennial source of pain. He regretted Montauban; he regretted Boston; and often remarked in his familiar conversations: "If God had treated me like the wife of Lot, long since would I have been changed into a pillar of salt! For how many looks of regret have I not cast behind!"

So penetrated was he with this high idea of the virtues of M. d'Aviau, that being informed on the 11th of July, 1827, at the very moment when he was about finishing the anniversary service for that holy prelate, that the congregation expected a funeral eulogium, he ascended the pulpit after a few moments reflection at the foot of the altar, and pronounced a discourse which excited universal admiration. He chose for his text these words of the Holy Spirit concerning Moses: *Dilectus Deo et hominibus, cuius memoria in benedictione est: similem illum fuit in gloriam sanctorum*—"the beloved of God and man, whose memory is blessed; he has been made a partaker in the glory of the saints," and took occasion to show 1st. what M. d'Aviau had been before God, emblazoning his tender piety which made him appear at the altar like an angel, "*et intuentes eum omnes, viderunt faciem ejus tanquam faciem angelii*," and rendered him a man of faith, of prayer, and of holiness—and 2d. what he had been towards

his neighbour; under which head he spoke his zeal for the salvation of souls, his charity to the poor, and his love for all.

The difference, however, which the humility of M. de Cheverus perceived between himself and his predecessor, did not discourage him in the discharge of his duties, but rather served as an incentive to greater activity in the government of his diocese. Before resolving upon any measure, he was careful to observe, to reflect, and inform himself thoroughly in reference to it; for he was well aware that evil is often only envenomed by precipitate reforms, that it is dangerous even to touch what is good for the purpose of improvement, and that in every case, in order to act with wisdom, it is indispensable to be perfectly acquainted with the condition of things, and the disposition of men's minds. His first occupation, therefore, and principal effort in the outset, were to study the state of his diocese, the characters of his clergy, of the most influential individuals, and of the different populations of the towns and country. The numerous visits which he received every day, furnished him opportunities by which he did not fail to profit; but these were not enough, and he visited in succession all the parishes and religious establishments in Bordeaux, and afterwards the various sections of his diocese, observing every thing with a keen and practised eye. In these journeys, he did not content himself with mere investigations, but at the same time did all the good in his power, preaching in each parish upon the disorders and vices which the curate informed him were prevalent, healing divisions, proclaiming every where his favourite motto, "*my brethren, my beloved, let us love*

one another," and giving himself the best examples of what he preached.

On one occasion, having learnt that a curate was at open warfare with his parish, he went to the place with a view to re-establish peace. The curate in question, was a man of irreproachable life and ardent zeal, but of a vivacity of disposition which sometimes hurried him beyond all bounds. It was from this defect that the dispute originated. A child had been brought to him for baptism, whose god-mother had neglected to make her Easter Communion. Adhering too rigidly to ancient regulations made for other days, he would not permit her to stand, and so exasperated the parents that they refused to seek a substitute, preferring, to let their infant remain unbaptized. On his arrival, M. de Cheverus having in vain begged the curate to withdraw his opposition, directed one of the priests who accompanied him to perform the ceremony, to prevent the poor child from being the victim of the quarrel. Irritated beyond all self-control, the curate forgot himself so far as to say the most insulting things to his Archbishop. The latter opposed nothing but silence and calmness to the storm; and repairing to the church to celebrate divine service, he ascended the pulpit and invited all the parishioners to peace and union with their curate, on whom he pronounced an elaborate eulogium, detailing all the good qualities which really belonged to him. "You have," he said, "but one complaint to make of him; he has, you say, a hasty and violent temper; alas! my friends, who is without defects? If I were to remain twenty-four hours amongst you, you would perhaps discover so many that you would not be able to tolerate me: you

see but one in your curate; forgive then that single fault in consideration of so many virtues." Having finished his discourse, he went to the sacristy, where he found the curate abashed and ashamed, and embracing him with the utmost kindness, "My dear curate," said he, "I love you with all my heart; how shall we begin the service?" seeking, by these means, to do away with the recollection of the offence which had been committed, and prove his condescension in regard to every thing which was not inimical to his duty. The service over, he called upon the parishioners who were the most embittered against their pastor, and talked to them with so much effect, that they consented to do whatever he wished. The reconciliation was forthwith accomplished, the king of peace given, all sat down to the same table, and every heart was united in that of the Archbishop. Thus did he every where spread the dominion of charity, and illustrate by his example the words of the apostle: "Charity is sweet and patient, not hasty to anger, but pardoneth and suffereth much."

The first result of his pastoral visits, and of the knowledge which he acquired of his diocese, was also a work of charity. Two great evils had attracted his notice during his apostolical journeys—one, the distressing situation of certain priests, who having given every thing to the poor, were reduced themselves to the utmost indigence by a long and expensive illness, or some unforeseen accident—the other, the sad condition of several parishes, which were destitute of instruction, of public service, of almost every kind of ministry, because their pastors were too old and infirm to perform their duties, and could not be deprived of their places without a species of

cruelty. Anxious to provide a remedy for these evils, the Archbishop proposed to his assembled clergy an annual subscription for the formation of a common fund, to be employed in furnishing pensions to priests whom age or infirmities rendered incapable of service, and giving succour to those whom sickness or accident reduced to want. The proposition, seconded as it was by all his eloquence as well as by the consideration of the advantages which each subscriber might derive from it, was eagerly adopted. As the chief of the clergy, he placed his name at the head of the list for a thousand francs a year, and in order that his death might not cause his subscription to cease, he invested a capital of twenty thousand francs in the name of the fund, which secures for ever the annual amount of the first subscription. He rejoiced in the thought that he would not only be the support and benefactor of his clergy during his life, but that after his death, his charity would endure for them from age to age. He did not, however, restrict himself to his subscription, but ever and anon deposited in the fund whatever he could spare from his accustomed alms. On one occasion he bestowed upon it the sum of ten thousand francs, which a charitable person had placed at his disposal, and he also directed his testamentary executor to add to it a sum of three thousand francs, if he should leave any thing at his death—an injunction which has been faithfully fulfilled. To assist his clergy in their need was his favourite work. "I know no charity," he used to say, "better placed, than that which assists a priest whose head has been blanched in the labours of the ministry, and who is poor because he has himself been charitable." The clergy of Bordeaux will

never forget the interest and fervor with which he recommended every year in the ecclesiastical retreats this good work, of which he had the glory of being, as it were, the founder in France, and which was subsequently imitated by so many dioceses.

The fund being once secured, he made the following regulations for its management—1st. that each class of the clergy should have a representation of its interests in the committee charged with the division of the money—2d. that this committee should be under the presidency of his grand vicar, and be composed of a canon, a curate, a rector, and a vicar; and, 3d. that a detailed account of the receipts and expenditures should be rendered every year, and given to each subscriber, in order that all might judge of the good employment of the funds and the convenience of the institution, and enjoy the happiness of knowing how much they had contributed to the well-being of their superannuated and invalid brethren.

Besides the wants of the clergy, many other matters engaged the attention of the Archbishop in his visits. He was particularly struck with the great diversity of customs and practices in the different parts of the diocese, occasioned by the fact that many curates were either not provided with the statutes and ritual of the See, the editions of which were exhausted, or that these two ecclesiastical codes containing prescriptions which were no longer in harmony with existing habits and circumstances, each one traced out for himself his individual line of conduct. This inconvenience he remedied in part by publishing a new ritual, in which his wonted circumspection and prudence were visible. He religiously respected every thing in the ancient ritual not incom-

patible with the actual condition of society, and added as little as possible, it being his principle that in regard to laws, the fewer there are of them the better. On this point he was fond of quoting the observation of a member of the legislative assembly, who, at the close of a sitting, the debate of which had terminated in the suppression of a proposed law, said to one of his friends: "We have accomplished our master-piece to-day—we have *abstained*." He confined himself, accordingly, to laying down clear rules of conduct for the most ordinary cases, as for example, in reference to god-fathers and god-mothers, to which function he forbade all to be admitted whose marriage had not been blessed by the church, or who did not make profession of the Catholic faith. He concluded with a new homily which he charged his curates to read frequently to their parishioners, and which contained a clear and succinct abridgment of all the truths that a Christian must believe, the precepts he must observe, the sacraments he must receive, and the prayers he must say.

The Archbishop did not lose sight of the numerous parishes which were destitute of pastors, and the numerous pastors requiring adjuncts, who were forced to neglect many of the souls entrusted to their care, or exhaust themselves in a little time if they attended to all their duties. The remedy for this evil he knew was to be found in his seminaries, and to insure the prosperity and accelerate the advancement of these establishments, was an object of ceaseless solicitude. He paid them constant visits, never failing to address words of exhortation and encouragement to the pupils, and granting every request of the superiors calculated to benefit the in-

stitutions. In the retreats which preceded the ordinations of the pupils, he was especially active. Regarding the new position in which so many young men were soon to be placed, who had previously been hidden in the shade of the seminaries, and were all at once to be brought into the midst of the world with obligations resting upon them of immense importance, and with vast influence either for good or for evil, according to their conduct, he felt his inmost soul concerned in their fate, and that of the religion of which they were about to become ministers. He was at such time, if possible, more than ever, earnest in the developement of those lessons of wisdom and modesty and disinterestedness which were to insure the success of their labours, and in the inculcation of the necessity of rendering religion amiable in the sight of men, and attracting sinners to her by the excellence of their deportment, the mildness of their character, the suavity of their language; and the devotedness of their charity. After the ceremony of ordination had been performed, he was always too much affected to preach a regular discourse upon the duties of the priesthood; but he poured out his heart in a flood of sensibility at the sight of "those new children added to his sacredotal family, those new aids sent to the succour of his weakness, those new staffs on which his old age could lean." Ceaseless, however, as were the lessons and examples of virtue which he carried to the seminaries, he would never permit himself to interfere with their interior management. The Society of St. Sulpice, which superintended the principal establishment, and the venerable ecclesiastic who had the direction of the smaller one, possessed his entire con-

fidence. He confided to them all details without reserve, remarking that "unity is indispensable in every government, harmony of views in every administration; and that a machine which is pulled in two directions, can have no regular movement." Thus the most frank and cordial union subsisted between the Archbishop and his seminary, who always hailed his visits with pleasure, and welcomed him as a father in the bosom of his family.

It was not only the education of youth designed for the priesthood that excited the interest of M. de Cheverus. He was well aware that good priests would in vain be multiplied, if the first education of ~~children~~ was vicious; if their minds and their hearts were not formed from the tenderest age to the love and the practice of virtue. It was this conviction that rendered the brethren who had charge of the Christian schools, so dear to him. He looked upon them as the most signal benefactors of society and religion; admired their devotedness, which faith alone could inspire and sustain, and marvelled how reflecting persons could compare them with teachers who were animated by worldly motives. He often visited their schools, felicitating the pupils on having such masters, whom he called the co-operators of his ministry; and at times invited the children to his residence and distributed rewards among them. "If Bordeaux should lose these good brethren," he wrote to a clergyman to whom he was recommending them, "it would be an irreparable misfortune; it is in their schools that are learned the love of order, respect for the magistrates, and submission to the laws, because they inculcate those duties in the name of religion, the only solid basis of social happiness." He would

have recommended them also, had it been necessary, to the authorities of the city, but the brethren sufficiently recommended themselves. Every year the exhibition of the labours of the scholars, and the readiness of their replies to questions which seemed fitted for higher studies, displayed the great progress they had made. The Archbishop was almost alarmed at their rapid improvement, fearing that youths so well cultivated would be eager to rise above their condition, and mingle in the already crowded ranks which thronged the avenues to preferment and place; and thus in his discourses, he was careful to warn them against that ambition of the lower classes which he esteemed one of the greatest curses of modern society, creating as it does, a feeling of discontent, a desire for revolution and change, which render them the tools and victims of demagogues. "You are on the last step," he one day said to them, "of the social ladder, but it is the same with it as it was with the ladder of Jacob, on which the angels ascended and descended: the one who was on the step nearest the earth, was neither less great, nor less happy, nor less honourable than the one who was on the step nearest heaven. Thus it is with you, my children; all conditions are honourable when they are properly filled, and happiness is every where to be found by the virtuous."

The Archbishop was also wont to visit with great interest, the religious communities which educated young persons of the other sex, whether rich or poor. He gave his attendance, whenever desired, at their exhibitions, either to stimulate emulation or distribute the prizes, and spared no pains to promote their welfare and happiness in every way.

To this zeal for the right education of children he joined an ardor not less active, in the furtherance of another work destined to spread the lessons of religion and virtue among adults of every class. We allude to the publication of those good books of which Bordeaux has the glory of having been, so to speak, the cradle, and which thence extended over most of the dioceses of France. Before the arrival of M. de Cheverus, the work had been commenced by a holy priest, M. Barrant, who, beholding the infernal industry with which certain persons were engaged in the dissemination of books calculated to destroy the very germs of religion in every breast, conceived the project of furnishing an antidote to their baleful effects. He began by putting in circulation all the books of his own library, the perusal of which might be useful. For each class and condition he chose an appropriate production, giving at first an amusing one, then one in which instruction was blended with amusement, and at length those of a purely religious character, which were fitted to make the reader acquainted with the precepts of Christianity, and inspire him with the love and practice of virtue. His first attempts were crowned with success, and he had the consolation of seeing many return to God, enlightened and moved by the volumes he placed in their hands, who had previously lived in an entire neglect of every religious practice. Encouraged by his success, he employed all his means in the purchase of books, interested others in the undertaking, and thousands of volumes were soon circulating through the diocese, carrying in all directions the light of religion and the sacred fire of piety. M. d'Aviau gave his approval and canonical sanction to

the association, and informed the Holy See of it, by whom it was loaded with praise. Such was the state of things when M. de Cheverus arrived at Bordeaux. He felicitated himself on finding there so admirable an enterprise, took the founder of it into especial favour, and seized the first opportunity which presented itself of bestowing upon him a high mark of his esteem, by naming him titulary canon of his metropolitan city. He gave him a present, besides, of more than six hundred volumes, in addition to pecuniary assistance; preached in favour of the association whenever requested, declared himself its protector and friend, presided at its meetings in his own palace, and to enable it the more certainly to accomplish its object, established a committee for an examination of the books which were proper to be put in circulation.

If M. de Cheverus was so full of zeal for every thing that can form men to virtue, or bring back those who have wandered from religion, it may be inferred how much he sympathised with such as had retired from a world whose dangers they had experienced, and devoted themselves in retreat to the expiation of their offences. More than three hundred females of this description were living in the *Maison de Retraite et de Misericorde*, (House of Retreat and Mercy,) which existed at Bordeaux—voluntary penitents, who led a life of hardship and labour, but were blessed by the happiness of a purified conscience and recovered peace of mind, and the holy exercises of prayer. The establishment was the object of the Archbishop's peculiar admiration. He considered it as the glory of his diocese, and loved to take strangers to it to make them admire the finger

of God, and the operations of his grace. For its support he spared no efforts; after his death it was his principal heir, and during the whole of his life, he was ever bestowing upon it alms proportionate to his means, and inducing the rich to exert their generosity in its behalf. Whenever its necessities became too great for individual relief, he would convoke a charitable meeting, and inspiring these with the sensibility which filled his own breast, collect an abundant sum. The superior of the establishment, Mademoiselle de Lamouroux, was a lady whom he held in the highest esteem. She was of an excellent family, and by an act of heroic charity and devotedness, had sacrificed her youth, her repose, her health, all the enjoyments of life, to dedicate herself to the care of her erring but penitent sisters. For thirty-six years she had been occupied in providing for the daily subsistence of three hundred persons, without ever asking assistance, although the establishment was destitute of revenue. "God is sufficient for us," she was wont to say; "I labour for him, I confide in him alone; if I solicited the aid of men they would fail me in the end, for men are never to be trusted, and then if I had recourse to God, he would send me back to the men whom I had preferred; whereas by looking only to him, I can say, My God, you have confided your children to my care, you have placed me at the head of your house; I have prayed only to you; your protection is due; come to my aid: in my time of need I would speak thus to God, and he would hear me." And God did hear her; for the community were often witness to the most extraordinary results which attended her prayers in moments of distress when even bread was wanting—

results which appeared absolutely miraculous. The Archbishop revered her as a saint worthy of the first ages of the church; and when some persons once related to him a marvellous fact which seemed to have been consequent upon her prayers, expressing their belief that it was a perfect miracle, "I am not surprised at what you tell me," he replied, "but I should indeed be astonished if a person so holy did not perform miracles."

Another object which excited the particular interest of M. de Cheverus, was the hospitals for the various victims of human misery. His visits to them were frequent, for the purpose of offering consolation and assistance to their wretched inmates. As for the sisters of charity by whom they were tended, he had no words to express the feelings of esteem and regard which they awakened in his breast; and whenever one of them asked his blessing, he was always, he said, desirous of receiving hers: "for how full of benedictions must those hands be which are consecrated to works of charity." They never failed to obtain from him whatever they wished; and as he openly professed his inability to refuse them aught, he prayed them on that account to be discreet in their requests, and reflect well upon them previously before God. So far did he carry his respect for these admirable women, that if, while preaching any where, he perceived one of them among his audience, he was sure, whatever was the subject of his discourse, not to finish without an eulogium upon the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul. "They are," he used to say, "the greatest glory of religion, the master-piece of grace, the most sensible proof of the divinity of the Catholic faith." He often mentioned the

fact that the Protestants in America having complained of the hospitals being entrusted to the sisters of charity, their mouths were closed by the reply, that their complaints would be heard whenever their ministers had formed angels similar to the sisters in disinterestedness, in zeal, in compassion and affection for all who suffer.

The necessity of leaving his diocese and going to Paris every year to attend the session of the chamber of peers, was a constant source of regret to M. de Cheverus. He repaid, himself, for the good he was prevented from doing at Bordeaux, by effecting all that he could in the capital; and thence he governed his see. All matters were sent to him there, with the opinions of the council upon each, for his decision. There he transacted with the different members of the cabinet, all the business which concerned religion within the scope of his administration, nor did he disdain to take charge of affairs of other kinds, in order to render a service; and he even descended to the details of agencies which would have seemed beneath the dignity of a peer and an Archbishop, had they not been elevated and ennobled by their charitable motive. If he was invited to preach, he always manifested that willingness to oblige which knows not how to refuse. On one day alone he pronounced no less than seventeen different discourses for the benediction of that number of statues of Greek and Latin fathers erected in the country house of the seminary of St. Nicholas, at Conflans; and the accurateness with which he described the characters, the writings, the virtues, and the actions of each of the fathers, the knowledge of history he displayed, and the grace and fluency of

his elocution, proved that his talents and his learning were not inferior to his goodness. The most delicate and difficult circumstances for a preacher never arrested him for a moment, the accomplishment of good and not his reputation as an orator, being his only care. On several occasions of that sort, the acuteness of his intellect, assisted by the blessing which God ever bestows upon such dispositions of heart, obtained the most consoling success. He was requested to preach one Good-Friday before the Polytechnic School, an undertaking which his friends were apprehensive he would not be able to achieve, as the year before a distinguished Archbishop had been forced, by the tumultuous conduct of the pupils, to leave the pulpit, notwithstanding his eloquence and illustrious birth. M. de Cheverus, however, went, and choosing for his text these words of the Apostle—"I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified;"—Non judicavi me scire aliquid inter vos nisi Jesum Christum et hunc crucifixum—began as follows: "If it were incumbent upon me to speak of human sciences, it would be to this learned school, it would be to yourselves, gentlemen, that I should come to be taught; but it is my duty to-day to speak of the science of the cross; this is my particular science, the science which I have studied and preached for forty years among savage tribes as well as in civilized countries, because it is equally suited to all; and you will permit an old Bishop to communicate to you the fruit of his protracted studies." This insinuating exordium won all hearts. The most perfect silence, the most earnest attention, the liveliest interest, welcomed all the words of the "old Bishop;" and he

left the young men as well pleased with them as they were with him.

Some time afterwards he was asked to preach at the Irish Seminary; but as the pupils there were imperfectly acquainted with French, his sermon was given in English. The way in which he acquitted himself showed that he had lost none of his knowledge of the latter since his departure from America. No less successful was a charity sermon which he preached before a large assemblage of ladies of the court, the object of which was to recommend to the generosity of his hearers the Vendean families who had been reduced to distress by the calamities of war. His text was the words of the Psalmist, "*Posside filios mortificatorum*—Take care of the children of the dead;" but just as he was about to begin, it was announced to him that the Dauphiness and the Duchess of Berry were coming to hear his discourse. The intelligence disconcerted him somewhat at first. Etiquette required some complimentary allusions to the princesses, and perhaps also a particular way of presenting his facts; but he had no time for reflection. Recovering himself speedily, he spoke with so much appositeness and tact, said so gracefully and easily all that was suitable, that he was subsequently complimented by the king himself. The monarch had heard of his sermon before the Irish Seminary, and congratulated him, the first time he saw him afterwards, upon his facility in speaking English: "Sire," he replied, "I have little merit in what your majesty is pleased to praise; for English, I am ashamed to say in the presence of the king of France, is more familiar to me than French." "Yet you preach well in French," returned Charles, "for the-

Dauphiness heard you the other day and was charmed with your discourse."

The king was very fond of conversing with M. de Cheverus. Wearied with the hostile imputations which were incessantly thrown out against his government in the name of liberty, he one day questioned him about the United States, and received a full account of the freedom which is there accorded to religion and education. "There," said the Archbishop, alluding to the complaints of certain journals of the period, "there I could have established missions in every church, founded seminaries in every quarter, and confided them to the care of Jesuits, without any one thinking of saying aught against my proceedings; all opposition to them would have been regarded as an act of despotism and a violation of right. There I could have refused burial to any one unworthy of it, and the idea of compelling me to give it, would have appeared ridiculous." "That people, at least," sighed the king, "understands liberty; when will it be understood among us?" They often talked afterwards about the happiness of France, the means of securing it, and the obstacles in its way; and such was the esteem which Charles X. conceived for M. de Cheverus in these conversations that he determined to solicit a Cardinal's hat for him from the Holy See. The execution, however, of the project was suspended by the change of ministry, and the embarrassments in the government which soon afterwards occurred. A letter dated the 25th February, 1836, from an ex-minister of Charles, referring to this matter, was found among the papers of the Archbishop, in which the writer says—"I regret, for the sake of those who possess and always will possess

my affections, that you were not made a Cardinal seven years ago. I wish you at all events to be informed, that such was the desire of the prince who honoured me with his confidence, and I need not add that it was that also of his ministers."

It was not only at Court that the merit of the Archbishop of Bordeaux was appreciated. His society was universally sought. Many of the peers were in the habit of visiting him at his hotel, and inviting him to their entertainments, at which he sometimes appeared; but he was careful never to be seen at the political meetings of the opposition. "It is not in harmony," he used to say, "with my character, and still less with my heart, to oppose the government; I wish to serve it fairly, to aid it with my co-operation, and not to throw impediments in its path." If, however, he had some enjoyments during his sojourn at Paris, they were more than counterbalanced by various disagreeable circumstances. The first of these was his selection by Charles X. to preside at the electoral college of Mayenne. In sending the electors of that district a president so beloved and revered, the king imagined that they would be induced, by their regard for him, to choose a deputy friendly to the government. M. de Cheverus, however, who knew the bent of their minds, far from flattering himself with the hope of success, despaired of executing his mission to the satisfaction of the king. It required, therefore, all his obedience, duty, and devotion to the person of his sovereign, to overcome his reluctance to undertake the task. He acquitted himself of it with the fidelity expected from him, and depicted in energetic colours to the electors the character of the deputy he wished to obtain. "I do not pretend," he

said to them, “to dictate what should be your choice: I am here only to ascertain and proclaim it; but I should do violence to myself and wrong to you, if I did not tell you that I desire the selection of a deputy who is a friend to religion, to legitimacy, to the monarchy, to the king and his august family—of a deputy thoroughly convinced that the charter and our institutions have especial need, for the security of our freedom and happiness, of a powerful, paternal, and tutelary authority capable of upholding and protecting them against the assaults of licentiousness—of a deputy, in a word, whose truly loyal heart beats in unison with ours, with feelings of gratitude and love at the very name of our beloved sovereign, Charles X.” As he had foreseen, however, his efforts were futile; and the deputy elected took his seat on the bench of the opposition. M. de Cheverus returned to Paris on the termination of his mission, and was met there by troubles and trials far more painful to his heart.

The most violent complaints at that time were rife against the Jesuits and the *priest-party*, as it was styled. The public prints, and even the tribunes of the two legislative assemblies, resounded with them day after day. Charles X. at length deemed it indispensable to sacrifice the Jesuits, in order to save the rest of the clergy, and impose restrictions upon the minor seminaries to prevent them from being totally destroyed. At the first news of this resolve, the whole prelacy was thrown into consternation, and the Archbishop of Bordeaux shared in their affliction. He was about to lose the Jesuits who had done so much good in his diocese; he was about to lose one of his minor seminaries; and for the whole of religious France he

discerned the most unhappy consequences from the measure. All the Archbishops and bishops who were at Paris, repaired to the court and portrayed to the king the greatness of the evil he was about to inflict upon religion, employing every argument to ward off the blow with which they were menaced. But Charles X. had taken his resolution. He deemed the measure requisite for the peace of the State; and on the 16th of June, 1828, he signed the two ordinances by which the Jesuits were excluded from the education of youth, and restrictions were imposed upon the minor seminaries. A universal outcry followed. The Catholics of France were filled with alarm; and the bishops knew not what steps to take. Many of them protested against the proceeding, in the belief that the resistance of the prelacy might prevent the execution of the ordinances. Others, among whom was the Archbishop of Bordeaux, deeming the mischief done, considered the opposition of the prelates as useless for the object of inducing the government to retrace its steps, and only calculated to entail the total destruction of the minor seminaries. They therefore thought it better, as it would be necessary sooner or later to submit or annihilate the priesthood by causing the theological schools to be closed, to yield at once, without irritating their enemies to further violence.

The latter opinion, however, although it was subsequently justified by facts, attracted at first a great deal of censure. Instead of examining the reasons on which it was founded, the complainants listened only to their regrets for what they were about to lose, to an unreflecting love for what is abstractly right, and to the deceitful commentaries of certain

journals; and thence concluded that those who refused to protest against the ordinances were actuated by a hatred of the Jesuits, and a willingness to sacrifice the minor seminaries to a disgraceful feeling of pusillanimity. The Archbishop of Bordeaux was greatly pained at seeing his conduct so misconceived, and his sentiments so misrepresented. Nevertheless, strong in the testimony of his conscience, he allowed himself to be neither cast down, nor shaken in his course. Writing to one of his grand vicars, he said—"In all this business I have consulted God, my conscience, and individuals who, in dignity, wisdom, and piety, are unsurpassed. During the course of my life, I have been so often praised without cause, that I ought not to complain if I am now blamed in the same way. If I am to be humbled, I will bless the Almighty, and return with joy to the obscurity from which, God knows, I was drawn in despite of myself. I embrace all my friends; assuring them that although their feelings should change towards me, I will never cease to love them." His conduct corresponded with these sentiments. He sought neither to justify himself, nor to make his opinion prevail. He was not chagrined at others not thinking with him, and felt no less regard for them on that account. Contradiction he bore in silence, and one day an individual whose zeal was more ardent than his charity, having allowed himself to cast severe reproaches upon his behaviour, and even to use language of an insulting tenor, he suffered him to go on without interruption, and when he had finished, only remarked in a tone of perfect mildness: "I thank God, Sir, for having given me the grace not to answer you in the style in which you have spoken."

The Jesuits were more just towards M. de Cheverus, and did homage to the sentiments he had displayed in regard to them. They themselves proclaimed from the pulpit the many proofs of affection which he had given them, and poured forth their grief at being separated from a prelate by whom they were so beloved. In truth, M. de Cheverus always had loved the Jesuits. They had been his friends in America, and it was from their society that he had solicited the Holy See to choose bishops for the United States. He had depicted them to the Pope as priests whose eminent merit, whose piety towards God, whose zeal for the salvation of souls, and whose indefatigable spirit of labour, were above all praise—as apostles who had planted the faith in that country, and watered it with the sweat of their brows, and who had always continued to maintain and to propagate it there. At Bordeaux, also, he was in the habit of visiting the seminary, and giving them every testimonial of esteem and regard. At their departure he publicly expressed the grief which he felt at their loss, and to keep at least some of them, he offered them a house near his palace, and bestowed upon them an annual income of six thousand francs. He did more. To preserve their seminary for them in case of a change of circumstances permitting them to resume the duties of instruction, he transported thither at considerable expense and inconvenience, all the pupils of the theological establishment at Bazas. "This displacement," he said, "costs a great deal, and is not agreeable to the young men; it has but the single advantage of showing how much I love the Jesuits."

In the midst of those trials, however, which God permits to prove and to purify the virtue of his chil-

dren, M. de Cheverus continued to labour earnestly for the welfare of his diocese. By his directions zealous priests spread themselves through the less religious parishes, evangelizing the inhabitants, and making them understand the religion of which they were either ignorant or entirely neglectful; and when their ignorance was once dissipated, when the love of virtue was breathed into their souls with the knowledge of truth, then the Archbishop repaired to the spot, finished by the authority and unction of his sermons what his missionaries had begun, and distributed to the people the bread of angels and the grace of confirmation. At other times the pastors themselves prepared their flocks for his visits. These were generally made in winter, when the inhabitants were less engaged in the labours of the field, and had more leisure for the performance of religious duties. The journey then was often of the most painful kind, from the excessive cold and the piercing wind which in the uncultivated part of the diocese bordering on the sea, meets no impediment to its violence. But no personal considerations ever arrested M. de Cheverus, or induced him to select a more agreeable period for his visits. "What would be more convenient for me," he used to say, "would be less so for the poor; it is my duty to choose the time which suits them the best." The peasants themselves could not repress their astonishment at his courageous zeal. "What a wonder," cried a poor woman in her simple language, which we will be pardoned for repeating, "what a wonder to see a man like that, in a country like that, in weather like that."* Nor was a

* "Quelle merveille de voir un homme comme ça dans un pays comme ça, par un temps comme ça!"

word of complaint ever heard from the Archbishop amid all the hardships incident to these journeys; and when any one else seemed to complain, he would make some pleasant remark, or lead the conversation to the subject of the poor, who, without fire, ill-clothed, and badly fed, were alone, he said, objects of commiseration and pity.

He returned from these apostolic expeditions only to resume his zealous labours at Bordeaux—carrying consolation, assistance, and the graces of his ministry wherever required, and seeking with unwearied assiduity the occasions of affording them. There was one species of visits in which his charity was displayed in a manner peculiarly edifying—those which he made to the sick or infirm priests of his diocese, on whom he lavished every care and benefit with especial fervor. Within the precincts of his palace he did no less good than out of doors. As he was accessible to all persons at all hours of the day, he was consulted in every difficult and delicate emergency. Timorous souls came to him to reveal their disquietudes and troubles of conscience; and men who had long been neglectful of every religious duty, or even unfixed in their faith, opened their hearts to him, related their difficulties and remorse, the obstacles which impeded, and the doubts which agitated them, and in return received from him the instruction and counsels and encouragement they needed. If they desired it, he would also hear their confessions, and after the requisite trial, would reconcile them to God and the church. Those who had devoted themselves to good works, he welcomed with especial regard. Viewing them as the co-operators of his ministry, he deemed himself happy in doing whatever

they wished. Of this disposition "the Ladies of the Mission," an edifying association founded at Bordeaux in 1817, were often favoured with signal proofs. Those excellent women have an establishment in which a large number of young female orphans are reared and educated in the knowledge appropriate to their state. Charmed with their benevolence, M. de Cheverus frequently preached to them in the chapel which belonged to the episcopal palace, explaining the duties of a Christian woman in the midst of the world, and inculcating right notions upon the subject of genuine piety.

Whilst thus engaged, the Archbishop received a new assistant, dear to him by more than one title—his nephew, the Abbé George, who, after passing four years in the seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris, in the study of theological science and the practice of piety, had been elevated to the priesthood. He felt for this young man all the tenderness of a father for his child; but he would not allow the voice of affection and blood to influence him to any concession in his favour, and he caused him to perform the duties and submit to all the obligations of a parish vicar. After a time the metropolitan chapter wishing to enrol among its members a priest who seemed worthy of the honour, begged the Archbishop to name him at least an honorary canon, but to no purpose. He thanked them for their good feeling, but replied that his nephew had not yet laboured enough to merit that distinction, and that he had too good an opinion of him to suppose he desired it himself.

To the pleasure derived by M. de Cheverus from the society of his nephew, was soon afterwards added another which recalled the happy days of his youth.

The Abbé MacCarthy, his former friend and fellow student, who had become the most distinguished pulpit orator of France, visited Bordeaux, to preach during advent. A delightful spectacle was then exhibited in the frank and affectionate friendship which, after so long a period, again united the Archbishop and the Jesuit father. Their intercourse was marked by an ease, a simplicity, a gaiety, and a cordiality, (which, however, never degenerated into familiarity, the high esteem they entertained for each other forbidding it,) that were perfectly charming. They talked over old times at the seminary, consulted one another upon various matters, and with regard to the sermons of the preacher, the Archbishop would tell him without reserve or flattery, all that he thought of their plan and composition.

Meanwhile M. de Cheverus was not lost sight of at court. Charles X. seized every occasion of showing him his confidence and esteem. He had already offered him the post of minister of ecclesiastical affairs, which the Archbishop had refused in the most peremptory manner, both from his disinclination to greatness, and the indications he beheld of the storm which was soon to burst upon France—a storm that he had no hopes of being able to allay. In November, 1828, he had been appointed a counsellor of state, with authority to take part in the deliberations of the council, and the labours of the committee of which it consists; and in 1830, he was honoured with one of the highest titles which a king of France can confer, by being named a commander of the order of the Holy Ghost. This nomination which he received in common with M. de Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris, was remarkable for being the last made by

Charles X. M. de Peyronnet, then minister of the interior, was charged with the annunciation of his new dignity to M. de Cheverus, and performed the duty with especial delight, as he loved as much as he esteemed him. More than once he had poured into his bosom, with all the unreserve and confidence of friendship, the cares and solicitudes by which he was torn, and had found there the tenderest interest, the wisest advice, the most soothing consolation. Alas! he foresaw not all the afflictions which were soon to be heaped on his head. "The blue ribbon," he said in his letter to M. de Cheverus, "will add nothing to your virtues and your merits; but it will prove that the king knows them, loves them, and takes pleasure in honouring them." The Archbishop received the intelligence with gratitude for the goodness of the king, but with indifference as regarded himself. He was absorbed at the time in his apprehensions of the impending storm, and could find no room for satisfaction in a heart that was filled with sadness. "We have fallen," was his remark, "on such evil days; society is in so critical a state, that one must have lost every sentiment of charity to be occupied with personal concerns; the public misfortunes ought alone to affect us." At the great news of the capture of Algiers by the French army, which soon afterwards reached Bordeaux, he rejoiced like all good Frenchmen and friends of humanity; but his joy was not a feeling of triumph. The victory achieved abroad appeared to him no guarantee of internal peace, and the issue proved that his forebodings were but too correct.

BOOK IV.

LIFE OF CARDINAL DE CHEVERUS FROM THE REVOLUTION
OF JULY, 1830, TO HIS LAST ILLNESS.

We have now arrived at the last epoch of the life of M. de Cheverus. Like all the rest, it was fruitful in good works, in tribulations, and in testimonials of the esteem and veneration of the world. In the midst of the troubles that agitated France in the year 1830, the first thing by which the Archbishop of Bordeaux signalized his wisdom, was the peace which he succeeded in preserving in his diocese, the perfect tranquillity which he enabled his clergy without exception to enjoy, as in the most prosperous times. The new authorities established at Bordeaux were filled, like their predecessors, with that profound respect which was the universal sentiment towards him, and made it an honour and a duty to consult and to act with him for the public good. He received their advances with pleasure, and sought to turn to the advantage of religion, the consideration and regard which were felt for his person. The most excellent understanding was established, at least from the year 1831, between the authorities and himself, as well as between the various branches of the former. A more intimate union, a more harmonious concert of views and efforts, could not have been desired; and it was the Archbishop who was the soul of the concert, the bond of the union, the centre in which all hearts were

blended. Thence resulted the remarkable circumstance, that whilst the rest of France was in a state of disturbance and trouble, whilst almost every where else the *soil* was trembling, so to speak, beneath the tread, the diocese of Bordeaux was always peaceful and calm, its clergy honoured and respected, its Archbishop revered and beloved. Every measure, even the most trifling, for the public welfare, was adopted in concert with him. He was made to preside at all the deliberations; and all matters in which a member of the priesthood was in the least concerned, were submitted entirely to his decision, so much was it feared to give him pain by taking any step that might be disagreeable to him.

The same regard that was felt for M. de Cheverus at Bordeaux, was also cherished for him at Paris. His advice continued to be received there with deference, and exert a powerful influence. Reserved as he was, and little inclined to mix in affairs which were not immediately under his charge, he made little use of the credit he possessed; but when he did employ it, it was almost always with success, and for the welfare of religion and the Church. It is well known that during the first months of the Revolution, it was in contemplation to impose upon pastors, as well as upon public functionaries, an oath of fidelity to the new government. On learning the fact, M. de Cheverus wrote at once to an influential personage, representing to him that the measure was equally impolitic and improper, that it would embarrass the government, would bring the clergy into trouble, would alarm the people, and that a division would ensue like that of the juring and non-juring priests of the first revolution. "I will answer for my

clergy," he said, "if the oath is not demanded; otherwise I can answer for nothing." His letter was submitted to the king, and had the desired effect. It was forthwith resolved that the oath should not be exacted; and the Archbishop of Bordeaux had the consolation of rendering an incalculable service to the Church of France.

The high consideration every where enjoyed by M. de Cheverus, inspired several members of the government with the desire of restoring him to his dignity of peer of France, of which he had been deprived by the revolution, and recalling him to Paris to take part in the new order of things. The deputies of the Gironde, it appears, had already earnestly solicited the favour of power in his behalf; and he had every reason to fear that he would be snatched from his retirement. Apprehensive that the repugnance he had manifested when sounded upon the subject, would not be sufficient to prevent the designs which might be formed in regard to him, he determined to arrest all proceedings of the kind at once, by publishing in the Parisian journals a solemn declaration, in which he announced his firm resolve to accept no place in the State, to live and die in the midst of his flock, and devote himself exclusively to his ministerial functions.*

* *Declaration of the Archbishop of Bordeaux.*

"Without approving the exclusion pronounced against the peers created by Charles X., I have rejoiced to find myself out of the political path, and have taken a firm resolution never to re-enter it, never to accept either function or place. I wish to remain among my flock, and continue to exercise my vocation of charity, union, and peace. I will preach submission to the government, I will set the

It is well worthy of remark, that although the Archbishop was every where loved and honoured, and courted; that although the new government, like the old one, was eager to attach him to its service; he had never done any thing with the view of obtaining this lofty consideration. He had purchased it by no concession which he did not make in common with the whole episcopal body; he had intrigued for it in no way whatever; he never spoke to the king (Louis Phillippe) before the day he received the insignia of Cardinal, nor appeared in Paris until the ceremony of his installation obliged him to go there; he had even permitted himself to do many acts which might have displeased the government: his declaration, in particular, and the publicity he had given to it, had been censured by many, and the authorities of Bordeaux had even called upon him to complain of it. During the imprisonment of the Duchess of Berry in the citadel of Blaye, he had asked permission to carry her the consolations of his ministry; and, in fine, he had never dissembled his sentiments towards Charles X. "I should not be worthy of your esteem," he told the authorities of the city, "if I concealed from you my affection for the deposed family; and you would despise me as an ingrate, knowing that I had been loaded with benefits by Charles X."

example; and my clergy and myself will never cease to pray in conjunction with our people, for the welfare of our beloved country.

"I feel myself more and more attached to the people of Bordeaux. I thank them for the friendship they have shown me. The wish of my heart is to live and die in the midst of them, without any other titles than those of their Archbishop and friend.

+ JOHN

ARCHEBISHOP OF BORDEAUX.

Bordeaux, 19 August, 1830."

But there was one trait in the character of M. de Cheverus which extorted esteem and confidence and veneration—a boundless charity, which embraced men of all parties in one feeling of love, constituted his whole policy. It never entered into his head that any one should be less loved because he has an opinion or a mode of viewing a matter different from our own, as if he ceased on that account to be our brother in Jesus Christ, and were no longer comprised in the great precept: *Love ye one another as I have loved you.* He consequently behaved with equal kindness to men of all parties, seeing in them only diocesans, brethren, and friends; and it was his happiness to behold all opinions fraternizing at his table, or those of his priests in his pastoral visits. He would then delight to repeat his cherished maxim, like his patron St. John: “*Let us love one another.* If minds are divided in opinion, let all our hearts be confounded in the sentiment of mutual charity; let us be all united.” No one could avoid admiring this policy, breathing, as it did, the whole spirit of the Bible; and M. de Cheverus had no other.

As he had passed twenty-seven years in America, living happily and tranquilly under a republican government, which considered him one of its best citizens, many supposed him to be a partisan of liberal institutions. But he never allowed himself to meddle with theories as to the best form of government, esteeming these high social questions “much beyond the reach of his intellect,” and professing “to know nothing about them.”* In practice, he adhered to

* These were his own expressions. As to the system of liberty in the United States, he always avowed himself pleased with it; but

the general principle followed by the church at every period, to respect the established government, whatever it might be, and to preserve with it the best possible understanding,* since religion and society both gain from the concord of the two powers, as much as they suffer by their disunion. Feeling that as a Bishop he ought to be the pastor, the father, and the friend of all alike, called as he was to labour for the salvation of all, he was anxious to efface every mark of the politician, so that all might look upon him in a friendly light. Thence the silence always observed at the episcopal palace on the subject of politics, which he never adverted to, nor allowed to be mentioned in his presence. Thence his care never to allude to it, directly or indirectly, in his public discourses, except on two occasions, when he

at the same time he maintained that to introduce it into France with the ideas and habits that prevailed there, would be to ensure the reign of anarchy and confusion: "In France," he said, "they do not comprehend what liberty is; they desire liberty for themselves and those who think with them, but oppression and fetters for the rest, especially for the clergy."

* The observance of this principle is a striking fact in the history of the church: See, amongst other examples, First, what is related in the History of the Gallican Church, (vol. i. b. 2, year 383,) of the conduct of the Bishops of Spain and Gaul, and of St. Martin himself towards the tyrant Maximus; Second, the letter of St. Ambrose to the tyrant Eugenius, who had caused Valentinian the Younger to be assassinated, and usurped his throne; Third, the letter of St. Gregory the Great to Phocas, who had massacred the emperor Maurice, with his wife and children, and what is related by Henry of the conduct of that holy Pope on the occasion; Fourth, the *procès-verbaux* of the assemblies of the clergy of France, vol. iii. p. 686, and also their *Pièces justificatives*, p. 90, 91, which contain the remarkable answer of Gregory XIII. that subsequently became the rule of conduct with the Holy See.

deemed himself compelled by the force of circumstances, to swerve from his rule. He preached nothing but the Scriptures and charity; he was the man of God revealing the mysteries of heaven, and expounding its laws; never the man of the world, degrading the words of divine wisdom to a level with those of human folly, by casting them into the whirlwind of opinions, in which the children of the earth are forever involved.

What he practised so well he endeavoured unceasingly to inculcate upon his priests. "Regrets are permitted to us—" such were his lessons—"we owe an account of our affections only to God, and the heart is a sanctuary where men have naught to behold; but we are responsible for both our words and deeds: let us be careful, then, to say nothing and to do nothing which may furnish a hold upon us. The clergy should keep themselves aloof from all political passions, to be qualified for the due fulfilment of their mission of charity and peace, whatever the form of government may be: no party, either now or at any time, should look upon us as enemies, since we are called to save men of every party."

Charity blended with prudence was thus the guide of M. de Cheverus in both his precepts and deportment; and thanks to the inspirations of the two virtues, he was enabled subsequently to the year 1830, as before, to devote himself in peace to the performance of good works. He undertook new ones, and did not neglect the old ones; on the latter the only effect produced by the revolution was that of diminishing his alms, by depriving him of twenty-two thousand livres of revenue, in consequence of the retrenchments made in the chambers in the salaries of

the clergy. Nevertheless, in order that the poor might suffer as little as possible from this diminution of his income, he curtailed his expenses in every feasible way. He retained but one domestic to serve him in church, in his journeys, and in the interior of his palace; reduced his table, which was always frugal, as much as his position would admit, and refused himself conveniences which might seem indispensable, choosing to endure privations himself rather than allow the poor to suffer.

He would not, however, allow his clergy to be barred from his table for a single day. "Though I should have but a morsel of bread," he said to them, "I would invite you to share it with me." He even continued to invite laymen in the same numbers as before; and fixed his dinner-hour at noon in order to accommodate his priests, many of whom were obliged to return before evening to parishes at a considerable distance, as well as to be enabled, notwithstanding the decrease of his means, to receive the rich and the great, (to whom he offered his modest repast as a breakfast,) and thereby preserve the most intimate relations with all the inhabitants of his diocese. It was a pleasure to him to see the opulent abandoning their sumptuous tables to partake of his simple fare. Especially did he delight to welcome those whom the revolution of July had deprived of their rank and influence. "When you were in power," he would say to them, "I saw you rarely and ceremoniously, because it might have been thought I was seeking favours at your hands: now we meet often in the most intimate way, because you are in adversity, and the heart alone can preside over our relations."

The government, which could not be ignorant of

the circumstance, took no offence at it, and it was afterwards ascertained that at the period in question the king had the intention of asking a Cardinal's hat for the Archbishop. But the occupation of Ancona by the French troops having greatly displeased the Pope, and given rise to protracted negotiations, it was necessary to renounce every request for a favour, and the nomination of M. de Cheverus was in consequence indefinitely postponed.

In the meantime the Archbishop was occupied with cares much dearer to his heart than all the grandeurs and dignities of the earth. Considering the future destinies of France as essentially dependent upon the education given in the colleges to that portion of the youth whose social position may one day call them to the different posts of the state, he made arrangements with the *proviseur* of the Royal College, a priest no less respectable for his firmness and prudence than his zeal and erudition, to bring piety and religion into honour in his establishment. He sent, in the first place, one of his priests to hold grave and argumentative conferences with the students on the proofs and dogmas of Christianity; and shortly afterwards the office of almoner of the college having become vacant, he offered it to several of the most learned priests of his diocese, and on their declining it, he bestowed it upon his nephew, the Abbé George. That worthy individual devoted himself with his whole soul to the great work, assisted zealously and constantly by his uncle. The latter, to encourage the pupils, made a walk to his country-seat a recompense for those who corresponded with his wishes, by preparing for them their games, refreshments, and whatever could minister to the enjoyment

of a party of pleasure. He also went himself to the college to give instructions, and every year celebrated the feast of its patron saint, presided at the first communion, and on each occasion addressed the young men in discourses which he always adapted to the character of their studies. Sometimes he would show them, in imitation of St. Basil, the advantage which a Christian may and should derive from the perusal of profane authors; sometimes, when preaching on a point of morality, he would support his doctrine by whatever had been most wisely said in regard to the subject by the Greek and Latin poets and orators. "These are my holy fathers," he was wont laughingly to remark, "when I preach at the college." In fact, his discourses were steeped, so to speak, in the books which the students had in their hands, and demonstrated that he was as familiar with them in his later years, as he had been in the days of his youth. So much labour and effort, seconded as they were by the zeal of the *proviseur*, could not fail to produce fruit. Such was the success attending them, that the Royal College of Bordeaux became a perfect house of edification—a school in which religion was not only respected but practised, so much so that the last time he went there, M. de Cheverus distributed holy communion to no less than one hundred and forty of the students, all animated with the truest sentiments of faith and devotion, all bearing on their countenances the most expressive evidence of the happy feelings with which their breasts were filled. The spectacle moved the Archbishop to tears, and when in the evening after the ceremony, one of the students addressed him in a discourse expressive of the general gratitude, he could only answer with

fresh tears. "My dear children," he said, "my answer flows from my eyes."* He blessed them, and retired, declaring that that was one of the most delightful and consoling days of his episcopal life.

The zeal of M. de Cheverus for the good education of youth, did not disdain to descend to the humblest and most irksome duties. Having learnt that at the normal school of mutual instruction, a Protestant minister was giving lessons to the pupils under the title of professor of religious morality, and foreseeing difficulties, or at least delays in getting rid of this dangerous teacher and putting a Catholic priest in his place, he undertook himself the task of giving instructions at the establishment several times a week in religious morality, that is to say, in the catechism, the only true and sure foundation of morals; and this humble ministry he performed with such scrupulous exactness, that one day being prevented by the sitting of a council at the episcopal palace, from attending at the precise moment, he wrote to the master of the school to inform him that important business would oblige him to defer his lesson for a quarter of an hour.†

* *Mes chers enfans, ma réponse coule de mes yeux.* Is not that as beautiful a piece of eloquence and poetry as was almost ever uttered?—Tr.

† It is to be hoped that this incident will not be considered an evidence of what is called *bigotry* in M. de Cheverus, especially after the proofs that have been furnished of his tolerant nature, for there never was a man whose whole career breathed more truly the spirit of the beautiful invocation:

"Peace be to all, whate'er their varying creeds,
"To all who send up holy thoughts on high!"

But he was a conscientious, unswerving believer in the faith he professed, and whilst he both viewed and treated those who differed

The breaking out of the cholera in France gave a new impulse to the zeal and benevolence of M. de Cheverus. Every where dread was felt of being surprised by the scourge, and every where preparations were industriously made against its arrival. In Bordeaux hospitals were established in the different quarters of the city. The only one where a suitable house for the purpose could not be found, was that in which the episcopal palace was situated. This, M. de Cheverus, on learning the circumstance, immediately tendered to the authorities, declaring that he would deem himself happy and honoured at seeing it converted into a hospital for his sick brethren, and expressing his readiness to act himself as keeper of the infirmary in case of need. The offer was accepted with gratitude by the authorities, who went in a body to thank the prelate who showed himself so truly the pastor and father of his people. Beds were accordingly transported to the palace, with every thing necessary for the comfort of the sick, and over the door were inscribed the words "*House of Siccour*"—a glorious inscription, the worthiest to decorate an episcopal mansion, and one which at all times and all places, before and after the cholera, at Boston and Montauban, as well as at Bordeaux, might have designated the residence of M. de Che-

from him with charity of the purest kind, he could not have allowed what he deemed their errors to spread, where he had power to arrest them, without the plainest violation of duty. Indeed, tolerance can only exist in conjunction with a firm conviction of, and adherence to the truth of what is believed, for how can he be said to be tolerant who regards all religions as equally good? There is certainly no virtue in such a man's tolerance, or indifference, to give it its proper appellation.—Tr.

verus. Thanks to the goodness of Providence, who, as it were, only showed the scourge to the city, it was not found requisite to have recourse to these houses of succour, but a small number of the inhabitants having been attacked, for whom the general hospital was quite sufficient. Those the Archbishop visited almost every day, carrying them words of kindness and consolation, and alleviating their sufferings as much as was in his power. Several having died, an absurd rumour of poison began to circulate among the people, and produced so much excitement that the magistrates became alarmed. In their uneasiness they went to the Archbishop and begged him to use his influence to do away with the delusion. "Indigence," they said, "is accustomed to hear your voice; we have need of its assistance." He complied with their request the more eagerly, from the circumstance of the Sisters of Charity being involved in the calumnious report. To injure these angels of goodness was to afflict him in the tenderest point. He immediately took up his pen, and justified them in a pastoral letter full of energy and force. "The daughters of St. Vincent, of Paul, poison you!" he said, "rather would they suck poison from your wounds, were it necessary to save you." He also preached a discourse in the church of St. Eulalia, in which he exhibited the absurdity of the rumour, and from that day nothing more was heard of it.

This was not the only occasion on which the civil authority called M. de Cheverus to its aid, and experienced the beneficial effects of his influence. The cholera having carried off many of the inmates of the poor-house, the survivors determined to obtain their

release. The magistrates begged the Archbishop to exert his mild and powerful authority as the best means of re-establishing order. He repaired in consequence to the establishment, spoke to the paupers, appeased their murmurs, dissipated their apprehensions, and succeeded in restoring perfect tranquillity and peace. "Had I not been able to quiet them," he said on his return, "I would have brought them with me to my palace, kept them there, and tended them, had they been assailed by the malady."

Another revolt, more difficult to quell, threatened to break out about the same time among the prisoners confined in the fort of Ha, who having taken it into their heads that the revolution of July was to loosen their fetters and restore them to freedom, had become impatient at not obtaining their expected deliverance, and resolved to release themselves by force. The sedition was on the point of proceeding to the last excesses, when the Archbishop, at the request of the magistrates, hastened to the prison, spoke to the revolters in his usual mild and persuasive manner, represented to them the injury they would do to themselves by the new crime they were about to commit, and preached peace, resignation, and order in the name of God. The words of the good pastor were heard, the prisoners returned to submission, and religion had the glory of overcoming those hardened beings, who would only perhaps have grown more desperate in the presence of force.

A short time after this event, M. de Cheverus sustained an afflicting loss. The bishopric of Montauban being vacant, his friend and grand vicar, the Abbé de Trélissac, who had left every thing to follow him, who was the depositary of all his thoughts

and cares, and whom he loved as himself, was appointed to the See. At first the Abbé refused the honour in the most peremptory way, and M. de Cheverus flattered himself with the hope of retaining him; but he was at length obliged to yield, and the separation became unavoidable. Great was the sorrow of both, but the Archbishop would not allow all that he felt to appear. He dissembled his grief in order to be able to console his excellent friend, who bitterly deplored his elevation, not so much because it withdrew him from a tranquil and agreeable life to impose upon him, old and infirm as he was, all the cares of a prelate, as because it broke the bonds which united him with one so beloved as M. de Cheverus. It was a consolation, however, to the latter, that the sacrifice was to be made for the sake of the people of Montauban, for whom he always preserved the tenderest regard. Both on their account and that of his friend, he determined to consecrate the new bishop himself, and give all possible pomp and majesty to the ceremonial. To furnish room for the faithful, he caused galleries to be erected all around the cathedral;* and in order that they might see every thing that was done, a platform was raised in the middle of the nave, surmounted by two altars, for the consecration of the bishop, and sufficiently large to allow the ceremonies to be performed in their fullest magnificence. He also invited all his suffragan prelates to assist at the festival; and in addition to these, the bishops-elect of Tarbes and St. Flour, who were desirous of receiving consecration from his hands, lent the éclat of their presence. Bor-

* The churches of Europe have no pews nor galleries like ours.—Tr.

deaux had never seen a more imposing spectacle—the consecration of three bishops, the union of seven prelates, and a numerous assemblage of clergy from every quarter of that and the neighbouring dioceses. The spectacle offered to the eyes of M. de Cheverus by the appearance of the cathedral, with the immense multitude within its precincts, could not fail to awaken the liveliest emotions; and these he poured out in a most eloquent and impressive discourse. After proclaiming that day the most glorious of his episcopal career, he dwelt upon the fate of his virtuous friend, “a victim that was immolating to the interests of religion both his affections and his antipathies, who, the more he was decorated with rich insignia, was only the more adorned for sacrifice.” At the conclusion of the discourse the ceremony was performed in a manner equally edifying and splendid, amid the wrapt attention of the congregation. That day M. de Cheverus entertained at his table, not only the seven prelates, but also all the principal authorities, and a large number of persons of distinction, whom, according to his wont, he thus induced to fraternize, notwithstanding the well-known difference of their opinions. So much delighted were the bishops with their host, that they remained for several days. One of them, especially, M. de Lostanges, Bishop of Périgueux, could not restrain his happiness and joy. Ever and anon he would throw himself upon the neck of M. de Cheverus, exclaiming with tears in his eyes: “Oh, my good father, how delighted I am to be near you! This is the happiest period of my life! I now feel in all its force what the Holy Spirit says: nothing is so good, nothing so sweet as the union of brethren—

Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum!" This was the first time the worthy bishop had ever met M. de Cheverus, whose kindness, simplicity, delicate attentions, amiable gaiety, and exquisite tact at putting his guests at perfect ease, completely won his heart. The pleasure he experienced was a source of genuine satisfaction to his host, but at the same time furnished him with a reflection well worthy of his excellent heart: "If this dear bishop," said he, after the departure of M. de Lostanges, "felt so vividly the delight of finding a heart that loves him, he could not have been much accustomed to that happiness. Would that I had been able to impart it to him sooner!"

After the return of the bishops to their respective dioceses, M. de Cheverus set out himself for Montauban, to visit his former flock, and instal M. de Trélissac. Seven years had elapsed since he left them, but he found that this long interval, so far from having cooled their affection, had only rendered it the more ardent. His whole journey from the first hamlet of the diocese, was a positive triumph. The whole road resounded with cries of "Long live M. de Cheverus." In all the towns and villages through which he passed, he was received with every demonstration of the most enthusiastic delight; in all he was obliged to comply with the eagerness of the inhabitants once again to hear his words of counsel and love. Montauban itself he entered at night, in order to avoid all display; but in spite of the darkness and the rain which was falling at the time, the people were watching in the streets and at the gates of the episcopal residence, and as soon as he appeared, there was a universal burst of joy. On descending from his car-

riage, he was surrounded by an immense multitude, who thronged about him to kiss his hands, and even the hem of his garments, exclaiming: "Long live our good father! long live M. de Cheverus! he is as good as ever! he loves us still! he is no prouder than he was when among us!" The next day the crowd completely lined the path from the episcopal mansion to the cathedral, so that he could not get to the latter without being carried there, as it were, on the shoulders of the people. M. de Cheverus was deeply affected by these testimonials of love. "They do me injury," he said, "by loving me so! my feelings are too strong for my heart." For his first sermon he selected as his text the passage from St. John: *mandatum novum de vobis ut diligatis invicem sicut dilexi vos*—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you that ye also love one another;" and then went on to say: "Were I not afraid of being guilty of blasphemy, I would change the words of my text, and say to you, love one another as you have the goodness to love me."

As may be supposed, M. de Trélissac, presented as he was to his flock by hands so dear, was joyfully welcomed. The sentiments of affection and respect which his own merits had so justly awakened, were enhanced by his title of friend of M. de Cheverus, by whom he had been consecrated and installed; and the two prelates were blended, so to speak, in one and the same feeling of love.

During his leisure moments at his residence, the Archbishop was visited by all the principal persons of the city, who vied with one another in manifesting their esteem. "I have a favour to ask," said

one, "permit me to embrace you that I may boast of it for the rest of my life." "I have written," said another, "to a cabinet minister and told him that if the king in person should come to Montauban, he could not be received with greater respect and distinction than your grace has been." "You are truly king in this city," said a third; "all hearts, all wills are at your disposal; one word from your mouth is more potent with the people than a whole army of bayonets."

The stay of M^r. de Cheverus was but for a few days. On his return to Bordeaux he encountered an affliction equally great and unexpected. His other Grand Vicar, M. Carle, a venerable and most exemplary old man, whom, together with M. de Trélissac, he had brought with him from Montauban, fell dead in the church as he was leaving the altar after the celebration of the ceremonies of Easter Sunday, [1834.] The intelligence of this melancholy event, which was suddenly and incautiously communicated to the Archbishop, almost prostrated him at the moment, and a few days afterwards, either from natural predisposition or the agitation of mind into which he had been thrown, he himself had a stroke of apoplexy when alone, which rendered him senseless for several instants. He recovered, however, without assistance, and endeavoured to conceal the circumstance in order not to alarm his friends; but the injuries his face had received from the fall, betrayed what had happened, and consternation was at once every where spread. As for himself, he was neither frightened nor saddened by the event. He considered it an annunciation of his approaching death, a warning from heaven to be prepared; and

from that moment, more if possible than before, did he look upon all the things of this world as a fleeting dream, a transitory vapour, speaking often of his old age and deeming himself upon the brink of the tomb. This idea made him anxious to choose as successor to M. Carle in the Grand Vicarship, a devoted, discreet, and pious friend, who might accompany him in all his pastoral visits, as well as be always with him at home, to lend him assistance in case of accident, execute his last wishes, and receive his last sigh. Such a friend was his nephew, but him he hesitated to appoint from an unwillingness to appear disposed to listen to the voice of nature in an affair of that kind. The expression, however, of the general wish, as manifested in the solicitations of many members of the clergy, removed his scruples, and he tendered the vacant place to the Abbé George. The latter was equally surprised and afflicted at the offer, and for the first time presumed to refuse compliance with his uncle's wishes. Far from being displeased, the Archbishop rejoiced at finding such sentiments in his relative, and told him that he would not impose any obligation upon him, but would only expect him to consult those in whom he had confidence and follow the advice they should give. M. George did consult, and receiving an unanimous opinion, he finally accepted the post. From that moment, he was glued, as it were, to his uncle's side, being kept in constant fear of a repetition of the blow which had nearly been attended by such disastrous consequences. His fears were but too well founded. Six weeks afterwards M. de Cheverus experienced another attack, but not so severe as to prevent him from resuming his avocations the next day, although it

greatly increased the alarm of his friends, who trembled for his life from hour to hour. He himself, however, continued full of courage, energy, and zeal, fulfilling all his duties with his usual assiduity, and seizing every occasion of doing good to those within his sphere.

One day a rich Creole having besought him to baptise his child, at length prevailed upon him to grant the request, in spite of his unwillingness to do for one what he could not do for all. It happened that whilst he was administering the sacrament, he perceived in the church a poor woman, accompanied by her relatives, who was holding an infant in her arms and waiting humbly, at a distance, until she could be permitted to approach the font. Thinking of the painful feelings which might be excited in the bosoms of those poor individuals by the spectacle of the honours bestowed upon the rich man's child, whilst the object of their solicitude was entirely neglected, he turned towards them and directing them to draw near, told them he wished to baptise the unadorned baby as well as the one that was loaded with ornaments. On the conclusion of the ceremony he took occasion from the incident to give some useful lessons to both the rich and the poor who were present. "These two children," he said, "are equally great in the sight of God, equally honourable, equally dear to his heart; both are destined to the same glory in eternity, though they are to reach it by different paths—the rich one by the charity which will succour and console his wretched brethren, the poor one by an humble and laborious life: Heaven will be open to him who suffers, because he will have been patient; to him who gives alms, because he will

have been compassionate. The virtue of the one will consist in being generous, that of the other in being grateful; and," he added, "both must begin from this very day to fulfil their destiny: the poor child cannot, indeed, yet ask, and his heart is yet incapable of gratitude, but I will be his interpreter, I will undertake to be grateful for all the good you may do him; the rich child cannot yet give, and his heart cannot yet be touched by generosity, but you," he continued, turning to the numerous and brilliant assemblage by whom the infant was surrounded, "you are his representatives, you should be charitable and generous for him: the alms you may now bestow will be the greatest proof of tenderness you can give him; they will sanctify his entrance into life, and cause the whole course of it to be blessed by that God who does not call himself in vain the Father of the poor." He then made a collection for the poor child, to which every one of the wealthy group pressed eagerly forward to contribute. They were all deeply affected by the words of the Archbishop, and the collection in consequence was overflowing. The poor family left the church, with tears of happiness and gratitude in their eyes, pouring out fervent blessings upon the good Archbishop and his rich and munificent friends.

One of the most admirable of the charitable establishments on which M. de Cheverus delighted to bestow his care, was that for the benefit of the little Savoyards. For a long time the benevolent had been pained by the miserable condition of these poor children, who, coming from the mountains of Auvergne or Savoy, wandered through the French cities, ill fed and ill clothed, under the guidance of inhu-

man masters, and exposed, without any religious instruction whatever, to all the dangers that beset destitute childhood, yet always interesting from their simplicity and cheerfulness. At Paris an institution had been founded by the Abbés de Fénelon and Legris Duval, (names to be ever cherished,) in which the little creatures were furnished with all the succour that both charity and faith can provide; but nothing of the kind existed at Bordeaux before the last years of the life of M. d'Aviau, when a similar institution was commenced under the auspices of that holy man. It was left, however, to M. de Cheverus to complete it, and give it all its usefulness. A house was erected for the reception of the children, and a chapel built in which they might attend to their religious duties. The Archbishop used constantly to visit and instruct them, telling them of all they owed to that religion which had shown herself so tender a mother to them, and always reminding them that, poor as they were, they might become in heaven greater, and richer, and happier, than all the great ones of the world. "Why," said he to them on one occasion, "has St. Francis de Sales been given to you as your patron? It is because being a Savoyard himself, he feels a great affection for you; in that way I am a Savoyard also, for I love you very much. Yes, I am a Savoyard; and," he added, seeing the children look surprised as if uncertain whether he was in earnest, "these gentlemen are also Savoyards, for they love you as I do; and these ladies likewise, who give you bread and clothes, are Savoyards in the same way." A smile was on every one's lips, and a tear in every one's eye, as he uttered these words.

If the Archbishop was thus watchful over children who were strangers to his diocese, his care for the poor children of Bordeaux may be easily imagined. Up to 1834, the greater part were left without guidance and instruction; but in that year asylums were opened for them in different parishes of the city, where from the age of eighteen months to seven years, they are every morning received, taught, and taken care of during the day with maternal tenderness; and thus while their parents are enabled to attend to their business, free from all solicitude on the score of their children, the latter are learning the love of virtue and the science of religion, almost from their cradle. It was the happiness of M. de Cheverus to find himself in the midst of these children, and one of the most delightful days he ever experienced was the 6th of May, 1835, when deputations from them went to him to place in his hands the symbolical keys of each asylum, as if to acknowledge him as the common father of the little families. Each asylum had its delegation, each parish its banner, with the names of Mary and St. Philomena on one side, and that of the patron saint of the parish inscribed around a cross upon the other. They repaired in procession to the chapel of the episcopal mansion, where they met the association of "the children of the rich for the protection of the children of the poor"—an association divided into two branches, one of which, composed of a thousand children, furnished, by a contribution of thirty francs each, the necessary sum for the expenses incident to the establishmmt of the asylums, whilst the other, whose number is unlimited, is charged with the duty of collecting among relatives and friends

whatever can be obtained.* After a discourse had been pronounced by the Abbé Dupuch, the director of the association, a certain number of its members, each one holding by the hand a child belonging to an asylum, advanced in order towards the Archbishop, the poor children presenting him with the keys of the asylum, the rich with an enamelled heart containing the names of the thousand associates. It was an affecting spectacle to behold the flower and hope of the city thus habituated from an early age to the exercise of charity, giving their hands to misfortune, and acting as the protectors and support of other children of their own age. The benediction of the Holy Sacrament was then sung, and afterwards M. de Cheverus took them all into his garden, where he pleased himself with looking at their gambols. From that day, the asylums increased with great rapidity. Eighteen were soon established in different parts of the city, and fifteen hundred children were received in them, and reared under the fostering care of religion.

In proportion as these establishments were multiplied, it became necessary to form religious institutions capable of directing them. To meet that want, M. de Cheverus invited to his diocese the sisters of the Presentation, an order founded thirty years before, at Bourg-Saint Andéol, by the Abbé Vernet,

* What an admirable association! how well fitted to train up children in the practice and love of that virtue which covereth a multitude of sins! how worthy of being every where imitated, especially in a country where the rich and the poor, by the nature of its political institutions, are brought into closer contact than in any other, and where it is so important that the kindest feelings should exist between the two classes!—Tr.

Superior of the Seminary of Viviers, for the purpose not only of teaching youth, but of forming proper instructors. These holy women did not restrict themselves to the mere accomplishment of the object for which their order was created, but after creating a normal school for the formation of teachers for the Christian schools in the different parishes of the diocese as well as for the asylums, they imposed upon themselves the duty of regularly visiting the latter, of watching every thing that passed there, of superintending the persons employed in them, and assembling them from time to time to give them advice and consult with them about the means of supporting and improving the establishments—an important service from which resulted the uniformity of conduct and administration that characterize the asylums. At the age of seven, when the rudiments had been acquired, the boys were removed to the schools of the Brethren of the venerable Abbé de la Salle, and the girls to those of the Sisters of Charity, or to other academies of the kind. Two parishes alone were destitute of these elementary schools; these the Sisters of the Presentation took under their own especial charge, as well as numbers of deserted children left without father and mother, who could not be accommodated in the asylums. To provide for such of these poor orphans as they could not attend to, two new establishments were created, one for males and the other for females—the first supported by the association of rich children mentioned above, the second by another association of children bearing the name of "Young stewards of Providence."

Every thing was thus done for childhood until it reached the season of life when an occupation is to

be chosen. Either from the violence of the passions, or the bad examples encountered in work-shops, that period had been the fatal moment in which all the fruits of early education were blasted; but a remedy for this as well as for other evils, was provided. The same Sisters established a work-shop in which young persons are taught an employment suitable to their sex and condition. There they keep them under their eye during the week; and on Sundays and festivals give them innocent recreation intermingled with prayers and religious instruction—thus preserving them from the frequentation of amusements inimical to virtue. About the same time, forty masters of work-shops formed the project of an association for causing religion to be observed in their establishments, and excluding all irreligious workmen from their employ, with which the Archbishop was so much delighted, that he presided at its first meeting, and installed its principal officers. These individuals, like the Sisters of the Presentation, undertook to look after their apprentices during the week, and on Sundays to assemble them in a large lot that had been bestowed upon them, in which are all kinds of games adapted to youth; so that it may be truly affirmed, that by this combination of good works, religion leads the poor by the hand from the cradle to the grave, keeps them under her ægis, and forms them for time and for eternity.

It is easy to imagine how dear all these good works, which the Archbishop either encouraged or sustained, must have rendered him to the people of his diocese. One day while walking in the street, a hair-brained youth, a stranger doubtless in Bordeaux, was heard to utter from a store the cry by which

the profligate sometimes ventured to insult the ecclesiastical habit. Universal indignation was instantaneously aroused, and the young man was obliged to hide himself from public vengeance. In the evening the master of the store went to M. de Cheverus to apologise, and inform him that the culprit was in prison. The Archbishop, who had scarcely noticed the outrage, requested his release, but the other begged him not to insist upon it, saying that if full punishment were not inflicted, his store would be deserted and his business destroyed.

It is worthy of remark that the Jews were not less indignant on the occasion than the Catholics themselves. The offence was committed in the quarter which they inhabit, and they were the first to resent it. The respect, in fact, which they felt for M. de Cheverus was of the profoundest kind. They all saluted him with the utmost reverence, whenever he appeared in their quarter, and if seated, would rise as he passed. Immediately after his arrival at Bordeaux, their great Rabbi had called upon him and complimented him in the most pompous terms, comparing himself to the Queen of Sheba come to admire the wisdom of Solomon, and had never ceased to preserve the most friendly relations with him. "I come," said he one day, when plunged in the deepest grief by the death of a beloved daughter, "I come to seek consolation from the representative of that Jesus Christ who wept upon the tomb of Lazarus;"—strange language in the mouth of a Rabbi, but well calculated to show the veneration in which M. de Cheverus was held by that unbelieving people.

The government were at this time seriously thinking of raising him to the Cardinalate. M. Charles

the 8th of June, 1835, had sounded the upon the subject—"Let the government," name the illustrious Cheverus a Cardinal; vice would do honour both to France and dom"—and had found a unanimous sen- approval. On learning that such a design tance, the Archbishop became alarmed, ery thing to arrest his elevation. "You protest to me," he wrote to a high and personage at Paris, "that you are one of nds; give me proof of it now by using tience to prevent the execution of a pro- greatly afflicts me; I am already raised allow me, I pray, to die such as I am." also to the Marquis de Latour Maubourg, Ambassador at Rome, who had occasion seve- m on the subject, he expatiated the reasons which seemed calculated to promotion. "After serving twenty-five prelate, and forty-five as a priest, retire- old shoulders are becoming weak, and the ch is upon them is growing heavy. More- have no personal means for sustaining the incident to the Cardinalate, and this is one numerous reasons why a prelate should be who, to more merit than I possess, joins y resources. Try then to keep this burden me."

modesty, however, only seemed a new title to mnr. The king wrote to the Pope, and count- upon the sentiments of affection which his Hol- manifested towards him, and the lively est he had always shown for the welfare and

honour of the church of France," he grounded his request in favour of M. de Cheverus upon "the virtues which, for a long time, had marked him out for the veneration of the faithful; the high qualities of which he had given such striking evidence in the churches of France, after having edified a portion of the new world; the wisdom and ability with which he had fulfilled his ministerial duties; and his ardent and enlightened zeal for religion." The Sovereign Pontiff delayed for a time to answer this letter, wishing to induce the government to assign to the new Cardinal a revenue in keeping with his dignity; but he had decided upon the promotion from the first moment of its suggestion, for a short time afterwards, having seen the Vicar General of Bordeaux, he announced to him that the Archbishop was to be proclaimed a Cardinal in the next consistory. "And," he added, with that grace which characterises him, "if I raise him to that dignity, it is not only to comply with the request of the government; independently of that circumstance, I have a peculiar pleasure in making the promotion, as it is due to the merit and virtues of the Archbishop, and the zeal he has displayed in the dioceses of Boston, Montauban, and Bordeaux." At length, on the 21st of December, 1835, the revenue asked having been promised, the Pope replied to the king in his own hand, that being convinced like him that the elevation of so worthy a person as the Archbishop of Bordeaux to the Roman purple, would redound to the honour of the sacred college, and add to the splendour of the clergy of France, he willingly acceded to his wish, and would carry it into effect in the next consistory. Scarcely had this reply reached Paris, when it was

spread abroad in all directions, and the approaching elevation of M. de Cheverus ceased to be a secret. The king expressed his thanks to the Pontiff in the following terms: "I have received, with lively gratitude, the letter which your Holiness has addressed to me, to inform me of the paternal kindness with which you have complied with my request for the sacred purple in favour of the Archbishop of Bordeaux. Your Holiness could do nothing more agreeable to me personally, or better fitted to excite universal approbation in France, and sincere and deep-felt gratitude among all classes of society. The Archbishop of Bordeaux is a prelate whose enlightened piety, modesty, and lofty virtues are a source of edification to the church of France, and the sacred college could not be opened to a more worthy associate." All France did indeed applaud the event; and the most distinguished prelates hastened to express to M. de Cheverus the delight it afforded them. The letter written on the occasion by the Archbishop of Paris, is too remarkable to be omitted. "The news of your near promotion," he said, "is now so public that there is no longer any indiscretion in speaking of it; and I should be grieved were I to be the last to offer you my felicitations. The Catholics of both worlds will applaud the testimonial of esteem and good-will which the Holy See bestows upon you; all voices will be blended in one harmonious chorus with that of our Holy Father; the church of Paris unites with those of Montauban and Bordeaux in the utterance of its joy at an event which crowns upon earth so much desert. Would that I could make you read in my heart all the interest, affection, and reverence which it feels for your person."

Of all the marks of attachment and respect which he received from every quarter, this letter imparted the greatest gratification to M. de Cheverus. "It does me more honour," he said, "than the Cardinariate." In reply he wrote: "I cannot doubt that this dignity, which I merit so little, is designed for me; but it is upon your Grace that my heart and my judgment tell me it should be conferred as a homage rendered to an apostle and a martyr—upon him who may truly say to his brethren, without violating truth: *Ministri Christi sunt? Plus ego—in plagis supra modum, in mortibus frequenter*—upon him whom we have admired as a new Belzuntius in the midst of the infected, and in whom we cherish a new Vincent of Paul, the father of the orphan. Judge if I am not touched and honoured by the kindness and friendship which such a prelate deigns to manifest for me."

On the first of February, 1836, M. de Cheverus was proclaimed a Cardinal—the distinction being rendered the more remarkable by the circumstance of its being only shared with the nephew of the preceding Pope, Leo XII., the Cardinal della Genga. As soon as the intelligence reached Bordeaux, universal joy was diffused through the place; congratulations poured in upon him from every side. He himself was the only one who rejoiced not at his elevation. His modesty could scarce tolerate the idea of being raised so high—it was as necessary to preach to him resignation to greatness, as to inculcate upon others resignation to obscurity and misfortune. It was with unaffected anxiety and grief that he repaired to Paris to receive the titles and insignia of his dignity. On his arrival there the legate of his

Holiness delivered to him the apostolical letters which admitted him into the Sacred College. They were of the most flattering kind: "The chief of our solicitudes," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "is to compose the Sacred College of Cardinals, the venerable Senate of the Apostolical See and Universal Church, in such a manner as to cause it to shine throughout the world by the eminent merit of its members, as brilliantly as is demanded by a dignity so sublime, and by the decrees of the Sacred Canons: it is this consideration which prompts us to receive you into this august assemblage; for your well-known piety, your learning, your prudence, your zeal for the Catholic religion, and all your other virtues, joined to a rare devotion to us and to the apostolic See, your experience in affairs, the fidelity and ability you have displayed in the administration of the diocese of Bordeaux, have placed you so high in our esteem that we cannot doubt the success of your exertions for the service and honour of the Church of God." And in the brief sent with the letters, the Pope further says: "Turning the eyes of our paternal affection upon your person, which divine goodness has illustrated by so many eminent gifts of grace, and considering how highly you honour the Roman Church by the greatness of your merits, we deem it not only meet but incumbent upon us to grant you certain privileges."

To these flattering expressions of esteem, the new Cardinal returned the most humble and modest replies. "We have received," he said, "the letters of your Holiness, and read them with shame and blushes on our brow from the consciousness of our unworthiness, yet with the lively gratitude of a son who sees

himself honoured by a beloved father: I experience a species of stupor and dread at beholding myself, unworthy as I am, a member of the most eminent College of Cardinals of the Holy Church; but placing my trust in God who is my strength, I pray him to grant me the grace to defend as I ought the rights of the Church and of the Holy See, and promote their welfare."

There yet remained a ceremony for M. de Cheverus to undergo which tasked his modesty more than any thing else. This was the solemn reception of the hat from the hands of the king. On Wednesday the 9th of March, he and his suite, with the Chargé d' Affaires of the Holy See, the legate, and the introducer of ambassadors, were taken to the Tuileries in carriages belonging to the Court, and after the king had been harangued in latin by the legate, according to custom, mass was celebrated in the chapel. At the conclusion of the holy sacrifice, the Cardinal having knelt down in the Sanctuary, the king, who was likewise upon his knees, placed the hat upon his head. Every one then retiring, the Cardinal invested himself with the red cassock and the other insignia of his new dignity, and repaired to the apartments of the king, where he pronounced a discourse of thanks to his majesty.

After the ceremony the king granted him a private interview, and spoke to him with so much kindness that his Eminence thought the moment auspicious for soliciting a favour which his heart craved—the release of M. de Peyronnet, and of his companions in misfortune. The king expressed the utmost good will, but for a while the matter rested there. On leaving the Tuileries, the Cardinal went to visit the

Archbishop of Paris to thank him for the kindness of his felicitations. That prelate spared no effort to show the Cardinal the pleasure he experienced in his elevation; not only did he call upon him several times, but he took his chapter to congratulate him in the name of the Church of Paris. In the midst of all these honours, however, M. de Cheverus continued sad. His soul was too deeply impressed with the nothingness of human grandeur to find aught in it satisfactory. "What boots it," he said, "to be enveloped after death in a red, a black, or a purple shroud? When one has seen thrones overturned, when one sees every day the very foundations of society shaken, how is it possible not to feel that there is nothing stable here below? How can any value be placed upon human things?" "How I could wish," he exclaimed to the young Seminarians of St. Sulpice, "how I could wish to exchange this red cap for yours!" He set out from Paris, as soon as possible, and returned to his diocese by the way of Mayenne. The joy of that city on beholding, for the first time, one of its sons a Cardinal, was indescribable, and every mode in which it could be exhibited was employed. At Bordeaux his reception was marked by all the magnificence which enthusiastic affection and reverence could impart to it. In spite of a heavy fall of rain, an immense multitude went out to meet him—the troops in complete uniform, the authorities of the city, the whole body of the clergy collected from the different parts of the diocese, all vied with one another in displaying their love, and their pride in beholding the Roman purple upon the See of Bordeaux. Delightful as must have been these proofs of attachment, the pleasure they afforded was cruelly

counterbalanced by the sufferings he underwent on the following day when informed of a most deplorable accident which had occurred at the extreme end of his diocese.

A few days before his arrival, ninety-six fishermen having gone out from the port *de la Teste*, in eight boats, each one containing twelve men, had been overtaken by a violent tempest, and all swallowed up in the waves, with the exception of two only of the boats, which escaped to tell the tale of woe. Fifty-six of the unfortunate beings were fathers of families, and twelve married without children. The Cardinal's heart was torn to pieces by the intelligence. He wept over the dismal fate of so many of his fellow creatures, the destitution of so many widows and orphans, and hastened to provide every remedy in his power for the disaster. He preached and made collections for the families of the defunct, and established an association for the protection of the fatherless children, composed in the first place of the rich orphans of Bordeaux, to whom the children of many wealthy parents were subsequently added. An asylum was thus opened for the children whom their mothers chose to place in it, whilst succour was furnished to those whom their mothers would not allow to be taken away. The wants of the sufferers were carried even to the foot of the throne. The royal family sent them five thousand francs, the minister seven thousand; all, even to the pupils of the Royal College, were eager to lend them help. Besides a collection of five hundred francs, those generous youths undertook, with the consent of their parents, to bring up and educate an orphan boy, and

give him an employment. The evil was thus repaired as far as it could be.

A short time afterwards, the Cardinal published a code of ecclesiastical laws, or diocesan statutes, for his clergy, which he had long and carefully been maturing with the assistance of his Grand Vicars. It was on Whit-Sunday of the year 1836, that he promulgated it, with the declaration that it was not dictated by a spirit of domination and authority, for "God, who beheld the depths of his heart, knew that he would prefer being the last of his priests to being placed at their head, and that his greatest unhappiness was to be obliged to command;" and, further, that it was not from his own ideas that he had drawn the rules, but from the venerable councils of antiquity, especially those of Bordeaux, the writings of the Fathers, and the Holy Scriptures. The whole compilation exhibits a happy blending of mildness and severity, and furnishes the wisest rules of conduct.

This was the last great act, as it were, of the administration of the Cardinal de Cheverus, but it may also be called the most important. By it he will always live in his diocese, will always continue to direct its clergy, and trace out the line of their duties.

About this period he had the satisfaction of rendering service to two illustrious exiles. The first was the Archbishop of Saragossa, a venerable and infirm old man, whom it was wished to send to a distance from the frontiers of Spain. The Cardinal made every effort to obtain permission to keep him in Bordeaux, and at his request received him into his seminary, where all the attention and respect were paid him which his rank, his character, and his vir-

tues demanded. The other was the Bishop of Leon, an active and energetic prelate, with an open, noble disposition, and an elevated soul. Being arrested by the police as a former minister of Don Carlos, his release was immediately solicited by M. de Cheverus, and promised on condition that he would give his word not to return to Don Carlos. "At that price," he replied, "I do not wish my liberty; if I gave my word I should keep it; but far from thinking of entering into such a compact, I declare that it is my firm resolve, as it is, in my judgment, my duty, to re-enter Spain as soon as I possibly can." The intrepidity and candour of this answer could not fail to please M. de Cheverus, and short as was the time the prelates passed together, a sincere friendship was formed between them. The Bishop was removed to Strasbourg, whence he wrote a letter full of gratitude and affection to the Cardinal; but the latter had no opportunity of replying, as a few days after receiving the epistle, the journals officially announced the return of the courageous prelate to Spain.

The clergy of the canton of St. Foy, situated at the extremity of his diocese, having requested the Cardinal to visit them and confirm a large number of persons who were desirous of the happiness of receiving the sacrament from his hands, he set out, in spite of the excessive heat of the season, and went through all the parishes of the canton, preaching every day, officiating in all the churches, and administering confirmation to a multitude of the faithful. These ceremonies kept him day after day, for four or five hours, in places where the crowds which thronged them increased to an almost insufferable degree the warmth of the atmosphere, so that he was often obliged to

interrupt the proceedings for a few moments while he retreated into the sacristy to breathe fresh air. Returning to Bordeaux on Saturday, the 2d of July, he confirmed the next day, in the parish of St. Peter, a number of children, preached before and after the ceremony, and then went to the end of the city to officiate pontifically in the church of St. Martial, whose feast day it was. He was tormented the whole time by a thirst so burning that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. On his return home he was completely prostrated—alas! the prostration was the precursor of the death which was approaching, a death ever to be deplored, but ever glorious for the illustrious Cardinal, since he sank beneath the labours and fatigues of his ministry, dying, as it were, in the breach with arms in his hands.

BOOK V.

CHARACTER AND DEATH OF THE CARDINAL.

BETWEEN the circumstances detailed in the preceding book, and the terrible blow which at once and for ever deprived Cardinal de Cheverus of all sense and knowledge, but a few days elapsed, and those entirely barren of incident, so that we may now say that we have arrived at the end of his moral and intellectual life. But before narrating his last sickness and death, a task remains to be performed. Hitherto we have only considered the actions which successively filled up the course of his existence; but he would be very imperfectly known, if we should stop there. Public acts often reveal only an apparent and ephemeral virtue, a momentary effort after which the individual falls back, and the hero before the world sinks into a very small man in the detail of his interior and domestic career. To appreciate a man thoroughly, to obtain a clear insight into his merits, it is necessary to be acquainted with the whole course of his life, private as well as public, to view his deportment in every circumstance, when removed from the eye of the world, as well as when under its inspection; in a word, to behold the portrait of his entire soul; and it is in this way that we have now to consider M. de Cheverus. We have not been able to do it before, as the picture does not belong to any particular part of his life, but to the

whole of it; and we deem it proper not to delay it any longer, because by exhibiting M. de Cheverus in all the beauty of his character, we shall better prepare the reader to understand the intense interest which his sickness created, the tears which flowed at his death, the regrets which followed him to the tomb.

The most prominent trait in the life of M. de Cheverus was the uniform regularity of his existence, except when charity or some other duty obliged him to interrupt his habits. He considered a want of method in the employment of the day as a waste of time, a neglect of duty, an indication of a character destitute of energy, and incapable of controlling its moods and caprices—regarding, on the other hand, a Christian life as a life essentially of order which presides over every moment, causes each thing to be done in its proper place and season, and is thus a source of peace, of tranquillity, of happiness to those who observe it, a spectacle of virtue and religion to those by whom it is witnessed, a guarantee for the accomplishment of every duty. He always rose very early, at four o'clock in summer and half past four in winter, in order to perform his devotions in silence without interruption. At six o'clock he said mass, and then studied the Holy Scriptures, reading every day two chapters of the Old and two of the New Testament, in Latin, French, Greek, and English; he often, also, studied the Hebrew text when he had leisure to do so; and it was to this constant practice that he owed the knowledge he possessed of the Sacred Writings—a knowledge which he sought not from the impulse of vain curiosity, but from that sentiment of piety, of religious profit, of respect for the

divine word, which touches, penetrates, and engraves upon the soul its blessed truths. He next busied himself with his correspondence, which he conducted entirely himself, leaving to his subordinates only matters of a purely administrative description. Precisely at mid-day the bell was rung for dinner, to which he immediately repaired, inviting those who were with him at the moment, to share his repast. He began by asking a blessing, and then did the honours of the table with unaffected urbanity and grace. It was always frugally but decently served, with a suitable abundance, but never with any of those rare and costly dishes which are the refinements of luxury or gluttony; all was simple, and the cardinal was wont to give this reason for it to his numerous guests—"If I were only to assemble my friends at great banquets, I should be able to see them but seldom, whilst by thus offering them every day a frugal table, I can see them often, which I delight to do." But something better than the most delicious viands gave an attraction to these repasts—the perfect ease at which every one was placed, and the freedom all enjoyed of sharing in an agreeable intercourse, but especially the charm of his conversation. Nowhere was he more delightful than at table. He there abandoned himself to all the inspirations of his intellect and inexhaustible memory, now relating his recollections of America or some entertaining incident, now indulging in the happiest repartees, and bons-mots, and often in reminiscences of the poets of various languages, from whom he would make the most pertinent quotations. The dinner lasted three-quarters of an hour, after which the company repaired on fine days to his garden, or

if the weather were bad, to his saloon, where he would continue conversing till near two o'clock. This was his only recreation; but even those few instants were mostly given to business, being employed in listening to the priests or laymen who had something to say to him, either to ask his advice or to obtain his directions. As soon as his guests were gone, he shut himself up in his room until eight o'clock, dividing that long interval between prayer, study, and business. He never went out except when the duties of his ministry, or the claims of charity or politeness constrained him; and when, after his first attack of apoplexy, in 1834, his physicians ordered him to take exercise every afternoon, he turned his promenade into a walk of benevolence by visiting some afflicted family or sick individual. At eight o'clock he supped; a few vegetables, generally without bread, making his meal; and at nine, he assembled all his servants, read them a subject of meditation for the following day, and said the evening prayers, in which they all joined.

Such was the daily life of Cardinal de Cheverus. No particular time was set aside in it for the reception of those who wished to speak with him, because, regarding charity as the first of all rules, he was accessible to all from the moment of rising until he went to bed. Every Sunday and feast-day, when he was at Bordeaux, he assisted at the service of the Cathedral; and during Lent, he attended all the sermons of the preacher of the station, especially when the latter was not successful in his efforts, hoping to induce the parishioners to follow his example, and wishing to console the preacher as much as possible for the desertion of his audience.

A life of such regularity had given habits of punctuality to Cardinal de Cheverus which were absolutely astonishing. In the pastoral retreats he was always first in attendance at every exercise; and when he was to officiate any where, he always repaired to the place before the time, and was ready to begin at the very moment. Never was he known to keep any one waiting. He used to say that it cost no more to set out a quarter of an hour too soon, than a quarter of an hour too late. If he had a letter to answer, he did it at once, or as soon as his affairs would permit him; if any one asked to see him, he immediately left the study, the business, or the conversation in which he was engaged, sometimes even his meal, to comply with the request; if invited to preach, he prepared his sermon as soon as possible, in order not to run the risk of treating the word of God with less respect than the wishes of man. In all his actions, he never regulated himself by what was most agreeable, but by what was most proper at the moment, and most conformable to the will of Providence.

Thus were all his days filled, and his moments usefully employed. Although fitted to shine in the circles of society where people meet to get rid of time, he never went to them, nor formed them in his own house. He never indulged in any frivolous pastimes, not even in those promenades which seem so legitimate and innocent a recreation. If he went to his country-seat at about a league from Bordeaux, it was only to show it to a friend who was desirous of seeing it, or to please his steward who was anxious to exhibit the improvements he had made. On being told one day by the Superior of one of his seminaries, how happy they would be if he would

visit their country establishment whenever he might please to come and walk about it, he replied:—"If I only go when the promenade attracts me, you will never see me: since I have become a priest, I have never taken a walk of a quarter of an hour for my pleasure, and at my age I will not now commence." From the same motive, following the example of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, he made it a rule never to accept an invitation to any repast, except from his curates, and then only on the day in which he officiated in their church. "I should lose," he said, "the half of my time if I were to accept all the invitations which would be given to me, and I should make enemies and create jealousies if I were to accept some and refuse others." He infinitely preferred his own frugal meal, which occupied but a few short moments; moreover, by being always to be found at his own table, he gave his clergy and friends the certainty of seeing him there. So rigid was he in this practice of removing every obstacle to the good employment of him, that even in his pastoral rounds, after he had celebrated divine service, and made the visits which courtesy demanded, he would retire to his chamber, and occupy himself with his correspondence, with study, or with prayer, whilst the priests who accompanied him, or the clergy of the place, were taking the recreation which seemed requisite. Having gone one day, by mistake, to his minor seminary, an hour before the commencement of the exercise at which he was to preside, he preferred returning to his residence on foot, a walk of about twenty minutes, to passing the interval in idle conversation. Sincerely did he pity those who, to spend their time pleasantly, have need of frivo-

lous amusements, entertainments, games, or novels. "Have not the Holy Scriptures, history, literature, the natural sciences, enough of interest to occupy our short existence? When we have in our hands and under our eyes so many things fitted to delight the mind and the heart, to enrich our understandings and adorn our memories, how can we lose our time in games and frivolity? For myself, he added, I want no one to assist me in spending my hours deliciously; prayer and study have always constituted the charm of my life." He never, in fact, was found indulging in indolence or any amusement whatever; he was always absorbed in serious concerns; and knew no other repose than a change of employment. Thus when wearied with business, he would seek for relaxation in the study of antiquity, or, in his own words, "when the living fatigue me, I go to the dead for recreation."

The fund of knowledge which the Cardinal must have treasured up during his long career with this severe employment of time, may be conceived, especially when it is considered that his memory was truly prodigious. Whatever was ever confided to it, was always retained. It was a sort of living library in which every thing was arranged in order, where he could always find at once the illustrations, facts and citations he wished. So thorough was his acquaintance with the Latin language—so fluently and admirably did he speak it, that, as we are informed by a Boston journal, he said that he would rather make use of it than any other for the defence of his life before judges capable of understanding him. He was scarcely less familiar with Greek than with Latin; and as to English, he may be said to have been more conversant

with it than with French itself. He always thought in that language, even in his dreams, and when he preached, it was a labour for him to translate as it were his ideas, which always presented themselves in an English garb. He was less acquainted with Hebrew; but knew enough of it to refute those who endeavoured to draw objections from it against his religion.

Knowledge of languages, however, was the least part of his attainments. In mathematics, in history both ancient and modern, especially the ecclesiastical branch of the latter, and in theological erudition, he was greatly distinguished. The acquisitions of the last kind, which he had made at the Sorbonne, he had constantly augmented during his whole sojourn in America, by the most profound and extensive study. In the Holy Scriptures, and in general literature, he was particularly versed. It was impossible for him to understand how it was that the sacred writings were so little read and known; and he would often say to those with whom he was intimate, "You read frivolous books, perhaps romances, but you never read the most admirable of all books, the most affecting of all narratives." Let it not be supposed, however, that he did not condemn as decidedly as any one, the error of those who offer the divine volume to all understandings as a rule of faith comprehensible by all. What he wished was, that it should be read in a spirit of submission to the church which is its only legitimate interpreter, and with sentiments of devotion, and confidence and prayer, especially with the desire of being made better by the perusal. This was what he did himself. So constant was his study of the Bible, that he may be said

to have known it almost entirely by heart. With the Old Testament he was no less familiar than with the Gospel. He had meditated so deeply upon its historical incidents, its moral sentences, and the application which may be made of both in the various circumstances of life, that whatever was the subject he was treating, he had always under his finger every passage that was in the least relevant to it. To his own reflections he had joined those of the ablest commentators, especially of St. John Chrysostom. Besides the advantage which he derived from the perusal of this illustrious doctor of the Church in keeping up his acquaintance with the Greek language, he was singularly fond of his lofty, noble, and eloquent manner of commenting upon the Scriptures, his enthusiasm for St. Paul, and the outpourings of his tender and impassioned soul. Next to ecclesiastical science, literature had the greatest attraction for M. de Cheverus. We have already seen that his position in Boston rendered it his duty, as it were, to familiarize himself with that species of knowledge, and his inclinations led him in the same direction. In the classics he was extensively read. Horace was his especial favourite, and might often be found upon his table by the side of his Bible. He had by heart, and was wont to make the most felicitous applications of the wit and wisdom of the inimitable bard. In French and English literature, also, his attainments were extraordinary. Of the standard works in both he was perfectly master, and he never omitted to read whatever appeared in France or England that was at all remarkable, not with the levity of mind which seeks only the gratification of frivolous curiosity, but with that justness of taste, that perspi-

euity of view, that depth of reflection, which turn every thing to account, which are not contented with splendor of imagery and pomp of style, but look chiefly for clearness of expression, and truth, precision, and soundness of thought. Thence it was that he was so severe in his judgments upon modern works, which he found for the most part defective both in manner and matter. "The scribomania of our age," he said, "only proved its ignorance." "Authors now-a-days think they put forth what is new, whereas, if they were better informed, they would find that all they have written has been said before them, and said much better; their productions would then make them blush, like the writing of a child brought in contrast with that of his teacher." For himself, his principle was that a Bishop should appear in print as seldom as possible, as every thing so published is submitted to public censure, before which tribunal he did not deem it suitable for the episcopal dignity to be unnecessarily arraigned. This is the reason why his mandates were equally brief and rare—why he who spoke so often, wrote so little.

Although thus adorned with all the richness and beauty of letters, the intellect of Cardinal de Cheverus was still more bountifully supplied by nature. He was gifted with a mind of wide and elevated views, which never allowed itself to be prejudiced against any one or any thing by a first unfavourable impression. He carefully examined the matter to be adjudged, under all its aspects, and if he discovered in it a substantial good, he gave it his approbation however much he might dislike its form. His acuteness and penetration were remarkable; and not

less so his tact in adapting his conduct and speech to every circumstance. Amiability, delicacy, and gracefulness were pervading characteristics of his intellect. No one was better able to animate, enliven and instruct society. More than once he was brought into contact with the wits of the day, who seemed eager to show themselves off in his presence, but it was always remarked, that without any effort, the Cardinal got the upperhand by the promptness and point of his reflections and repartees, as well as by the amenity of his manners and language. If harangued in a public discourse to which it was necessary to make an immediate response, he was ever ready and happy in his reply; if brought into intercourse with personages of the most distinguished rank, he was sure almost at once to win their favour by his graceful and ingenuous address; if obliged to adopt a course under difficult circumstances, he was inaccessible to prepossessions and prejudices, he saw only the matter itself, and balanced the reasons for and against with perfect impartiality; too humble to have recourse to himself alone, he received advice willingly; and too wise to precipitate his decisions, he matured them always in the calm of reflection.

Remarkable as was the Cardinal for the qualities of his mind, he was still more so for those of his heart. It was one filled with noble and exalted sentiments, free from all the littlenesses of vanity, conceit and selfishness, eager to do good to all, and infinitely grateful for the least benefit it received. It was his principle that, whilst the benefactor should forget the service he has rendered and never allow its weight to be felt, the person benefitted should

ever remember it, and seize every opportunity of showing how ineffaceably it is engraven upon his recollection. This was his invariable practice. After bestowing a favour, he appeared to be the individual obliged, and redoubled his attentions and kindness; when the recipient of a benefit, often even when shown a slight testimonial of interest and good-will, his gratitude and affection were secured for ever. Thence arose his eagerness to welcome and invite to his hospitalities all the English, Irish and Americans he had occasion to see. "These people," he said, "received me with so much kindness, treated me with so much indulgence, that I am happy to have an opportunity of manifesting my gratitude." The tenderness and sensibility of his heart never degenerated into that weakness which enervates the spirit; they were the tenderness and sensibility of the same charity which caused our Saviour to weep over the inanimate Lazarus and the faithless Jerusalem. He had no sympathy with those obdurate hearts that make it a system and a religious duty, so to speak, to be cold in their attachments, and refrain from weeping for those whom they love when separated from them by death or any other cause: "Religion," he said, "is love; it does not destroy what is tender and affectionate; it only refines and sanctifies it." This sensibility went on increasing with his age; towards the end of his life the least thing moved him to tears. The fervour of his friendship may thence be easily inferred. He literally verified the remark of Fenelon, that "there is nothing so tender, so frank, so mild, so amiable, so loving, as a heart filled and animated by a friendship purified by religion." The more he was known,

the more he was loved; once attached to him it was impossible to be alienated from him. A voyage, as we have already related, was made from the United States to Bordeaux for the sole purpose of enjoying his society for a few weeks; and when he removed to that city from Montauban, others removed with him in order not to be separated from his side. Thus he was fully justified in saying, towards the end of his life, that during the whole course of it he had never lost a friend except by death.

One quality was especially captivating in the Cardinal—the openness of his character. He practised no subterfuges, disguises, nor mental reservations. Such as he appeared, he was. One might be sure that whatever he said, he thought; that if he made a protestation of regard it was sincerely felt. His language was a crystal stream, in whose transparent depths his whole soul could be seen. He would not tolerate the practice of employing intrigue, or equivocation of any kind, for the attainment of an object. "To act in that way," he said, "is to deceive; and to deceive, even for a good purpose, is unworthy of a man and a Christian." Nothing displeased him so much as a want of simplicity and directness. This spirit of candour presided over every act of his administration, as well as of his private life. Never did he borrow the appearance of a sentiment he did not feel. "I seem what I am," he said, "and I try to be what I ought to seem." When once congratulated on the circumstance of there being no view of his garden from any of the neighbouring houses, he replied, "It is of little consequence to me; I have not two modes of acting, one when men behold me, and the other when they do not; I endeavour to do

nothing in private that I would not do in public, and even to think of nothing which I might not utter aloud."

It is not surprising, therefore, that he was so modest and humble. Christian humility is the candor of virtue. Man is only proud when he will not acknowledge to himself the truth of his nothingness and misery—of his nothingness, because all that he has is the gift of God, which may be taken from him in an instant—of his misery, because so much proneness to evil, against which it is indispensable to struggle incessantly in order to be virtuous, reveals to him the fact of his being a degraded being, who cannot indulge in pride without belieing himself. The Cardinal did not conceal these truths from his heart, which they filled with the humblest feelings. He placed himself in his own esteem above no one, not even the lowliest and poorest, because, as he said, "they are our brethren, our fellow creatures, and perhaps many of them will one day be higher than we shall be in the sight of God;" not even, indeed, above the greatest sinners, "because," to quote his language farther, "who knows what we should have become without the grace of God? Perhaps we should have done worse." His humility was especially excited whenever he visited the lunatic asylum which was in his diocese: "Amongst these poor wretches," he said, "are men who had a great deal of talent and knowledge, which was all snatched from them in a moment; and the same thing may occur to us when we least apprehend it; how then can we glorify ourselves on account of our genius or learning?"

With such sentiments it is easy to understand how

far removed was the deportment of the Cardinal from every thing like pretension and display. Never was the slightest ostentation or self-love observable in him; never the least appearance of pride or haughtiness; his humility, on the contrary, was so profound that he had always need of being cheered and encouraged. When he spoke of himself, it was in terms of utter humiliation; he recommended his "poor person," "the poor Archbishop," to the prayers of his people in a way that proved the sincerity of his words. When at the head of his clergy in their assemblages, he seemed to be ashamed of raising his voice in the midst of them, looking upon himself as the least among them. The celebrated speech of the Bishop of Hippo was often in his mouth: "I know that Jerome is more worthy than Augustin; I do not deceive myself; my brethren, my beloved, support my weakness, I need your aid to prevent me from falling into despondency." Thus perfectly did he follow the counsels of the Holy Spirit.

The Cardinal did still more. He endured offences and injuries as if it were no matter whether his "poor person" was ill-treated or not. On several occasions he received insulting letters, but he never allowed himself to be angry, nor complain, and when he met the persons by whom they were written, he would speak to them in the kindest manner as though he had forgotten their conduct, or, if he referred to it at all, it was to give them salutary advice: "Permit me," he would say, "to counsel you as a friend for your own sake, in reference to the manner in which you have written to me. As to myself it is of no importance, for I take care not to be irritated

by it; but should you write in that style to other persons in authority, who may not know you as I do, who may not have the same regard for you that I have, the most disagreeable consequences might result from the act: you might make yourself enemies who would do you harm." The narrative of his life has exhibited him under other circumstances, tranquil in the midst of censure, patient under reproach. He accepted willingly the unfavourable judgments of men, and often when suddenly called upon to enter the pulpit without time for reflection, he was heard to say in his pleasant manner, "I shall run the risk of having it said that the poor Archbishop babbles, but there's not much harm in that."

One trait demonstrates with especial force the sincere humility of the Cardinal. Throughout his career he sought to do good only in silence and obscurity, and was ever solicitous to shun the glare of honours and the noise of fame. While studying at the Sorbonne with a degree of success which might have awakened in his heart hopes of a brilliant future, his sole desire was to obtain a professor's chair, and pass his days in retirement and quiet, divided between study and prayer. When departing from England to devote himself to the mission of America, he beheld in the undertaking only an obscure, but useful and laborious career. If elevated to the prelacy, it was without his knowledge, and in despite of his opposition; and, as a Bishop, he was neither less humble nor less modest than when a simple priest. If recalled to France by the orders of the king, and subsequently obliged to pass from Montauban to the archbishopric of Bordeaux, he obeyed with unspeakable pain; and if finally raised to the Cardinalate, he

did every thing in his power to prevent his promotion, and never ceased to regret it to the hour of his death. Dignities filled him with dismay, and during a portion of his life constituted some of his greatest afflictions—so much so that, as he said, he was sometimes tempted to wish for a little grain of ambition to sustain his courage under the weight of honours which overwhelmed him. “Providence,” he might well say, “has been very severe towards me; I have only desired insignificance, I have never felt aught but repugnance to honours, and my inclinations have been constantly crossed.”

From these sentiments of humility there resulted a simplicity in his conduct and manners which was quite apostolical. The simplest things both in his clothing, lodgment, and food, were always the most to his taste. A small table and a chair with a bed of boards covered with a light mattrass, constituted all the furniture of his chamber, which was the meanest and least convenient of his palace. The large and commodious apartments which it contained, were for the use of strangers. Being asked one day by a visiter, if an immense apartment in which was an elegant bed, was his sleeping room—“No,” he replied laughingly, “it is the chamber and the bed of the Archbishop of Bordeaux; but the chamber and the bed of the little Cheverus are elsewhere.” He had neither horses nor carriage, and went on foot through the streets, often alone, and in the very worst weather. When made a Cardinal he was importuned to purchase an equipage as an indispensable appendage for one in his position. For a long time he resisted every argument, but at length he reluctantly yielded to the solicitations by which he

was beset; and as it was feared that he would revoke the consent which had been wrung from him, the horses and vehicle were to be bought on the same day. A large number of mendicants, however, presented themselves at the door of the palace. The spectacle so moved him that he could not brook the idea of spending on luxuries, money of which the poor had need; and causing abundant alms to be distributed at once among the unfortunate beings, he declared that he would have nothing more to do with the purchase of equipages.

He had only two domestics, one for the kitchen, and the other for the service of his chamber and table. "The latter," he used jocosely to say, "is called my *valet de chambre*, though he has never officiated as such, nor even seen me except when completely dressed." He only made use of servants when he could not do without them. His principle was to wait upon himself as much as possible, as "the best means of being always served according to one's wish." He would go himself in quest of wood for his fire, and even to the kitchen to apprise the cook of the number of his expected guests, or ask for what he wanted. When any one wished to speak with him, there were no particular hours of audience to select, nor lackeys to introduce, nor antichamber to wait in, unless he was engaged at the moment with some other person. People went into his house as children enter the house of their father; without ceremony and at all hours. In his pastoral rounds, he travelled by whatever conveyance he could find—a hackney coach, a steamboat, a horse, or a diligence, of which he always took the *coupé* for himself and his companions. During the

time which he passed at Paris, he was wont to frequent the Confessional of the Grand Confessor, mixed up with the faithful by whom it was surrounded—so much was he in every thing an enemy of distinctions, and a lover of simplicity.

Let it not be supposed, however, that so much self-abasement diminished in the least the consideration and respect which were due to his character. It was easily perceived by all who approached and listened to him, that if he was lowly, it was from virtue and not meanness of sentiment. His address, although unpretending, had something about it so lofty and delicate, his manners were so courteous, his taste was so exquisite, the tact with which he suited his conversation and deportment to his company revealed so clearly the superior man, that he was always approached with a sort of timid respect. His most intimate friends were accustomed to feel that sentiment. His simplicity, by showing him completely such as he was, disengaged of all the trappings of grandeur, made him appear only the greater and more imposing. Flatterers and favourites were unknown in his circle, from which also those low pleasantries that are sometimes admitted into conversation, were rigidly excluded. “They are unfitted,” he used to say with St. Paul, “to the dignity of a Christian mouth, and if expressions of the kind may be excused in the vulgar, they always sully the lips of a priest.” Independently of his personal merit, his humility and religion had taught him a secret for gaining consideration and respect—the habit of treating others with deference. He was so respectful towards all, that they were forced, as it were, not to permit themselves to be outdone in

courtesy; from which he drew the inference, that nothing constrains men to respect you so much as to respect them.

The disinterestedness of the Cardinal was of the most beautiful kind. Virtue so austere as his had few desires and wants; a soul of such elevation was placed far above avarice. Riches were of no value in his eyes, and he never regarded what he possessed in the various positions of his career, but as a deposit which heaven had confided to him for distribution among the poor after his absolute necessities were supplied. The spirit of gain, especially in a priest and man of God, whose hopes should be in Heaven, had something base and unworthy in his eyes. To hoard nothing, in order not to incur the risk of becoming attached to worldly goods, and to owe nothing in order not to expose his creditors to loss, were his two rules of conduct. Before setting out for America, he impoverished himself by the renunciation of his patrimony; in America he lived poor, stripping himself of every thing to assist the needy, to such an extent that a friend one day told him that would not leave enough for the expenses of his funeral, to which he replied in his jocose way: "As to that matter, I am perfectly easy; when I am dead, I shall be able to make myself so disagreeable to all around, that they will be forced to bury me gratuitously, and even to spend money if necessary, to get rid of my poor body." When he left America, he did so as destitute as he went there, abandoning even his library, a possession on which men of letters set especial value, and the last thing they are willing to part with. As Archbishop of Bordeaux, he gave away in proportion as he received, never allowing

any part of the revenue of one year to be carried over to the next. "It would be," he said, "to mistrust Providence, and such mistrust would be more sinful in me than in another person, since in the various vicissitudes of my life, Providence has never failed me, but has every day provided me with whatever was requisite, and sometimes even with what was superfluous." Thence it was that he never would consent to any accumulation for the future; so that his steward was obliged to conceal from him the real state of his finances, in order to be always ready to meet expenses. One day he received a bequest of twenty thousand francs; an hour afterwards not a penny remained in his hands; it was all disposed of in alms. But it was not only in giving away all that he had, that his disinterestedness was displayed; it was still more admirably illustrated by the losses which befel him. When the revolution of July deprived him of twenty-two thousand livres of income, the misfortune did not affect him for a single instant. Those who wished to condole with him, he answered with good-humoured pleasantries, adding, that he was still much too rich for himself, and in fact had lost nothing; that the poor, who alone lost the twenty-two thousand livres, were the only persons to be pitied. When informed, in the winter of 1835, that the frost had destroyed all his vines, and that the loss would amount to many thousands of francs: "So much the better," he replied; "it is well that this accident has happened to me instead of to some poor proprietor or farmer, who depends for his support upon the annual produce of his lands;" and in uttering these words, not a shade of regret was perceptible on his face.

How, indeed, could the illustrious Cardinal have

been attached to worldly goods—he whose evangelical indifference to them was carried to the point of the severest mortification? He entertained a sovereign contempt for all that ministers to bodily ease and luxury; dressed and ate in the simplest and most abstemious manner; studied during winter in a room without fire, except for the last two years of his life; washed his feet, hands, and head in cold water every morning, no matter what the severity of the weather; and braved, with unflinching composure, the snows of December and the broiling sun of July. He never imposed upon himself any mortifications which would be remarked, but he accepted without murmuring, and even without speaking of them, all the inconveniences, privations and sufferings which presented themselves: thus, for a long time, he endured the bites and annoyance of bugs with which his chamber was filled, without ever mentioning the circumstance, which was only discovered by an inspection and cleaning of the room when he was absent on a journey. He was altogether free from those habits to which so many men are slaves, and which, when once contracted, cannot be shaken off without danger to the health. To encourage both himself and others to be patient under suffering, his advice was always, “Look beneath you and see the number of wretches for whom your situation would be one of happiness; then, instead of murmuring, bless Divine Providence for treating you so much more kindly than others.” The mortification, however, which he esteemed the most, was that which consisted in exemplifying in his life what the apostle says of the Saviour: *Christus non sibi placuit*—Christ pleased not himself. That

he called the seal of true virtue; and it was by this mark that his virtue could be recognized. Never did he evince the least shadow of a disposition to consult his own wishes in matters appertaining to charity, benevolence, or politeness. Truly the servant of all men, like the Apostle, St. Paul, he knew not how to refuse aught that it was possible for him to grant. Personal considerations were of no weight with him whatever; however disagreeable or irksome a request might be, he never allowed his feelings to prevent him from complying with it. Sometimes the demands for his services became so numerous and importunate, that any one else would have been overwhelmed by them; but he always preserved his equanimity by a total abandonment of his own will—preaching ever and anon two or three times a day rather than disoblige, and suffering himself to be intruded upon in his room from morning until night by incessant and often vexatious visits, rather than yield to the natural desire of living in peace and quiet at least for a while. When he was asked what hour would suit him best for the performance of a ceremony, he always answered, “that which is most convenient for the others.” Some one once commiserated him at the end of a day during which he had not had a moment to himself: “Providence has done wisely,” he replied; “he has disposed of all my instants, and perhaps if they had been left free, I might have made a bad use of them.” It was not only to persons that the Cardinal thus kept his will in subjection, it was the same with regard to events. Amid all the crosses of life he was ever tranquil and resigned; and when he saw *others* giving way to discontent and spleen, he would

gently say to them, “ Why torment and worry yourself so much; nothing can happen but what God chooses.”

The tolerance and indulgence of the Cardinal towards others, were as great as his severity towards himself. He laid it down as a principle, that one must not expect to live with angels upon earth, but with men who have their defects, and that religion consists in bearing with them in a spirit of charity. He was therefore distrustful of the extreme admiration which he would sometimes hear one person express for another upon a first acquaintance: “ So much the worse,” he was wont to say, “ the angel will turn into a human being, and admiration will then perhaps be converted into dislike; those alone can live in harmony with their neighbours who have made up their minds to tolerate some defects.” He accordingly treated all, without distinction, with equal kindness, lamenting their faults or sins, but never molesting their persons; and far from regarding with an eye of hatred or ill-will those whose conduct was irregular, or whose opinions were erroneous, he showed them every mark of affection, because, as he said, they ceased not on account of their aberrations, to be brethren comprised in the first precept of charity. He even, indeed, manifested in some respects, more attachment to them than to others, either because they awakened in him the interest inspired by misfortune, there being no greater unhappiness in the world than to do or think evil, or because “ the only means,” to use his own words, “ of bringing them back to virtue, is to show them that we love them greatly; if they suspect that we are hostile to them, we obstruct the path of return, and the door of their

hearts will never be opened to us." That charity was incomprehensible to him which restricts itself to a narrow circle of good men, or men who agree with us in opinion, and feels for others coldness and indifference if not hatred. "If it were allowable," he often said, "not to love a man because he is in error or holds an opinion different from ours, charity would be banished from the earth, for it is only in heaven that we cannot be deceived." He strenuously combated the vulgar prejudice which transforms into wicked and ill-intentioned men all those who are opposed to us in religion or politics, remarking that only the profoundest ignorance of the world could cherish a feeling of the kind, and that, as for himself, he had encountered worthy, charitable, obliging, excellent men in all religious sects and all political parties. He would every where have spread this truth in order that differences of belief or opinion might cease to be occasions of hatred among men, and obstacles to charity and union of hearts.

But if the Cardinal was tolerant towards persons, he was inflexibly strict with regard to doctrines and every thing which duty enjoins. Equally attached to the rules of morality and the dogmas of faith, he lent no countenance to a deviation from either. Permission was often asked from him by Protestants or others, whose marriage had not been blessed by the church, to act as sponsors; but he invariably refused it, though in the gentlest and kindest manner. So also in respect to solicitations for ecclesiastical burial for suicides, or persons killed in duels, or those who had rejected the ministry of a priest. It was useless to make them. One day a deputation came to him to complain of a refusal by the curate of a parish, of

such interment for a rich man who had never had his marriage blessed by the church during his life, and would have nothing to do with a clergyman when dying; and the spokesman undertook to declaim against the intolerance of the curate. "The intolerance is all upon your side," said the Cardinal. "You will not suffer a priest to fulfil his duty, and wish to force him to recognize as a Catholic a man whose life and death were both anti-Catholic." Ashamed at finding themselves obnoxious to the same charge as they had preferred against their pastor, the envoys retired without saying another word. Thus, tolerant as he was in regard to persons, he never allowed himself to swerve from the straight line of duty, and religion knows no other tolerance. Any other species which the world might ascribe to M. de Cheverus with the idea of doing him honour, would be an insult to his memory, a slander upon his real sentiments.

This rightly understood liberality had its source in an inexhaustible fund of mildness, the fruit of his religion and piety. Never did he exhibit any of those variations of humour, those sallies of petulance, those outbreaks of an embittered, discontented, or melancholy spirit, in which so many indulge, nor employ that angry tone of reproach which afflicts or irritates much more than it corrects, and indicates a man under the sway of bad temper rather than a minister inspired by charity. In all his ways he manifested the utmost tranquillity and gentleness of soul. If obliged to deal with contentious and headstrong individuals, he spoke to them mildly, and then allowed them to talk without further interruption, except by some kind word calculated to turn the

conversation. It was an invariable rule with him never to have a quarrel or dispute with any one. "To dispute or quarrel," he used to say, "there must be two; and I do not wish to make a second to any one." *Si quis videtur contentiosus esse, nos talem consuetudinem non habemus.** He recommended nothing more strongly to his priests than this mildness in all their dealings with others. "*Fortius in re, suaviter in modo,*" was his constant advice; "adhere with firmness to rules and principles; but in their application always use the greatest circumspection and gentleness." He was fond of citing the example of St. John the Baptist, who had to do with the most cruel of tyrants, the ferocious Herod, but who, nevertheless, by his meekness succeeded in obtaining sufficient influence over him to do him great good. "*Eo auditio,*" says the Gospel, speaking of the Saint, "*Herodes multa faciebat,*" (Mark vi. 20.) It was by this amiable mildness that the Cardinal won all hearts. During forty years he communed with numerous functionaries at Boston, Montauban, and Bordeaux, but there is no instance known of any one's resisting his influence; all seemed eager to comply with his wishes and second his views. The empire thus possessed was not, however, gained by ever ceding any thing which duty forbade; his mildness was not weakness. "My friend," he said to a priest at the period of the revolution of July, "in my youth I confessed my faith at the peril of my life; and notwithstanding my years, I feel the same blood flowing in my veins with which they were formerly filled; before betraying a duty, I would still be able,

* 1 Cor. xi. 16.

with the grace of God, to submit to banishment or death." He well knew how to say, when necessary, "it is not permissible," *non licet*, (Matt. xiv. 4.); but he said it with so much frankness and sweetness that it was a pleasure even to be refused by him. Every one seemed to be at his disposal. "Every body spoils me," he said, "and I know not why." His modesty prevented him from seeing that it was his gentleness and goodness which won all hearts and subjugated all wills. This kindness of heart extended to the brute creation. He could not bear to see them cruelly treated; inhumanity towards them he deemed the evidence of a bad disposition, and one of the marks of the impious man, as described by the Holy Spirit himself, who says, that the just man treats his beasts with tenderness and care, whilst the wicked have no bowels of compassion for them—*"novit justus jumentorum suorum animas, viscera autem impiorum crudelias."* He never disdained to imitate the beautiful example of the Apostle St. John caressing his partridge; and when he was in America, the kind and careful manner in which he treated a horse that used to be lent to him when he went to visit the sick, had made the animal so fond of him, that whenever it perceived him it would immediately run up to him, and though difficult to be managed by others, was as docile as a lamb under his hands.

The charity of the Cardinal was on a par with his mildness. No slanderous or ill-natured word ever passed his lips, and if any one happened to speak ill of another in his presence, he would adroitly turn the conversation, or, if he could properly do so, he would undertake the defence of the absent person, and say

all the good of him he knew. Especially did it pain him to hear those who had been taken from this life made the subjects of unkind remark: *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, was a maxim he loved to repeat, and always observed. So far from uttering aught against his neighbour, he was fearful even of thinking ill of him, and when he was sometimes obliged by his position to listen to an unfavourable report about an individual, he would suspend his judgment as long as possible, and seem unable to decide upon yielding credence to the statement. An opportunity of giving pleasure or doing a service, was perfect happiness to him.

Nothing more engaging and delightful can be imagined than the intimacy of the Cardinal. To render happy all by whom he was surrounded, was his constant effort. He was desirous that every one should consider himself at home in his house, ask without reserve for whatever was wanted, throw aside all ceremony and etiquette, and neither trouble himself nor others: to be neither troublesome nor troubled was his maxim. On that account he exacted the society of no one; but what he did not exact was eagerly bestowed. Every day after the evening meal, his guests were enabled to enjoy his company, and it was then that he appeared in the most attractive point of view—kind and cheerful, simple and great.

The happiness of residing with the Cardinal was not confined to those who seated themselves at his table; his domestics had their full share of it. Nothing was omitted by him to ameliorate their condition. He never made use of a harsh word, nor assumed the slightest air of superiority towards

them; if they behaved ill, he overlooked the fault, or if it required notice, his reproof partook more of the affection of a father than the severity of a master. Their wages were of the highest kind, and were often increased by presents; they were fed like himself; and if they fell sick, he tended them, and took as much care of them as if they had been his children. His hospitality, also, was unbounded. It would be difficult to count the number of persons to whom it was extended in every way. "Of all the virtues," he used to say, "which St. Paul requires in a bishop, I have but one—that of hospitality: *Oportet episcopum esse hospitalem.* (Tit. 1, 7, 8.)

Towards the poor, the infirm, the afflicted, his benevolence was boundless. Their sufferings were his own. With the apostle he might have said: *Quis infirmatur et ego non infirmor?* "Who suffers without my suffering with him." To be wretched was a certain passport to his affection. Surprise was sometimes excited by the circumstance of persons, who previously had had no intercourse with him, all at once becoming connected with him in the most intimate way; and when the cause was sought, it was invariably discovered that the individual had been the victim of some misfortune, which the Cardinal was using all his efforts to alleviate. The very thought of the miseries which so many of his fellow creatures were enduring around him, filled his bosom with anguish; on that of the tortures to which the reprobate were exposed in the next world, he could not dwell for an instant. Being once invited to preach on the subject of Hell, he was so overcome, by the idea of the torments in which such multitudes were there plunged, that his voice was stifled by

sobs, and at the end of a few minutes, he was obliged to desist and leave the pulpit.

The care of the sick he esteemed one of the most admirable acts of Christian charity, especially pleasing in the sight of God—one to which the greatest graces were attached. To have a share in these, he always, both in America and France, kept an invalid domestic in his house, on whom he lavished every attention, and from whom he asked no service save such as he chose to render. At Bordeaux he had likewise always with him an infirm or sick clergyman, and sometimes even two; and in order that all the little cares to which they were used might be continued, and that nothing might be changed in their habits, he at the same time, by a delicate and peculiar thoughtfulness, engaged the servants who had been in the custom of tending them, and gave them nothing to do which might interfere with their duties to their former masters.

To the alms of the Cardinal there was no limit. For the sake of the poor he deprived himself of every thing that was not of absolute necessity, never indulging in any expense for the gratification of fancy or taste. He seemed even to begrudge his food in thinking of their wants. One day a magnificent breakfast having been prepared for him in a house where he was on such terms of intimacy as to allow him to act as he did, he caused it to be all given to the poor; and upon another occasion, when dining alone at home, having learned that a family was entirely destitute, he immediately sent his dinner to them, reserving for himself as little as possible. Every Wednesday and Friday he made a general distribution of alms, and in order to regulate and

proportion them according to the wants of those on whom they were bestowed, one of his priests was charged with the duty of obtaining from the curates of the different parishes exact information about the condition of each individual. Besides these regular alms, he gave something to every poor person he met, particularly to that class of the indigent which is the most to be pitied, because its misery is concealed—the bashful poor who went to him as to a tender father to open their hearts and confide to him all their troubles and distress. Almost every day among the numerous visits he received, there were some of that description, which greatly swelled the amount of his alms, as the quality and position of the individuals often rendered the giver ashamed to offer a little. He furnished liberal aid to every good work, to every philanthropic measure of the civil administration; sometimes he paid out of his own funds engagements which the contractors of them could not honour, and thereby prevented disgraceful proceedings; in a word, he gave all that he had, and even then seemed to reproach himself for not having given enough, "because," he said, "the poor seeing this beautiful episcopal palace, imagine that a man so well established ought to be able to give them much more than I bestow." When, however, he had no more to bestow of his own, he still had the consolation of giving, as the wealthy took pleasure in making him the depository and dispenser of their charities, knowing that it was the greatest delight they could procure for him, and that their alms passing through so pure a channel, and distributed by so wise a hand, would be more agreeable to God, and more beneficially employed.

There was something peculiarly beautiful in the attentions of the Cardinal to old age. He strictly obeyed the injunction of Scripture which commands respect to the hoary head—*coram cano capite con-surge*, (Lev. xix. 32,) and loved, in his own words, “To embellish the last moments of an existence which verges to its close, to gild the horizon of life for those who are soon to quit it.” He considered this reverence for age as a certain mark of solid virtue, and whenever he learnt that young priests who were associated with a veteran of the sanctuary, were prodigal of attentions to him, were solicitous to conceal from him, as it were, the fact of his enfeebled strength by effacing themselves as much as possible, consulting him about every thing, and using kindly efforts to make him imagine that it was he who still did all that was done in the parish, that he was the head that directed, and they only the arms that executed, he wished no other evidence of their character: “that alone,” he would say, “makes me perfectly acquainted with those priests; their virtue has the true stamp;” his confidence was at once yielded to them, and no occasion was omitted of giving them the most striking proofs of his sentiments.

Ardent, however, as was the zeal of the Cardinal de Cheverus to alleviate the sufferings of the body, his solicitude was still more keen for the salvation of souls exposed to the peril of being lost for ever. From his youth his heart had glowed with the sublime fire which impels a man to devote his whole existence to the guidance of his fellow beings in the path of eternal happiness. It was that sacred flame which caused him to make choice of the ecclesiastical profession, and during the whole course of his life

was the living principle of his thoughts and actions and toils. It was from the same source that he derived that apostolical zeal by which he was always animated, however numerous and formidable the obstacles it was compelled to surmount. A sinner whom he had reconciled to God, a dying man whom he had prepared to meet his Judge, an ignorant one whom he had instructed, a dangerous one whom he had converted into a useful member of society, made him forget all his fatigues.

In the various acts of his episcopal administration, he was always guided by the purest aims. Never were they influenced in the least by partiality or favouritism, so that he was fully authorized to say towards the close of his life, that he had no fear of being reproached by God for having made a single nomination from human views, or having in any instance, desired aught but the greatest good of the church. He was particularly averse to the interference of women in the appointment of functionaries. A priest whose promotion was urged by any influence of the kind, was sure to find it rather an impediment than an assistance. Before filling any place, he prayed, consulted, deliberated, and then made the nomination himself, at least for places of some importance: "I will answer for it to God," he said, "and must not throw the responsibility upon any one else." If in these nominations he thought he ought to consult the tastes of his clergy, it was not from any human motives, but because he was convinced that what is done unwillingly is done ill, and that repugnance paralyzes effort and freezes zeal.

One of the most admirable effects of the zeal which

inspired the Cardinal, was to be remarked in his sermons. During the twenty-seven years he passed in America, he preached constantly every Sunday and feast day, and in France he never lost an occasion of announcing the words of divine truth; yet it always cost him a considerable effort. The high idea which he entertained of the sublime duty of teaching the Gospel, the reverence which he felt for the word of God, prevented him from ever going into the pulpit without preparation. He usually wrote out the plan of his discourse with an indication of the leading ideas that he intended to present, and then never ceased until the last moment to reflect upon the subject on which he was to speak. "People are greatly deceived in regard to me," he said to one of his friends; "they think that preaching costs me nothing; gives me no trouble; I never go into the pulpit without previously experiencing a sort of uneasy fermentation of mind, and a general agitation of spirit, which distresses me exceedingly." To credit this statement, it was necessary to hear it from the Cardinal's lips; for there was every reason to suppose that he was free from all disquietude in the pulpit. Versed in ancient and modern literature, both sacred and profane; understanding thoroughly the human heart, familiar with the forms and customs of society, he had moreover a long practice of preaching, an elocution full of soul and fervour, a clear and sonorous voice, natural and imposing gestures, a prodigious memory, a correct and penetrating judgment, a graceful and brilliant imagination, the purest taste, and an exquisite tact which enabled him truly to affirm that God had given him the grace never to say aught in

the pulpit of which he had afterwards cause to repent.

His sermons were not academical discourses in which every thing is studied and polished; in which pomp of style, and glitter of imagery, and refinement of thought, seem to ask the admiration of the audience for the orator; he did not even, usually, indulge in those grand oratorical bursts which seize and carry away the hearer, although he might, doubtless, have perfectly succeeded in them, had he chosen. The style which he had adopted as the most useful and conformable to the spirit of the Gospel, was that pursued by the Fathers of the Church, whose instructions are not pompous and solemn harangues, but the conversations of a parent giving lessons to his children, explaining to them clearly what they ought to believe and to practise, exhorting them to virtue in simple and unpretending language but with earnestness and force, and often with a species of sublime eloquence in their outpourings of faith and love. To imitate them, the first object at which the Cardinal aimed was clearness. Varying his language according to the intelligence of his auditors, bringing down the sublimest truths to the level of the most ordinary capacities, he made his plan, his reasonings, his thoughts and his words so perfectly clear, that the most ignorant were enabled to give an exact account of them both as to their substance and principal details. It was a remark of the Cardinal, that of all compositions a sermon is the one which should be the clearest, not excepting our familiar letters and conversation, because in the former a second perusal may explain the sense of an obscure passage, and in the latter explanations may be

asked of what is not understood, whilst in a sermon every thing must be comprehended at once, because custom and propriety will not allow explanations to be asked of the preacher. Next to clearness, the quality by which his sermons were most distinguished was appropriateness. He kept no stock of ready made sermons to be produced at all times and in all places, as if audiences had every where the same intelligence and wants. He thought that each country, each epoch, each circumstance presented different shades which required a different language; that the orator ought not always to strike the same chords in the human heart, but should be able to discern those most proper at the moment to be touched; and that it was this pertinency, this inspiration drawn from the circumstances by which the preacher is surrounded, which secures interest, attention and success to a discourse. During his whole career he never repeated a sermon. Whatever was his subject he contrived to give it a new aspect, and sometimes he took his theme from external circumstances, even from the rigours of the season, as when in the midst of a severe winter, he chose for his text the words of the Canticle—*Benedicite gelu et frigus Domino*, “frost and cold bless ye the Lord.” Twenty-seven times he pronounced the panegyric of St. Patrick, and twenty-seven times he pronounced a new one. If he was to preach in aid of a good work, instead of a vague discourse upon charity, he developed the nature of the work to be assisted, the interest it should excite, the motives for upholding it, and said nothing which had not some relation to it. If he was not well acquainted with the circumstances appertaining to the matter about which he was to speak, he took

care to inform himself thoroughly concerning them; and all details about persons and things found their place so naturally in his sermon, that it rather seemed that they were brought in for the purpose of strengthening his arguments and proofs, than that the sermon was accommodated to them. He was peculiarly happy, also, in turning any sudden incident to account: "In my oratorical poverty," he said, "I seize upon every thing I can find to supply my deficiencies." From a thousand examples the following may be selected. Preaching on one occasion at Bordeaux for the cause of good books, he had demonstrated their utility in enlightening the mind and forming the heart, and was showing the danger of bad ones in spoiling the judgment and corrupting the heart, without adding any thing to the true illumination of the intellect, when all at once the Jesuits, with their pupils, entered the church. "I call as witnesses," he immediately cried, "to the truth of what I have said, those young men, the hope of France and the pride of our country. They read none but good books, they hold bad and pernicious ones in horror, and yet there is nothing wanting in the cultivation of their minds. I call as witnesses that learned society which has formed the finest geniuses of France, which has always borne away the palm in the difficult art of rearing youth and maturing talent: good books are the only means they have employed."

The third characteristic by which the sermons of the Cardinal were eminently distinguished, was the Gospel-spirit, so to speak, which they breathed. They were all imbued with the scriptures, so that they were in truth but the word of God commented upon and explained to the faithful. So familiar was

the Bible to him, that its most felicitous passages, its most striking traits, its most touching narratives were always present to his mind, furnishing the most effective embellishments and illustrations of his theme. He used to say that philosophical disquisitions were very well in academies, but that in the pulpit the word of God should alone furnish the preacher with his proofs, his exhortations and his counsels. Another charm was spread over his sermons by the exquisite sensibility with which his breast was endued. His idea was that the heart is first to be addressed, that when it is once touched, every thing is gained, the mind no longer thinks of reasoning, and the will submits. Thus, in his mouth religion always presented herself in her most winning and tender aspect as a mother overflowing with love for all, especially for those who suffer, solicitous to alleviate every woe, to dry every tear except those of compassion and benevolence, to lavish upon man even here below all the happiness of which he is susceptible, to behold all her children cordially united as one family, aiding and cherishing one another as brethren, forming but one heart and one soul. "My beloved," such was his constant exhortation, "let us love one another; we are all children of the same Father, all brethren in Jesus Christ, all members of the same body, of which our divine Saviour is the head." The tenderness of his heart shone forth with especial fervour when he spoke of the divisions occasioned by differences of opinion: "Oh! shame, oh! disgrace of Christianity! formerly the Pagans exclaimed at the spectacle offered by the first Christians, See how they love one another! but, alas! at the sight of the divisions into which the very bosom of religion is

now torn, they would be much more tempted to cry out, See how they hate each other! Tell me not that those men whom you do not love, are reprobates, enemies of religion. My brethren, it is religion herself that supplicates you to love those who hate her. You are little acquainted with that holy religion, if you deem it possible to honour and serve her at the expense of charity. God loves so tenderly even those who do not love her, that he commands you, under pain of eternal punishment, not only to bear with them, but to love them as you love yourselves, to love them as he himself hath loved us, and to behold in them always, in spite of their transgressions, brothers in Jesus Christ, children of our heavenly and common Father." It may easily be conceived how irresistible must have been this sensibility of the Cardinal when urging relief for the wants of the sick and the poor. "I throw myself at your feet," he sometimes said to his hearers, "to implore your charity; behold me there with the children whom the Lord hath confided to me—*ecce ego et pueri quos dedit mihi Dominus*, (Isaiah viii. 18.) I am the father of a family who cannot nourish all his children, who asks you for bread for them; will you refuse it to me? Oh! be assured of my gratitude and that of my numerous family." He would then expatiate upon the delicious sensations, the sweet delight which a kind heart tastes in doing good; *benefacit animæ suæ vir misericors*, (Prov. xi. 17.) "Then we imbibe the flavour of something celestial, we shed tears of happiness, tears pure as the crystal stream which flows before the throne of the Lamb." (Apoc. xxii. 1.) After having thus gained the mastery of his audience, and filled them with charitable resolves, he

would explain the means of carrying these into effect; dwelling upon the necessity not only of cordiality in their gifts, because the Lord loves those who give with joy, but of delicacy, and a species of respect and tenderness which soothes the painful feelings of the poor. "My son," he said, with the Holy Spirit, "mingle not reproaches with the good which you do, and never join harsh and afflicting words with your gifts. As the dew refreshes the earth parched by the heat of the sun, a kind word is more consoling than a benefit to the soul withered and seared by misery. The just man gives both, whilst the unfeeling one inflicts bitter reproaches upon those whom he assists, and the gift of the indiscreet prostrates the poor wretch who receives it." To bestow alms unkindly, he also said, is to dissolve a pearl in vinegar; it is to despoil charity of one of her essential characteristics, which is benignity—*caritas benigna est.* (1 Cor. xiii. 4.) He loved to cite the examples of Boaz, who directed his reapers to leave ears of corn in the furrows, that Ruth might make an abundant collection without blushing; of the patriarch Joseph who said to his brethren, "weep not, I will nourish you and your children," and spoke to them in language of kindness and affection; of Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and the holy women who embalmed the body of Jesus Christ. "The alms," he said, "with which you relieve the living members of that divine Saviour, are, in his eyes, delicious perfumes with which you embalm his body; but do holily an action so holy, and treat the members of Jesus Christ with suitable delicacy and respect."

Thus did M. de Cheverus pour out the fullness of his tender heart. His discourses, undoubtedly, were

strewn with pointed and delicate thoughts, with sparkling and graceful phrases ; but it was his sensibility which constituted the great and irresistible charm of his eloquence.

Such was this illustrious Cardinal, whose mortal malady occurred in the month of July, 1836. For a long time he had begged of God the blessing, as he deemed it, of a sudden death,* desiring to spare those around him the care and trouble of a protracted sickness. Heaven seemed to have heard his prayer. On the 7th of July, after the conclusion of the immense labours which we mentioned at the close of the last book, he experienced a perturbation of ideas and a loss of recollection which frightened his friends, and caused him to believe that his end was near. The physicians prescribed remedies, but deeming his fate fixed and all prescriptions useless, he thought only of preparing himself for the great change, added a codicil to his will, and made his confession. On the 14th, at five o'clock in the morning, he was struck by a blow of apoplexy and paralysis which at once deprived him of all sense and feeling. Extreme unction was immediately administered; the prayer of the forty hours was ordered to be said in all the churches and chapels of the city, and the multitude in tears thronged around the altar to pray for the restoration of their beloved pastor. Every resource of the medical art was employed, but to no purpose; prayer was the only means left. An altar was fitted up in the chamber of the dying man, where prayers were con-

* In reciting the litanies of the Saints, instead of saying : *A Substantia et improvvisa morte libera nos, Domine*, he only said *Ab improvvisa morte libera nos, Domine*.

stantly said by surpliced priests. On the third day, the chapter went in a body to recite the prayers for persons in the last agony, and from that moment until all was over, the painful duty was not for an instant intermitted, the priests of the city and those of other parts of the diocese whom the intelligence of the Cardinal's state had brought to Bordeaux, succeeding one another in its performance. During the whole time, the virtuous clergyman, who, under the auspices of M. de Cheverus, had been the instrument of so many good works, the Abbé Dupuch, remained near the bed of death, like a child near the couch of his father, suggesting devotional sentiments to the dying man in the hope that he might not be altogether insensible, although such was the opinion of the physicians. The approach to the palace was blocked up by the crowds who sought news of his condition; the authorities of the city were untiring in their visits; clergy, laity, physicians, all emulously claimed the privilege of watching day and night by his side. On the 18th, mass was celebrated in his room; on the 19th, it was said three times; during the fourth, at the very moment of the elevation, his soul burst the last bonds of its captivity, and he expired softly without a struggle, the day being that on which the church celebrates the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, whose virtues he had in so many respects revived.

The event, although expected, produced all the impression of an unforeseen accident. The only dry eye in the palace was that of the Confessor of the Cardinal, a venerable priest who had come with him from America, although the deepest marks of grief were engraved upon his face: "I would wish to weep like you," he said to those around, "but I cannot; if

I have lost a friend, heaven has gained a Saint." From the palace, lamentation soon spread throughout the city and the diocese. The multitude pressed round the gates to obtain a last view of the features they had so loved to behold; and when the body, dressed in the grand costume of a Cardinal, had been deposited in the illuminated chapel prepared for the purpose, they were admitted. For two days the concourse was undiminished—all ranks and conditions were confounded in it. Intense and protracted suffering had left their traces upon the countenance, and the rigid and mournful hue of death was spread over it, but the gazers thought they still perceived that expression of goodness which was habitual to it, and which had won so many hearts. A few words only escaped from the deep grief of the spectators. "Oh the good pastor, the charitable man!" mourned some as they wiped away the tears which bedewed their cheeks—"No, said others sobbing, never will the poor forget him." "We must console him for having left us," said a man of the lower orders, "by loving one another, as he so often exhorted us to do when he called us his *well-beloved*." All were eager to touch the body with some devotional article, as a cross, a medal, or a rosary—all would have desired to obtain something which belonged to him, but precautions were taken to prevent the public veneration from carrying off piece-meal the habiliments in which the corpse was enveloped. It was wished to embalm the body, but the family of the Cardinal opposed the design from respect to his wishes; as he had often during his life blamed the practice of embalming the dead—"we are dust, he said, and must return to dust." He would even have desired his remains to

be interred without much ceremony and display, and had in fact directed that, if he died in the course of any of his pastoral visits, he should be buried in the cemetery of the parish in which he expired. His wishes, however, in this respect it was not deemed proper to carry out.

The body was exposed in the chapel for seven days, during the whole of which time masses were said from morning to noon, and the office of the dead was recited from noon until evening by the clergy of the different parishes. The 26th of July was the day of the funeral obsequies. They were celebrated with the utmost magnificence, and with all the tender veneration which the virtues and dignity of the illustrious deceased commanded. The cathedral was richly hung, and in the middle of the nave a superb *catafalque* was raised, decorated with the arms of his eminence, and with all his insignia and emblems, both as Cardinal and Archbishop. The procession was composed of all the religious corporations and communities of the city, of all the civil, military and judicial authorities, of a large portion of the clergy of the various sections of the diocese, together with the bishops of Perigueax and Rochelle, who had come to pay the last honours to their metropolitan. It passed through the principal quarters of the city, in the midst of the troops of the line and the national guards, who vied with each other in their efforts to render the ceremonial orderly and imposing; and every where along its route, a silent multitude testified, by their mournful aspect, the grief, respect and love with which they were filled. There was one moment especially when all hearts were inexpressibly affected, that at which the procession reached

the spot where, four months before, M. de Cheverus had made his solemn entry into Bordeaux, invested with the Roman purple, and saluted with deafening shouts of triumph and delight. The approximation of so much joy and so much grief, of so much glory and the tomb, presented a contrast which no breast could resist. After the usual prayers and ceremonies, the revered remains were deposited in the principal vault of the cathedral. That, however, was only a temporary disposition of them, all minds and hearts having at once united in the project of erecting in the church a monument fit to receive ashes so holy and dear. It is now in progress, and there is every reason to believe that it will be a monument worthy of the diocese of Bordeaux, worthy of the metropolis of Aquitania, worthy, above all, of the eminence and virtues of him who is to repose within it, in the hope of the resurrection.



MEMORIALS
OF
CARDINAL CHEVERUS.

MEMORIAL.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Boston, April 22, 1823.
To his serene highness the Prince of Croij,

Grand Almoner of France, and Bishop of Strasburg.

We have taken upon ourselves a painful and a responsible duty. We rejoice that the exalted merit of Monseigneur L'Eveque Cheverus, is so justly appreciated by your highness, and by his sovereign, and the evidence of his worth is found in the distinguished favour of a nomination to the bishopric of Montauban. That we should interfere in the hope of preventing his translation to the higher scene of social and pious usefulness, demands an entire justification.

It is found in this: the Catholics of this place, and of the New England states, are generally a description of persons, who need not only instruction as to their great duties as Christians, but also advice, consolation, encouragement or correction in their temporal concerns.

To accomplish objects, so important to them, and so necessary to the good order of society, the most commanding confidence is indispensable in their ecclesiastical rulers.

It is impossible for us to make known to you, by any words, how entire, grateful, and beneficent is the dominion of bishop Cheverus over all to whom he ministers in his apostolic authority. We hold him to be a blessing and a treasure in our social

community, which we cannot part with, and which, without injustice to any man, we may affirm, if withdrawn from us, can never be replaced.

If the removal to the proposed diocese, would be conformable to his wishes, we should mourn over this in silence.

If it proceed from your own wishes, and those of his sovereign, to have this truly estimable prelate associated in the immediate church of France, it would not become us, to attempt to oppose those wishes. But if the removal can be referred to the principle of usefulness, we may safely assume that in no place, nor under any circumstances, can bishop Cheverus be situated where his influence, whether spiritual, moral, or social, can be so extensive, as where he now is.

In the sincere hope, that this excellent divine, and amiable gentleman, may consistently with the wishes and views of your highness, and of the worthy sovereign of France, remain to ornament and bless our community,

We have the honour to be,
With the highest consideration,
And the most entire respect,
(SIGNED BY 222 GENTLEMEN.)

After these communications were sent to France, he appeared relieved from the agitation attending a decision of a point so important to himself and others. He thought the question of his translation at an end; but it was not so. The solicitations were renewed from such high authority, that they came to him in the nature of a summons, which could not be refused; and he commenced the preparations for an early departure. A few days previous to his leaving Boston, his flock presented him the following address. It was a grievous calamity to lose him; but he had taught them to submit to the dispensations of Providence without repining. He left them prosperous, and in the care of men deep in the affections and confidence of every member of the congregation, and highly respected by the whole community.

ADDRESS.

DEAR FATHER:—Permit your flock, penetrated and subdued by grief, to place before you an humble offering of gratitude and affection. Your departure, which has now become certain, is to us a most afflicting dispensation of Providence; and the event has inflicted a wound, whose anguish time may assuage, but can never heal. The thought of this separation brings with it a thousand recollections which labour for a tongue to reveal themselves; but perhaps it were better they should not be freely spoken; for we know by long experience, that your delicacy would shrink at once from even such a bare recital as the coldest and most careless of us would make in sincerity and truth.

As a religious community, we were connected and consolidated under your auspices; and by your watchings and your prayers we have enjoyed the smiles of an indulgent Heaven; but at this solemn moment of parting, probably forever, the memory of the dead crowds upon us, in the loved form of him, who gathered us as a flock, and who with you walked hand in hand, labouring for our good; but this kind pastor to us, this co-adjutor and friend to you, the ever lamented Matignon, has passed to a better world, to receive the reward of the faithful and the just. The living and the dead together possess our hearts.

At this crisis, when the agony of separation is fast coming upon us, we cannot entirely stifle our feelings, and we must, and we will, amidst our tears and lamentations, catch hold of your garments as you turn to leave us, and utter some faint cry of your services and our attachment.

You have fed the hungry and clothed the naked; brought back the wandering; reclaimed the vicious; shared the joys of the happy; softened the pains of the suffering; held the medicinal cup to the sick and parched lip; and taught the dying that, through faith and repentance, he might repose his hopes on the bosom of redeeming love.

Most spiritual guides go no farther than to instruct in spiritual matters; but you have not stopped there, nor there considered your work as finished; for you have come down, as it were, from the altar of God, to the common offices of mankind, to give

us council and direction in our temporal concerns. We believe it seldom happens, that one so devoted to things divine, should be so wise in the business of the world; but this wisdom has not been shown by collecting perishable riches for yourself; but in striving to increase intelligence, comfort, and respectability among the people of your charge.

At your approach, discord fled from among us; for in every lecture, in every strain of devotion, you have breathed the mild and holy spirit of the new commandment, to calm the irritations and quiet the heart burnings incident to frail humanity; and we trust in grace that this example, and these instructions will have a salutary influence on our lives, when you are no longer with us to advise and direct us in the paths of duty, virtue, and religion.

You are going, dear father, to a distant country, where honour waits your coming, and where new duties are to thicken upon you; but we entreat you, that even in the joy of beholding your native land—in the transports of embracing kindred and friends, and in the fresh activity of ecclesiastical engagements, that you will remember us, who can never forget you.

May the mild climate of Montauban restore and confirm your health, and awaken your spirits to life and happiness; and may God in his mercy and goodness, continue you for many years, a name and a praise in the church. And when you shall sleep with your fathers, and be numbered with the great and the good of other times, may our descendants here, learn that your blessing fell upon your first, as on your second love; and that Boston and Montauban were remembered together in your dying benediction.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, *Rector,*
T. WALLEY,
JOHN McNAMARA,
JOHN WARD,
WILLIAM L. CAZNEAU,
FRANCIS McKENNA,

Committee
of
Congregation.

Boston, Sept. 16th, 1823.

ANSWER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN IN JESUS CHRIST:—Your kind address has been presented to me, and is wet with my tears. How unwilling

I am to leave you, I hope you all know, and have seen how cheerfully I refused, last May, the appointment which I *must* now accept.

Since it becomes a necessity, it behooves you and myself to submit.

My services, so gratefully noticed by you, have been at least, prompted by a sincere heart, entirely devoted to your spiritual and even temporal welfare.

It was, as it were, at the school of the regretted and sainted Doctor Matignon, that I learnt how to love and serve you. Remember him always as the founder of this church.

I expected my mortal remains to be deposited with his, and never can you honour or gratify me more than by uniting our names in your blessing and remembrance.

Remembered and cherished you will be, as long as I breathe. Never shall I cease to watch over my dear flock with paternal anxiety. Happy if I can at any time do any thing for you. Excuse my faults in the exercise of my ministry; pray that they may be forgiven by the Supreme Pastor. I feel consolation in leaving you under the direction of the Rev. William Taylor, rector of this church, whose talents and piety are already known to you, and who has been for more than two years my faithful co-operator.

My beloved children, I press you all to my paternal bosom. I wish, and still have some hopes, to come to you again, and indulge the comforting hope that we shall be united in the kingdom of our Heavenly Father.

JOHN CHEVERUS.

DEATH OF CARDINAL CHEVERUS.

This painful announcement made in our last is confirmed by the Paris Journals received this week from Havre. The Paris *L'Ami* states that on Wednesday, the 13th of July, a second attack of apoplexy and paralysis occurred, and on Thursday, the 14th, all hopes of recovery were extinguished, and soon after he expired. He was only sixty-eight years and six months old, being born on the 28th of January, 1768. The highest virtues—the

highest qualities of the heart and mind characterized this incomparable prelate. No individual in America and Europe, will repeat that consecrated name, without participating in those sensations of indescribable and holy veneration, which so much goodness and so much unearthly purity has created, and all feel that that name will be reverenced by after generations with all its honours and all its triumphs. We will not attempt an adequate delineation of his life; the attempt would only unfold our own inability. We leave that to some master-spirit of the age. We cannot say in the words of Job—"Who will grant me that my words may be written? who will grant me, that they may be marked down in a book? with an iron pen, and in a plate of lead, or else be graven with an instrument in flint stone?" Peace to his undying shade! for "we shall never look upon his like again."

FUNERAL OF ARCHBISHOP CHEVERUS.

[*Translated from the Indicateur Bordelais of July 27.*]

The inhabitants of Bordeaux will long keep in remembrance the imposing ceremonies with which the remains of this venerable prelate were yesterday committed to the earth. Never have we beheld a funeral more grand, more solemn, or more affecting; never has any occurrence gathered together, in our city, a concourse so immense. The most moderate computation gives 24,000 persons, of both sexes, as the number of those who thronged the streets through which the procession passed.

From 6 o'clock in the morning these streets were crowded; the windows, balconies, and roofs were alive with deeply interested spectators. Calmness and resignation were in every countenance, and the silence of grief pervaded the whole of this vast assemblage.

As the eighth hour pealed from the tower of the cathedral, a detachment of the National Guard, on horseback, with the commandant general of the eleventh division and his brilliant staff at their head, began their solemn march. They were followed by muffled drums and the bands of the civic militia. Then came the corps of *pompiers*, the marines, the royal artillery

three squadrons of the line, the artillery of the National Guard, and the sappers, with their respective bands. The music selected for the occasion announced that the procession was one of grief and general desolation.

After these representatives of war, this military array, which courts the post of danger as its scene of action, but which had come to lay down the sword before the pall of the venerable prelate, was seen the faith that combats only with prayers, the weakness that has no other weapons than gentle words and pious tears; the children of the orphan asylum succeeded the military, with the cross borne before them, and followed by those pious women who have left the shelter and silence of the cloister to give the world a bright example of charity and virtue. Weeping the good and venerable father whose death we have all to mourn, came the sisters of La Reunion, of Lorretto, of St. Vincent de Paule, and all the other orders of charity. Then youth and childhood with their innocent faces, and their expression of lively curiosity and interest—the pupils of the religious orders, of the public schools, and of the royal college, with the tutors and professors; the deaf and dumb, and the chorister-boys with their white surplices and their crimson caps.

Then followed, in two ranks, the priests attached to the cathedral, the officers and instructors of the two ecclesiastical seminaries, the almoners and vicars of all the public establishments, the clergy of all the parishes belonging to the diocese, the metropolitan chapter, and the bishops of Angouleme and Perigueux. These reverend personages, called from their labours and their duties to enclose the tomb, will not forget the goodness and virtues of him whom Providence had given them for a model in the service of religion and benevolence.

The insignia of his eminence were borne upon rich cushions. The pall-bearers were the President Roullet, the President Emerigon, General Desperamons, and the honourable Mayor. The coffin was borne upon a hearse, surrounded by sixty priests and deacons. The canopy, of lilac-coloured silk surmounted by four white plumes, was supported by scarlet columns, and beneath it were the Archbishop's violet robe, the red robe of the Cardinal, and all the other decorations which the rank of the deceased required him to wear; but gold, and silk, and purple,

could not emulate the splendour of that moral crown with which the noble head of M. de Cheverus was encircled—the crown of piety and virtue.

The Abbé George, nephew of the Cardinal, accompanied by the Chancellor of the Royal College, followed immediately after the hearse. He was surrounded by other relatives of the deceased; the deep grief impressed upon his countenance was but the expression of that felt by all.

After these came the members of the Court Royale, the Judges, the Prefect, the Council of the Prefecture, the Municipal Council, Foreign Consuls, Professors of the Medical School, all the officers of the port, and all those of the customs. Some detachments of the line and the gend'armerie closed the procession. The National Guard, more than 2000 in number, and the 58th regiment of the line, were stationed on either side of the route taken by the procession along its whole extent.

The melancholy sound of the muffled drums, and the roar of cannon at intervals of fifteen minutes, were mingled with the solemn funeral chant of the priests and clergy. The march continued more than an hour, so numerous were the attendants, and all sincere mourners.

The procession returned to the Cathedral at ten o'clock. The body was deposited upon a platform covered with black and white draperies and surrounded by a thousand lighted tapers. The solemn service of the mass was performed, clouds of incense rose to the vaulted roof, and the swelling notes of the organ filled the edifice with harmony. For ages the ancient Cathedral has not beheld a ceremonial of such mournful and solemn grandeur.

Now the tapers are extinguished; the chant and the organ's peal have ceased; the remains of the Cardinal Archbishop Cheverus repose in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart. Disturb not the ashes of him who would have desired to sleep by the side of the poor, in some humble country burial-place.

BISHOP CHEVERUS.

We copy the following notice from the *Journal des Debats*. It accords with the estimate which was formed here of the character and services of the excellent man who is the subject of it.

"The loss which religion and the state has lately experienced in the death of M. de Cheverus, Cardinal and Archbishop of Bordeaux, will be deeply felt. It is a public misfortune. M. Cheverus will be deplored, not only in the dioceses he has successively governed, at Montauban, at Bordeaux, where his virtues, his simple and touching piety, his charity, repulsing no one, and his toleration, which came from the heart, has caused him to be adored; he will be regretted by all France. M. Cheverus is a shining example of the ascendancy which a religion without display and without arrogance always exercises over men. The name of M. Cheverus is known throughout France, and is everywhere revered. This name seems a symbol of peace and union. A true and beautiful popularity which virtue merits and obtains, had sought out the modest and good Archbishop in his *sanctuary*. M. Cheverus had acquired without seeking it, and especially without exacting it as a right, an immense authority. The city of Bordeaux could refuse their Bishop nothing. All prejudices, those of a sect, and those of opinion, fell before this evangelical piety, and the government of the revolution of July honoured itself in seeking out to fill the first dignity of the church, a prelate, who far from mixing in any political intrigue, had sacrificed so willingly his purely temporal dignities. It can never be forgotten, indeed, with what a calmness, we might say with what a pious satisfaction, M. Cheverus accepted the measure which banished him from the house of peers after the revolution of July. The epistle, full of candour and sincerity, in which he congratulated himself on being restored entirely to the spirit of his vocation, and to the cares of his ministry, is still present to the recollection of every one. M. de Cheverus might, like another individual, have complained of persecution, and have passed for a victim and a martyr of the revolution; he might have insinuated that religion itself was attacked in attacking him, and mingled with the exhortations which he gave in his

preaching, the right of addressing to the faithful the bitter expressions of his resentment. M. de Cheverus rendered more justice to the revolution of July and to the wise and benevolent intentions of his government. He understood perfectly well that in the midst of such revolutions and political overturns, the greatest service which could be rendered to the clergy, was to withdraw it from all connexion with parties. The Archbishop thought he had nothing to regret. The French accepted willingly the government that France had given them. The whole conduct of M. Cheverus since that period has shown the sincerity of his sentiments, on all occasions he has displayed his respect and fidelity to the king, his submission to the principles of our government, and when France has had great misfortunes to deplore, or has returned thanks to heaven for special mercies, we have seen M. Cheverus join, with the outpourings of his heart, his prayers, to the prayers and vows of the country. His candour did not permit in him an equivocal submission, and he never could entertain the idea of making religion an instrument of party.

"Of all the virtues possessed by the Archbishop, it is, undoubtedly, this self-denial, this evangelical disinterestedness, this distance from all intrigue and every political passion, this candour and simplicity in obedience, which has done the most to gain him the hearts of all France. We have recognized in the conduct of M. Cheverus the true spirit of religion, the spirit of peace, of gentleness and sincerity, and this spirit has produced, what it must ever produce where it is manifested, respect and admiration. It has made the more impression when it has been borne in mind what harm has been done to religion by some members of the clergy, by mingling in political quarrels. The entirely pacific conduct of M. Cheverus seemed a satisfaction given to the country, and a protest of religion against the faults of some of its ministers. The clergy owes still more perhaps than is supposed to the virtues of M. Cheverus. Who can say how much resentment and bitterness this venerated name has been able to calm? How many prejudices has it silenced? How many complaints have been answered by the name of M. Cheverus? Can it be believed that with all the dignities and all the political powers in the world, M. de Cheverus could have done

for the cause of religion what he has effected by the gentle and irresistible influence of his piety? M. de Cheverus shut up in his sanctuary, was he not a thousand times more powerful and respected than he would have been, while mingling in the movements and the combats of party? What privileges could he have gained for the clergy equal to the moral authority that his name gave, and will long continue to give, to the ministers of so holy a faith. In times like our own, power calls forth opposition and resistance. The example of M. Cheverus has shown that the clergy can aspire to a power which is acquired without contest, and is maintained, and increases without shocks and without hatred; the power of religion and the authority of virtue."

At the time of the arrival of M. Cheverus, in Boston, (says the Rev. Dr. Harris,) I had received into my family several very respectable French gentlemen, for the purpose of instructing them in the English language. Among them was one who had been a fellow-student at the college with M. Cheverus, and personally attached to him. This led to an interchange of visits, and produced between him and myself a pleasant intimacy, which was mutually cherished while he resided in Boston, and kept alive by occasional epistolary correspondence after his return to France.

The following is a copy of my letter to him on his leaving Boston:

BISHOP CHEVERUS.

Dorchester, Sept. 22d, 1823.

Right Reverend and Dear Sir,

I have just seen, in one of the public papers, a paragraph which announces your intended departure from this country; and I hasten to bid you the adieu of Christian affection. But, lest I should not have the opportunity of a personal interview, in consequence of your not being at home when I call, I have taken the liberty to address you in writing.

With testimonies of respect, which I have long cherished for you, I am desirous of repeating to you the acknowledgments of my gratitude for your very obliging and kind notice of me, though of a different communion, and to assure you that it will ever be among my most pleasing remembrances that I enjoyed the privilege of friendly interviews with one whose piety and virtues exhibited the Christian character in lineaments so attractive and lovely. Nor can I ever forget that I shared a like gratification in the friendship of your venerated predecessor. And now that I am to part with both, with *him*, as called to his reward in the church triumphant in heaven—and *you*, as called hence to other services in the church militant on earth, I feel that a great breach is made in those social attachments and interviews, which contributed so much to my improvement and my joy. But go, my dear sir, and fulfil the high claims which your sacred function demands of you. Go, and bear the light of your knowledge, and the lustre of your example to another region, where their influence may be more extensive. Go, in obedience to the behests of a wise and gracious Providence, to new scenes of duty and usefulness, and spend the remainder of a life, (which may God render long and prosperous,) where you may still most acceptably edify the pious, enlighten the ignorant, and administer relief and consolation to the afflicted; and may blessings, from the Giver of all good, be showered abundantly upon you! But leave behind you the benediction of your piety for him, who here entreats an interest in your prayers; favour him, too, with a recollection when at times your thoughts revert to your American acquaintances; and permit him to subscribe himself,

Most sincerely and affectionately,

Your friend,

THADDEUS MASON HARRIS.

The following is a copy of the last letter I received from him:

THE REV. THADDEUS M. HARRIS, D. D.

Archevêché de Bordeaux.

Bordeaux, June 3d, 1836.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

It is late, I confess, to answer your kind and esteemed favour of September 29th, 1835; but I wanted to get the two books which you desired, and I could not procure them before my journey to Paris, about two months since. The Rev. J. J. Robertson, of New York, takes charge of them, and I hope you will receive them. I am happy to think that they will be in your hands a memorial of our former amiable relations, and of our continued and mutual friendship and esteem. I thank you for having given me this opportunity of doing something for you. I shall be always happy to be at your disposal.

You have probably heard, before this, of my being promoted to the Cardinalship; a dignity which I neither sought nor wished, and which is far from suiting my humble habits and opinions. But considerations of a very high order have obliged me to submit to the appointment. I am confident, however, that you would still find me the plain and humble *little Bishop* of Boston.

—“yet show’d his meek and thoughtful eye,
“But little pride of Prelacy.”

If religion did not, experience and common sense would convince us of the vanity and emptiness of all *grandeur* and dignity. They have nothing real, but their cares and anxieties.

Remember me kindly and affectionately to your family; to the Rev. Doctors Pierce and Gray, and all inquiring friends. I have not forgotten any of my American friends.

The shameful and cruel doings at the Ursuline Convent, and the issue of the subsequent trial, have afflicted and astounded me. To this day I can hardly believe it.

I can hardly hope to see you again in this world. May we meet in a better one!

Should any of your friends visit Bordeaux, a line from you will make them welcome. It is a treat to me to see an American, and above all a Bostonian. He is a fellow-citizen, and a friend.

With respectful and affectionate regard, I remain,

Your friend and humble servant,

† JOHN, CARDINAL DE CHEVERUS,

Archbishop of Bordeaux.

THE END.





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